THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

A Illustrat ly
Found A° D: 1728 Franklin

Volume 196, Number 31

FEB. 2, 1924

5c. THE COPY
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Garet Garrett—Thomas McMorrow—Clarence Budington Kelland
George Randolph Chester—Kenneth L. Roberts—George Pattullo

why shouldn't you be as careful about QUALITY in CANNED FRUITS as we are ?

You ought to be!

You and your family are the ones that eat them.

Certainly there's no use experimenting with unknown brands—especially when you know how particular we are about the quality of DEL MONTE.

The secret of buying canned fruits is just this:—*Know* the brand you want—then see that you get it.

Say DEL MONTE! And you call for choicest fruits from the world's finest orchards—the pick of the crop—gathered at the very moment of perfection—and brought to your table ready to serve with all their natural delicacy and flavor.

You always know in advance exactly what DEL MONTE quality is—the same uniform goodness in every variety—the same assurance of satisfaction, no matter where or when you buy.

Isn't it worth while being particular?

Just say

Del Monte

to your grocer

TAKE THIS LIST TO YOUR GROCER

The products listed below are only a few of the most tempting. The complete DEL MONTE list covers over a hundred different varieties—canned fruits, vegetables and food specialties. Take this list to your grocer as a suggestion—and order by the dozen cans.

DEL MONTE APRICOTS
One of California's most tempting fruit products! Naturally a tart fruit, they blend with the rich syrup in which they are canned and provide a dessert especially pleasing with heavier foods.

DEL MONTE BERRIES
Whether you choose blackberries, loganberries, raspberries or strawberries, you will find that the heavy syrup in which they are processed blends with their rich juice—and preserves their natural delicacy and flavor.

DEL MONTE CHERRIES
Tempting Royal Annes and Black Tartarians. Both are packed with their pits—for the distinctive flavor which this gives them—and they are canned in a syrup which enhances all their natural delicacy.

DEL MONTE PEACHES (Halves)
Probably the most popular of all canned fruits! DEL MONTE Peaches have that rich, fine flavor gained only in the best tree-ripened products—packed at the moment of perfection. Two varieties are available under this brand—the Yellow Cling and the Yellow Freestone.

DEL MONTE PEACHES (Sliced)
DEL MONTE Sliced Peaches are the same Yellow Cling Peaches as packed in halves—but they are especially prepared for handy use, ready to serve where you would, naturally, first slice the fruit.

DEL MONTE PEARS
Grown in California's finest orchards and packed in just the proper syrup to preserve their delicacy, aroma and flavor. They are unexcelled for shape, appearance and taste.

DEL MONTE PINEAPPLE
Golden, ripe and fragrant—with all the rich, mellow flavor of the finest Hawaiian, sun-ripened fruit. Packed two ways—sliced and crushed, ready for instant use in hundreds of wonderful desserts, salads, etc.

DEL MONTE PLUMS
The most popular varieties of Pacific coast plums—Green Gage, Egg and De Luxe. Each has a flavor distinctly its own—but all are delicious. De Luxe, a large, sweet, purple plum, is particularly desirable for breakfast or dessert.

DEL MONTE FRUITS FOR SALAD
This convenient product eliminates all the work of buying, preparing and putting together the different varieties you would naturally select for this use. Affords a delicious fruit cup or salad.

DEL MONTE DEI-PAK PRUNES
"The sugar plums of your childhood fancy"—choice, sun-cured prunes, packed dry without syrup by special vacuum process to preserve every bit of their natural, exquisite flavor and fragrance.

SEND FOR THIS FREE BOOK

For hundreds of thrifty, tempting suggestions for the year-round service of DEL MONTE Canned Foods, write for a copy of "DEL MONTE Recipes of Flavor." Address Department 30, California Packing Corporation, San Francisco, California.

Fullerton Parkway, Chicago, Ill. Constructed with Tarvia in 1909. Picture shows excellent condition of street after fifteen years of uninterrupted service.

This Car? Only a memory today

—but the road *lasted!*

Money's-worth roads for your tax money

MOTORING in 1909—terrified horses, "funny-acting" tires, rear door tonneaus. The man who owned the car shown above remembers it all. He used to parade Chicago's streets in his ark-on-wheels. He remembers when Fullerton Parkway's Tarvia Pavement was laid back in 1909.

Fifteen years ago—fifteen years of grinding motor traffic—yet Fullerton Parkway lasted—is a good road today.

For Tarvia Roads can be kept good (maintained) indefinitely at little cost. Or, to put that another way: only economical maintenance is needed to make a Tarvia Road last indefinitely.

Now tack these points on:

1. A Tarvia Road will not wave, roll or rut.
2. A Tarvia Road is skidproof because of its granular surface.

Thousands of Tarvia streets and roads have proved to tax payers that—

For the money spent—your money—Tarvia gives more miles of good roads and the most years of satisfactory road service.

If you want better roads and more mileage of good roads for your taxes, write to our nearest office. Your letter will have the prompt attention of experienced engineers.

Tarvia

For Road Construction Repair and Maintenance

The Barrett Company

New York	Chicago	Philadelphia	Boston
St. Louis	Cleveland	Cincinnati	Pittsburgh
Detroit	Kansas City	Birmingham	Dallas
Minneapolis	Salt Lake City	Bethlehem	Lebanon
Youngstown	Milwaukee	Toledo	Columbus
Baltimore	Syracuse	New Orleans	Rochester

THE BARRETT COMPANY, Limited:

Montreal	Toronto	St. John, N. B.
Winnipeg	Vancouver	Halifax, N. S.

Lake Placid, one of the most famous summer and winter resorts on the American continent, is a charming village in the heart of the Adirondack Mountains in Northern New York State. In winter, it is the scene of many championship skating and ski-jumping contests, and in summer, of tennis and golf tournaments.

Lake Placid and Cheyenne have one choice in common

TWO thousand miles separate Lake Placid, in the beautiful Adirondacks, from Cheyenne, in the shadow of the Laramie Range of the Rockies.

But ask the women of these two different and distantly separated towns what soap they use for their laundry and household work, and more will say, "P and G The White Naphtha Soap," than any other.

For P and G is the largest selling laundry and household soap in Lake Placid and Cheyenne, just as it is in the United States as a whole.

The distinction of this remarkable soap is well deserved.

P and G is unique

P and G is a *white* soap, and fastidious women prefer a white soap because whiteness is a symbol of cleanliness.

P and G makes a quick, rich lather in water of any temperature.

P and G is endowed with certain properties which remove soil quickly, with little or no rubbing or boiling, yet do not harm colors or fabrics—P and G acts on *dirt*—not on the clothes themselves!

P and G rinses out quickly and thoroughly, too, leaving no unsightly soap particles, no tell-tale soapy tinge, no soapy odor.

P and G makes white clothes snowy white and preserves colored clothes in all their original freshness.

When women can get *all* these qualities in *one* soap, is it any wonder that this soap should out-sell every other soap?

Whether you have your washing done, or do it yourself, you will serve the best interests of yourself, your clothes and your laundress, by selecting P and G The White Naphtha Soap.

PROCTER & GAMBLE

Wyoming State Capitol
Cheyenne

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"Frontier Days" at Cheyenne!

Once a year the greatest steer-ropers, bronco-busters, bull-doggers, the handsomest cowpunchers, the fairest cow-girls, the wildest horses, all gather in this town at an altitude of 6000 feet, to compete for silver-mounted saddles and such. The rest of the time, Cheyenne is a settled, prosperous city of 12,000 inhabitants, where the Governor and Legislature carry on the business of the State of Wyoming.

Published Weekly

The Curtis Publishing Company

Cyrus H. K. Curtis, President
C. H. Ludington, Vice-President and Treasurer
P. S. Collins, General Business Manager
Walter D. Fuller, Secretary
William Boyd, Advertising Director

Independence Square, Philadelphia

London: 6, Henrietta Street
Covent Garden, W. C.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Founded A°D° 1728 *by* Benj. Franklin

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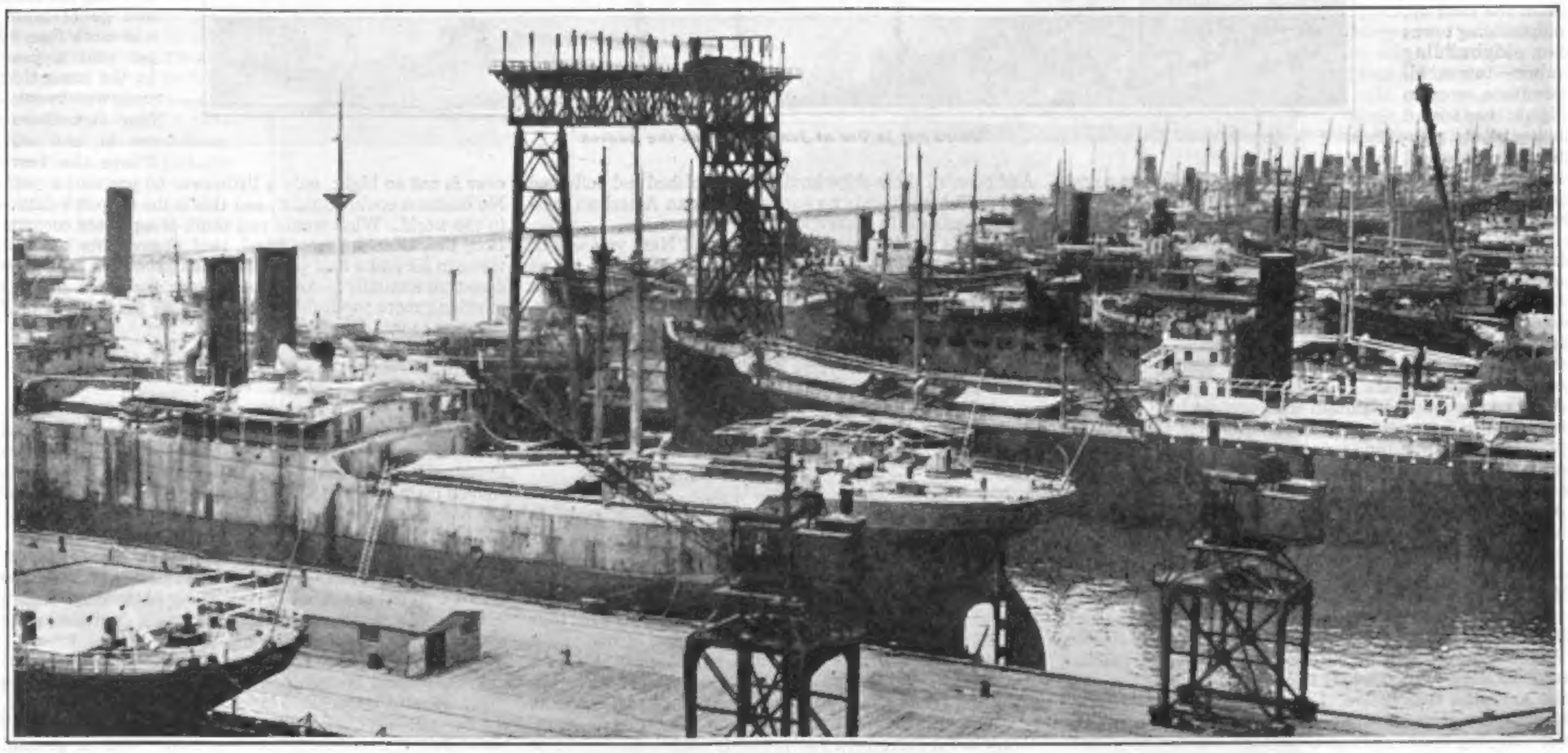
Entered as Second-Class Matter, November 18, 1879, at the Post Office at Philadelphia, Under the Act of March 3, 1879. Additional Entry at Columbus, O., St. Louis, Mo., Chicago, Ill., Indianapolis, Ind., Saginaw, Mich., Des Moines, Ia., Portland, Ore., Milwaukee, Wis., and St. Paul, Minn.

Entered as Second-Class Matter at the Post-Office Department, Ottawa, Canada

Volume 196 | 5c. THE COPY 10c. in Canada | PHILADELPHIA, PA., FEBRUARY 2, 1924 | $2.00 THE YEAR by Subscription | Number 31

OUR $3,500,000,000 NUCLEUS



A View of Hog Island, Philadelphia, 1923

The Nonexistent Merchant Marine

By Garet Garrett

The Americans themselves now transport to their own shores nine-tenths of the European produce which they consume, and they also bring three-quarters of the exports of the New World to the European consumer. The ships of the United States fill the docks of Havre and Liverpool, whilst the number of English and French vessels at New York is comparatively small. I am of the opinion that the true cause of their superiority must be sought for not in physical advantages, but that it is wholly attributable to moral and intellectual qualities. The European sailor navigates with prudence; he sets sail only when the weather is favorable; if an accident befalls him he puts into port; at night he furls a portion of his canvas; and when the whitening billows intimate the vicinity of land he checks his course and takes an observation of the sun. The American neglects these precautions and braves these dangers. He weighs anchor before the tempest is over; by night and by day he spreads his sails to the wind; he repairs as he goes along such damage as his vessel may have suffered from the storm; and when at last he approaches the term of his voyage he darts onward to the shore as if he already descried a port. The Americans are often shipwrecked, but no trader crosses the sea so rapidly. And as they perform the same distance in a shorter time, they can perform it at a cheaper rate. I cannot better explain my meaning than by saying that the Americans show a sort of heroism in their manner of trading.

—*De Tocqueville*, Democracy in America, 1835.

IT SEEMED at first a simple task. That was to put the American merchant marine on the pride of its owner. You would think so yourself, seeing who the owner is. Since the Government went into ships seven years ago over a gents' furnishing store in Washington, District of Columbia, the people have spent $3,500,000,000 on something they know almost nothing about.

What is it? Where is it? How is it?

The job was to pull it all together in one big picture—ships, the dynamic thought controlling ships, the organization that sends them forth and brings them back; the work, romance and profit of the second largest trading fleet in the world—and sell it to the people who have paid for it; sell it to their imagination; sell them the idea and the fact of a prodigious asset which they already own.

Wouldn't that seem easy to do? The difficulties, you suppose, are technical only—that is to say in this case, literary. It requires generally more skill to dramatize a big thing than a small one. This is a very big thing. It goes all over the world and into everyone's pocket. It must be dramatized. The people need to be touched emotionally with it. Their feelings need to be set in motion toward it. They have become skeptical. That is because —— No matter why. One does not know beforehand why. They are not shipminded. It is so. If it were not so there would be no more point in what we are setting out to do than in trying to sell them the idea of a Post Office Department.

So we take off—naïvely, as it will appear—and arrive directly at the official center. Our hat is on the desk of the chairman of the United States Shipping Board, and we say to him this:

"First of all, there is something wrong with your propaganda. Let's find out what that is."

"Why do you say there's something wrong with it?" he asks.

"Because all this time you have been trying to sell the American merchant marine to the public and you haven't done it. Now we are obliged to suppose either that people are deaf to their own interests or that you have not found the right way to present the case. As to which it is we have our own opinion. Otherwise we should not be here saying to you, 'Give us the picture. We undertake to sell the merchandise.'"

"Did you say the American merchant marine? Is that what you mean to sell?"

"Yes."

"But there is no such thing," he says.

"Oh!"

A shock like that, to the solar plexus of a simple enthusiasm, must be absorbed slowly; and while it is absorbing the chairman adds, "If we want a merchant marine we shall have to begin now and build one."

"Then what is it? What have we got? Is there some other subject name for all these ships that are walking expensively about the sea with the American flag on them?"

"You might call it a nucleus," he says.

"A nucleus! Is it a good nucleus as nucleuses go?"

"Good to fair as a nucleus," he says.

"What is it worth?"

The chairman opens a large book.

"We've just made an appraisal of things," he says. "Our total assets are set down at $400,000,000. Of that sum, $230,000,000 will represent ships—ships alone."

"Some 1300 ships?"

"Yes."

"For $3,500,000,000 spent, that is all we have to show—1300 ships worth $230,000,000?"

"Miscellaneous assets valued at $170,000,000," he says.

"But altogether, ships and miscellaneous assets, worth only a little more than 10 per cent of what we've spent toward a merchant marine?"

"We didn't spend $3,500,000,000 toward a merchant marine," he says.

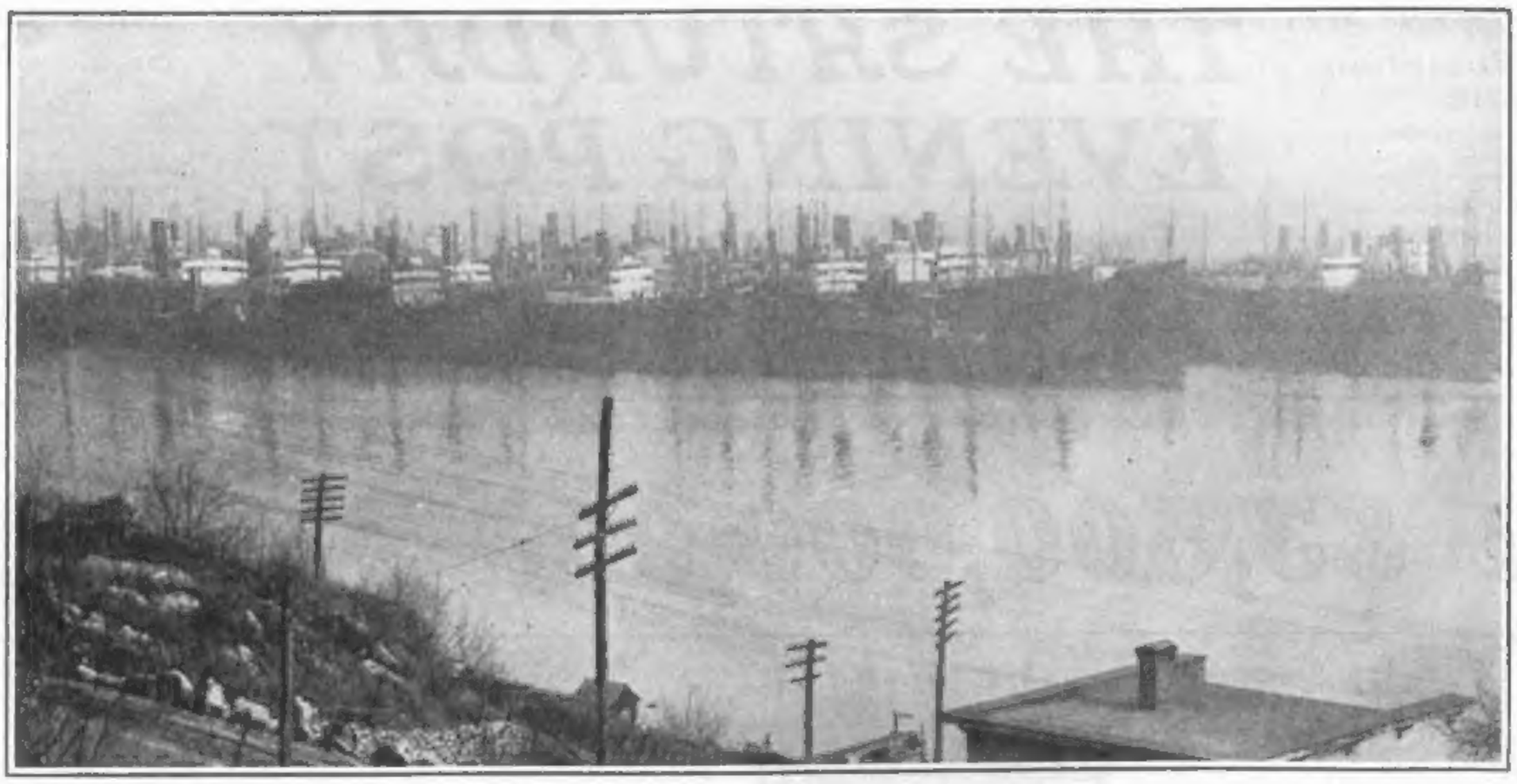
"What did we spend it for?"

"For war," he answers; "for anything hollow to float our cargoes to France. If a ship got over once and then sank, still she had been worth building at any cost. Remember that. Remember also that to put ships in mass production you had first to build shipyards for the purpose. Still, you were not started. You had to build in a night and two days, from the mud up, shipbuilding towns for shipbuilding labor—towns all complete, even to light, heat and water plants, public halls, theaters, churches, parks, rapid-transit facilities. All this on a cost-plus basis, with no time for anything to grow. That was war, and what you got was a war fleet. Don't forget that."

"No," we say, "we won't forget it. We have heard it before. But the war ended. Is that not so? And we went on with ships. Here in the fourth annual report of the United States Shipping Board, dated June 30, 1920, nearly two years after the Armistice, we read: 'Purpose and policy: The purpose of the board is to establish a permanent American merchant marine, ultimately resting on private enterprise and private capital. If it is the desire of the American people to maintain their present high standards of living, and to retain even approximately their present position in finance and trade, our annual surplus must be sold in foreign markets; and in order to do this it is necessary to have a merchant marine owned and controlled by American citizens.'

Two-Sevenths of a Board

"NOW wait. In the same report we see that the Shipping Board went on building ships after the Armistice. We don't mean that it went on with ships already started. We mean—we see it here in the report—it went on building original ships from the keel up. It built more ships after the Armistice than before. Look at the tables of construction. When the end of the war came in November, 1918, the Shipping Board had laid altogether 513 steel-ship keels. After that, down to June, 1920, it laid 773 more steel-ship keels. That is to say, a year and a half after the Armistice the Government was still laying down keels under a policy of establishing a permanent American merchant marine.



Ships Not in Use at Jones Point, on the Hudson

And now, all those ships having been finished and delivered and paid for, there is no such thing as an American merchant marine? Is that right?"

"That's right," says the chairman. "Next you will be asking me who is responsible. Let me see that report you have been reading from. [He takes it.] In the first place, this is very ancient history. In the second place, nobody is responsible. The one thing more nonexistent than an American merchant marine is responsibility. I just want you to see. Here it is."

THE UNITED STATES SHIPPING BOARD

W. S. BENSON, *Chairman*
JOHN A. DONALD, *Commissioner*
_____ _____ (vacancy), *Commissioner*
_____ _____ (vacancy), *Commissioner*
_____ _____ (vacancy), *Commissioner*
_____ _____ (vacancy), *Commissioner*
JOHN J. FLAHERTY, *Secretary*

What does that mean? It means this: The United States Shipping Board that wrote that large declaration of purpose and policy, the United States Shipping Board that was laying down new ship keels at the rate of one and a half a day a year and a half after the Armistice, was a United States Shipping Board that did not exist—a mythical board, a constructive board; specifically two-sevenths of a board consisting of a chairman and one commissioner. Every act it performed was probably illegal, since the law requires a board of seven that shall function by a majority vote on all questions.

Ships are for the moment obscured. There is something more wonderful than the way of a government ship on the sea. That is the way of the United States Shipping Board. The record is got out. In six and a half years of the Board's existence, to the end of June, 1923, there had been six chairmen, as follows: Two men who had actually touched merchant ships, one washing-machine maker, one lawyer, one retired admiral and one advertising genius. The turnover, as they say in industry, meaning the come and go of labor, was more than 90 per cent a year. In the same time there were twenty-four commissioners in and out. There the turnover is not so high; only a little over 60 per cent a year. No business could stand it, and this is the biggest business in the world. What would you think of a private corporation, like United States Steel, that changed its head six times in six and a half years and changed 60 per cent of its directors annually? As a speculator, could you imagine anything more profitable than to sell its shares for a fall? But you cannot imagine it.

What is a Useless Ship?

"ALL right," we say to the chairman. "Don't move. Don't rise, please. It would seem a bad omen. We wish to finish this conversation without having to begin it all over again with a new chairman. Let's go back. After having sold all it could sell to private persons, the Government still has more than 1300 ships?"

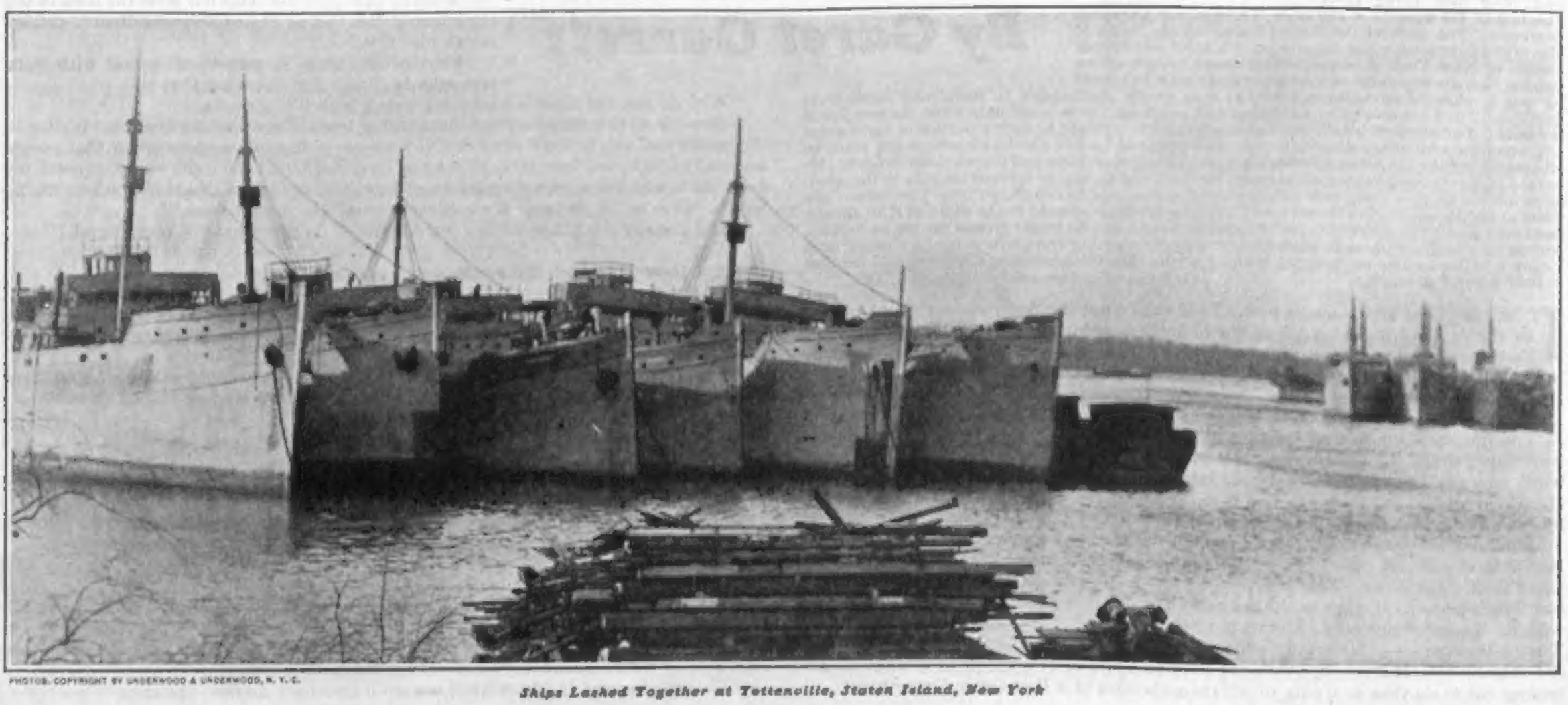
"Yes."

"According to your schedule, fewer than 400 of them are now in active service. That leaves, let us say roughly, 900 tied up. What of the 900? How many of them are useless in fact and how many are idle owing to the depressed state of the shipping industry?"

"Congress has tried to pin us down that way," the chairman answers. "We can't say precisely. What is a useless ship? That all depends. Moreover, we ought not to say, if we could. We have these ships to sell. A lot of them will never pay interest on what they cost. That is certain. Some of them ought to be junked."

"Let's be reckless. Let's suppose 500 of the tied-up ships are worthless as ships. We sell them, junk them, tow them

(Continued on Page 84)



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Ships Lashed Together at Tottenville, Staten Island, New York

CIRCUMSTANCE

By Thomas McMorrow

ILLUSTRATED BY H. J. MOWAT

ALL you seem to think of, Yelverton," said Mr. Dakin testily, "is excuses to take time off. Who do you suppose is going to do all the work of this office while you're running around and amusing yourself? I tell you what it is, Yelverton, that sort of thing won't do in the real-estate business. You're working for a living now and you've got to change your ideas or I'll have to find another clerk. Whose funeral is it you want to go to?"

"My uncle's," said the oldish man at the only other desk in the dark little office in an Amsterdam Avenue basement. He spoke in a level voice and without looking up from the rent statement which he was preparing.

"I haven't got a thing to say," said Dakin, lifting his narrow shoulders. "It's entirely up to you, Yelverton. You can go to all the funerals you like. All I ask is for you to get through your work. Why can't you be fair, Yelverton? I'm fair, am I not? Tell me if I'm not. Don't sit there plotting and planning and grouching to yourself; come right out with anything you've got to say! Yelverton, you're not fooling me a bit. I know what you're thinking about; you're thinking that I'm not fair, aren't you?"

"You're fair," said Yelverton in the same tone.

"No, no, Yelverton," said Dakin, shrewdly smiling but evidently balked. He got up and walked about the office, opening and closing his slender hands. He was tall and slim, gray-haired, smooth-shaven, red-cheeked, with large eyes of an angry and brilliant blue. "No, Yelverton, you don't think I'm fair. You're saying to yourself right now, 'Dakin is the meanest man God ever put breath in.' You're saying to yourself, 'I'd give ten dollars right now to hand him one good punch in the nose. Right there where he's standing—to jump up from this desk and smash him! Knock him flat. Kick him out of his own office, and throw his hat and coat after him. Oh, boy, for just one good sock at him!'"

"I Don't Seem to Get the Plot," He Said Apologetically. "Maybe You'd Better Tell Me the Story!"

Dakin enacted the part of his clerk in this putative assault and battery. He shouted the epithet, swung with his fist, kicked high and viciously with his neatly polished shoe, until Yelverton—had he been watching—must have seen the supposititious Dakin hurtling through the doorway and zooming up the steps before that mighty kick, and collapsing in ruins on the pavement of Amsterdam Avenue. Dakin certainly saw this lamentable sight, and his eyes sparkled with just indignation and his breath came fast; but Yelverton had not lifted his mild gaze from the rent statement. He drew in his foot quickly and in time to elude the vigorous pedal gesture of Dakin, and went on writing.

But again, had he planned this exit for his employer, Mr. Dakin must have halted in mid-career, for a large and grim-faced lady in a coat of imitation Persian lamb had descended the steps and had opened the office door.

"That's what you would like to do to me, Yelverton," mumbled Dakin, adjusting his cuffs embarrassedly. "Good morning, Mrs. Comiskey."

"Did you ever!" said Mrs. Comiskey.

She put her knuckles on her hips, set her large mouth, and glared at Yelverton. The clerk put his finished work aside and went for his hat and coat, walking well around his employer and then sidling past Mrs. Comiskey, who pivoted to continue facing him.

"Going out to the houses," he said, and he left the office.

"I never!" said Mrs. Comiskey. "A villain in human form! Did he attend to that Croton line yet?"

"You mean in your Columbus Avenue apartment house," said Dakin, consulting his desk book. "Do you mean to say that it's not fixed yet? I shall certainly speak severely to Mr. Yelverton about this. Why, Mrs. Comiskey, I gave him special instructions about your Columbus Avenue house. In fact, he's going around there right now, with the plumber."

"That two-faced villain! If he tried one of his tantrums on me I'd put the marks of my five thumbs on him. And he looks so nice."

"He's too nice, that's what's the matter," said Dakin. "He's too nice to attend to his work. Rich man's son, Mrs. Comiskey. Yes, he had plenty of money once. Made a complete fool out of him, if you ask me. Well, that's the kind of help we have to try and do business with nowadays, Mrs. Comiskey. But he don't need to think that because he lost all his own money he's going to lose all mine too. Not by a jugful! I tell you what it is, Mrs. Comiskey; the help problem is getting to be something terrible. You can't get good help, and if you get it you can't keep it. I'm not an alarmist, but, mark my words, I don't know what things are coming to!"

"Ain't it the truth?" sighed Mrs. Comiskey commiseratingly. "You can't get them and you can't keep them. It beats me how you keep so good-natured about it, Mr. Dakin. I couldn't. It's a gift with you, Mr. Dakin."

"W-e-ell," drawled Dakin, stretching the syllable to a long and musical utterance that was freighted with pathos and immutable amiability, "sometimes, Mrs. Comiskey, I almost wonder myself. As my dear wife used to say ——"

"What did she die of?"

"Oh, general breakdown. Nervous system. Didn't seem to recognize me toward the end. Screamed, and told the nurse to put me out."

"Sad, ain't it?" sniffed Mrs. Comiskey. "Delicate, was she? You always treated her well, I know, and that's a comfort. Well do I remember the day I lost Comiskey. He got a bit excited, and I got a bit excited, and he couldn't stand it. It was Comiskey's brain did for him, poor man."

"Ah; fever?"

"No. Concussion. Well, I'll have to be running along. Come around and see me in the evenings if you've anything to tell me about the house, Mr. Dakin. Don't be strange."

"I shall indeed, and with pleasure, Mrs. Comiskey!"

Yelverton made the round of the dozen cheap flats which were under the management of Dakin; taking the abuse of angry tenants impassively, listening to the janitors, ordering and inspecting small repairs, negotiating leases with lookers. He was entirely familiar with the work, and got through it expeditiously; at half-past ten he saw that he would have an hour to spare. He walked up Amsterdam Avenue to the church of St. James the Apostle, and entered in. He slid into a seat by the door.

In the choir over his head a bass voice was singing Nearer, My God, to Thee—song of grief, song of triumph. The great voice sank in sympathy as it spoke of the cross of pain, of the misery which is the common lot, of the pang of loss which comes to every man; and then it spoke of tear-dimmed faces that were lifted, of light that shone upon them, of an elation that suddenly transfigured those faces down there in the abyss until their tears vanished quite away and they sang the praises of God, who gives and who takes and who knows best. Down by the chancel Yelverton saw the mourners, a numerous company; his uncle had been a man of some wealth and importance. His uncle was there, too, before the chancel rail, clothed in somber and awful majesty, unapproachable; he had been a crotchety and querulous man, not to be counted on in any event, highly unreasonable, undignified. In life he had held Yelverton away; Yelverton felt that he should show a relaxed respect if he approached him now.

Yelverton knew that there were no kinsmen nearer than he in that group up front. Most of the people up there were business acquaintances of the dead man. Young Peter Keese was there as chief mourner, but Peter was, after all, only an adopted son. There were the three Pettigrew boys, favorite nephews of the deceased. There was their mother, who had been Franklin Keese's favorite sister. There were other relatives of Yelverton not a few, and in all degrees but the nearest. He would avoid meeting them; he had not seen some of them in many years. They were all well off financially, and he was scraping along on twenty-eight dollars a week; his pride was false perhaps, but was stubborn; he would not set his sixteen-fifty overcoat beside their glossy furs and sleek English broadcloth. They had never snubbed him, never avoided him, but neither had they sought him out. He was here today because the clan was gathered. He had had no warm sentiment for his uncle, and was conscious now of no great sorrow. His uncle had chosen to be a stranger to him; Yelverton was a bit surprised to find that this ceremony touched him more nearly than would have the funeral of any other stranger. He saw the funeral director, smartly dressed and red-faced, go down the aisle with his bearers; he slipped away from the church at once, passing the long array of black automobiles and cigarette-puffing drivers, and walked quickly away up Amsterdam Avenue. So far as he knew, no place in the cortège had been provided for him; he was glad of that. He could not have spared the time to be spent in loitering decorously among the headstones.

He was a man of middle height, plump, weighing some hundred and seventy pounds, clean-shaven, incurious-eyed—a phlegmatic gentleman who was marching stolidly through his early forties, and yet not a dull or stupid gentleman. If a man run very hard in an obstacle race and dive earnestly through a barrel, and is captured by the

barrel and is swung soothingly to and fro while the race goes on without him, he will not crawl from that barrel and tear on with untouched enthusiasm when he sees that his competitors are already climbing the greased pole to success there far away. Rather will phlegm descend on him, philosophy; he will continue on the way traversed by the flying feet, but avoiding obstacles now, eschewing hurry and bustle, resigning hope of a prize. This, unless he be an indomitable fellow entirely, a thundering hero who never says die, a greyhound for eagerness and a bulldog for grit.

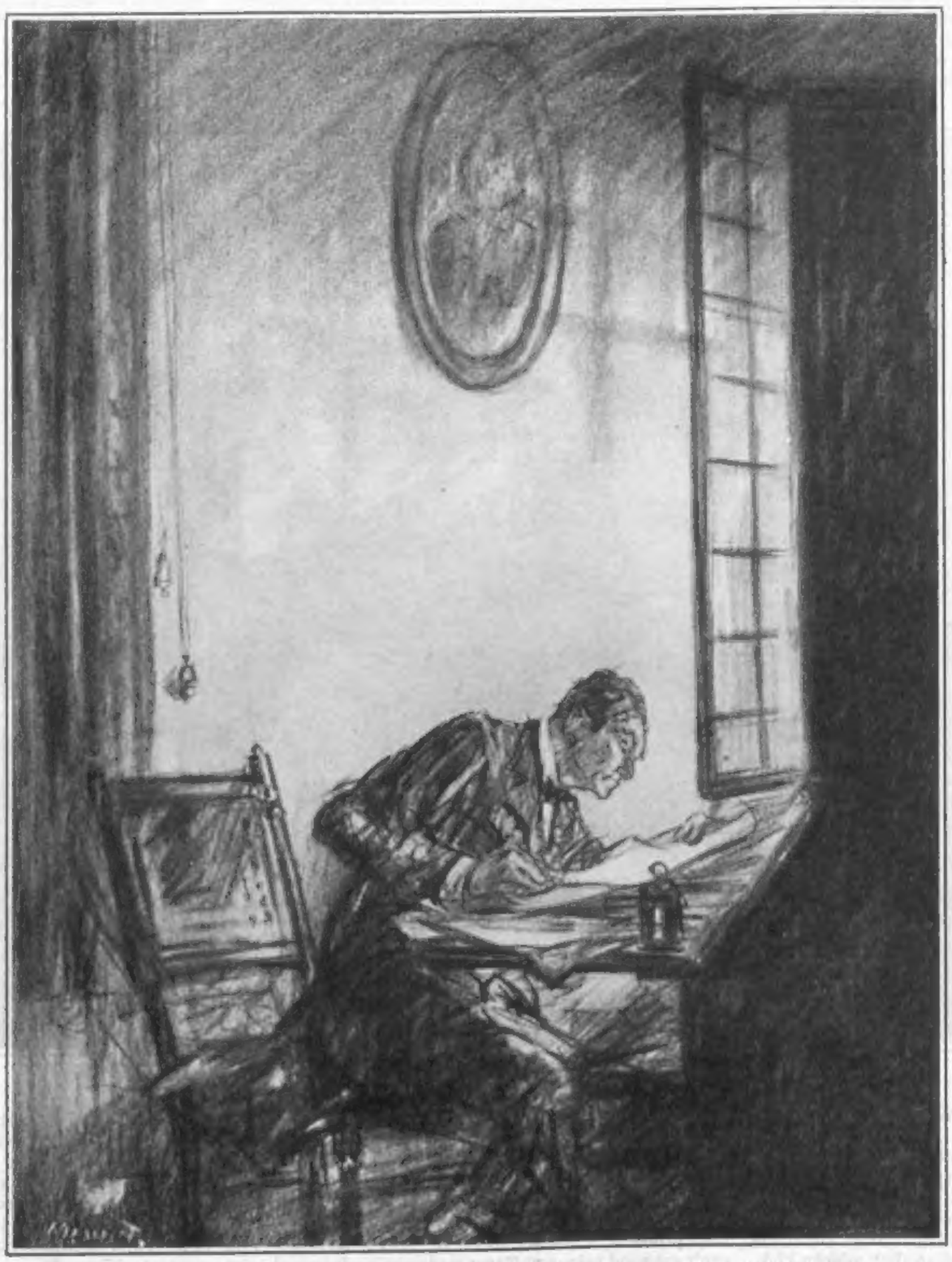
Yelverton had inherited a considerable fortune at the age of twenty-five, had ventured it in business with the boldness proper to the age when man's body does not yet convey to him intimations of mortality, and had lost it completely. One learns the value of money only through lacking it; Yelverton had never lacked money. One might say—and be unjust for the sake of a phrase—that a wise man knows the value of a dollar when he has it, and the fool knows its value only when he hasn't it. Yelverton was not a fool. But he was cowed, quenched, content to go slowly and safely, willing to shelter under a small salary, fearing unemployment greatly, putting up equably with second or third best, looking forward to an evening at the movies, making a social event out of a table d'hôte and a business triumph out of putting by a five-dollar bill. He was conscientious, unsoured, always agreeable though never inspiring, a gentleman approaching middle age as he plodded in the middle of the road.

II

MISS FANNY PURCELL snatched the rubber band and pink wrapper from an ounce bottle of Parfum de Soixante Fleurs, took out the cork with one yank of her strong white teeth, and held the opened bottle for an instant against her low and red-beaded corsage. She wetted the hem of her black Canton crêpe with the perfume, caressed her stockings of tan silk, straightened, drew her small and close-setting ears cautiously forward one at a time, and touched the recesses behind them with the sweet scent. She hurried to a small and narrow mirror, beneath which was a poor print of a French courtier kneeling on the grass before a skimpy-faced lady of the *ancien régime* and declaring himself with abandon. Fanny drew a very long face and slapped her cheeks, causing the orange rouge—whose presence theretofore had looked like two bruises—to spread evenly over the soft curves beneath her cheek bones and to show the unmistakable glow of bounding health. With quick but sure strokes she passed a lip stick over her large but well-shaped mouth, sucked in her lips and rubbed them together. As she turned away she was unable to withhold a flirtatious glance at her reflection in the mirror; her high-piled black hair thrilled her, her bright dark eyes flashed tantalizingly at her, her bare round arms made the corners of her mouth to lift in a proud smile. And the Canton crêpe did not make her look fat; she loathed dresses that made her look fat, and there were so very many of them. It was aggravating to look fat when one really wasn't fat; rounded, at most. She had stepped on a secluded scales in the Subway station that morning—one of the sort that gives you your penny back if you guess right—but she had not learned her weight, since she had been compelled to step down and widen her eyes at a nosey fellow who persisted in trying to peep past her as the indicator swept grandly by her chosen one hundred and sixty-five pounds. Those slot machines were all wrong anyway. She had tried dozens of them, and had found only one that could guess her weight within ten pounds; and some joker had put a placard on that one now saying, "Out of Order."

She certainly didn't look thirty-five. Everyone said she was silly to tell her age.

She went springily about the living room of the small apartment, touching the pink shades over the electric lights, hitting the creases from the crimson cover of the couch, patting the crimson cushions, noting with satisfaction that the portable phonograph just covered the top of the small table on which it stood, and that the ensemble was very like an expensive cabinet instrument. A bell rang in the kitchen; she ran out to it, pressed the button which released the catch of the street door one flight below, dashed back into the living room, snatched open a bedroom door and said, "Are you all right, mamma?" to an old lady who was reading in bed, closed the door, shot glances in all directions, threw under the couch a book which had lain on it open and face down, and raced down the hall to open the door to Yelverton.



Yelverton Frowned, and Stirred in His Chair. He Snapped the Creases of the Document Flat, and Turned It Toward the Light

"Good evening, Edwin," she said warmly but with an obvious effort against languor. "I was reading a bit. I felt tired tonight and so I came right home and sat down. It was nice of you to ask me out to a picture, but I don't feel fit for a thing."

"I'd rather sit here with you, Fanny," he agreed, following her.

He did not kiss her. Yelverton had been calling on her for ten years, and there was some sort of secret and unworded treaty between them, but they had not come to kissing yet. Some men can kiss girls at first blush, offhandedly, almost as an office of politeness; they can show a new acquaintance to her door, feint, kiss her, and walk downstairs whistling. But Yelverton was staid-minded, slow and old-fashioned; he could not kiss a girl and let it go at that, any more than he could jump out of the window and then walk whistling downstairs. Well, he might have kissed another girl without such a pother about it, but he could not kiss Miss Fanny Purcell without great perturbation of mind, without embarking on perils. It would be an overt act, to be justified only by an outright declaration of honorable intentions. Such a declaration was not imminent in the secret treaty; the parties thereto were to be friends and to frequent each other's company eagerly; if, in the far future, Yelverton were to be in a position to support a wife, then and in that event —— But here the secret understanding blurred off into mere sensation. Yelverton was free, Miss Purcell was free, unless a mere sentiment was more binding than words. He felt that it would be an end to all things and a beginning if ever he kissed Miss Fanny Purcell; he did not doubt that the contingency appeared to her equally portentous. He could not support a wife; that was flat. He could not ask so young and beautiful a girl to wait.

She seated herself on the couch, with her dark wealth of hair against the crimson pillow. They talked. She asked him three times if he was quite sure that his chair was quite comfortable. She asked for music.

"What shall I play?" he asked, going obediently to the phonograph.

"Play Just a Little Love, a Little Kiss," she murmured, letting her dark eyelashes fall. With the toe of her glazed pump she pulled his chair toward her and let her heels rest on its front rung. He found that the phonograph had been wound up and that the indicated record was waiting on it. He started the music, and returned to seat himself.

"Try the couch, Edwin," she said. "I'm sure that chair is not quite comfortable."

"What do you think of that Higby murder?" he said in a conversational tone. "Did you read about it in the papers? Now, wait until I tell you what my theory of that business is. Higby ——"

"Don't talk, Edwin," she said. "Listen to the music."

He listened. She breathed softly through parted lips as the music rose passionately and fell to notes of pleading. There was one part in particular, one phrase of blissful poignancy where ——

"There!" he exclaimed, glowing delightedly. "There it is!"

"There's what, Edwin?" she whispered hopefully.

"The squeak," he said. "I was waiting for it. You notice how that high note flattened out? You must let me take that phonograph apart, Fanny, and have a look at the sound box." He got up and shut the phonograph off; the piece was done, the song of love was sung out; all that was left was an incessant and unrelieved grinding and jarring, round and round, on and on, as needle and record labored on together after their power of melodious concert was past. "I was reading when you came in," she said. "Would you mind bending that shade down a little? The light gets in my eyes."

"What were you reading, Fanny?"

"There it is. Read it to me, Edwin."

"Where were you at?" he asked, picking up a copy of FitzGerald's Omar Khayyam.

"Just about there," she said. "Do read it. No, not so loud! There, that's better."

He read. He read distinctly and unaccentedly, as he would have read a lease to an inquiring tenant.

"Isn't it just divine?" she said, stirring appreciatively.

A sweet and subtle perfume expanded his nostrils while he read the stanzas so inspired with sweet and mournful music. The radiator sighed softly and companionably.

"I don't seem to get the plot," he said apologetically. "Maybe you'd better tell me the story! But, say, Fanny, what is that noise downstairs? Sounds like a regular riot, doesn't it?"

"Oh, no!" she said. "They are perfectly lovely people. Their name is Murdock. They're only married about a year. He's some kind of a broker, and I think she has a beauty parlor. Perfectly lovely people. They got in new furniture today."

"Sounds like they're moving it out again," he said, hearkening. "There goes something to smash!"

"I imagine they're rearranging it," said Fanny. "Something must have dropped from the sideboard."

"Fanny, dear!" called her mother.

"I think I'll be running on," said Yelverton, rising. "Gosh, it's after half-past ten! Well, Fanny, how about dinner at some restaurant tomorrow night?"

"Saturday night?"

"Sure. Your mother, too, of course. I'll come around in the afternoon. Good night, Fanny, and say good night to your mother!"

Fanny saw him to the door, and ran back to bring a glass of water to her mother. She sat on her mother's bed for a while, kissed her good night, opened the window and turned out the light. She returned to the living room, and sat drooping on the couch. She sighed, got down on her hands and knees, and felt under the couch; she retrieved the book which she had cast there. She sat again on the couch and scanned the book with ironical eyes; one of her eyebrows was lifted, and a corner of her mouth was likewise raised. On the bright red cover of the book was the title in gold lettering, Love's Old Sweet Song; the gifted authoress was Ellen McGlynn. The book fell open naturally at the chapter headed Eliciting the Proposal. Fanny's face steadily darkened as she skimmed over this chapter which laid the mechanics of the matter quite bare for any artless maid to see. Music—perfume—warmth—seclusion—colors—poetry—propinquity.

Fanny's dark eyes suddenly lit up; she clutched the book and flung it from her; it went through the window which she had opened to dispel the scent of Yelverton's honest five-cent cigar. But almost at once she cried out regretfully, and jumped up and hurried from the flat. She ran down to the first floor and knocked on the Murdocks' door.

The clamor of voices and the desultory crashes and reverberations stopped; Mr. Murdock opened the door and frowned at Fanny; his collar was askew and his hair was rumpled, and suffused lines upon his cheek suggested that he had been playing too jovially with the cat.

"Is Mrs. Murdock in?" asked Fanny.

"Is she in!" repeated Mr. Murdock, grinning wryly. "Is she in! I'll say she's in!" Oddly, he was holding a tall ironing board.

"Please tell her I'm very sorry, but the book I borrowed from her tonight just fell out of my window. You have a door on the court, haven't you? I hate to bother you, only you know the janitor keeps a dog in the cellar and I'm afraid to go down that way. Tell Mrs. Murdock it was ever so sweet of her, and I hate to bother her, and I enjoyed the book ever so much."

"The book you borrowed from Mrs. Murdock fell out of the window," he said, conning his message. "You stand by and see fair play, and I'll see ——"

"Harold, shut the door, please," came a voice of chilled sweetness from inside the flat.

"Directly, love," he called back, shifting the ironing board to his rear exposure, and slamming the door with his knee. Fanny heard him exclaim; immediately thereafter sounded the ki-yi-ing of Mrs. Murdock's dog, which had been pained by some inconsiderate act of Mr. Murdock.

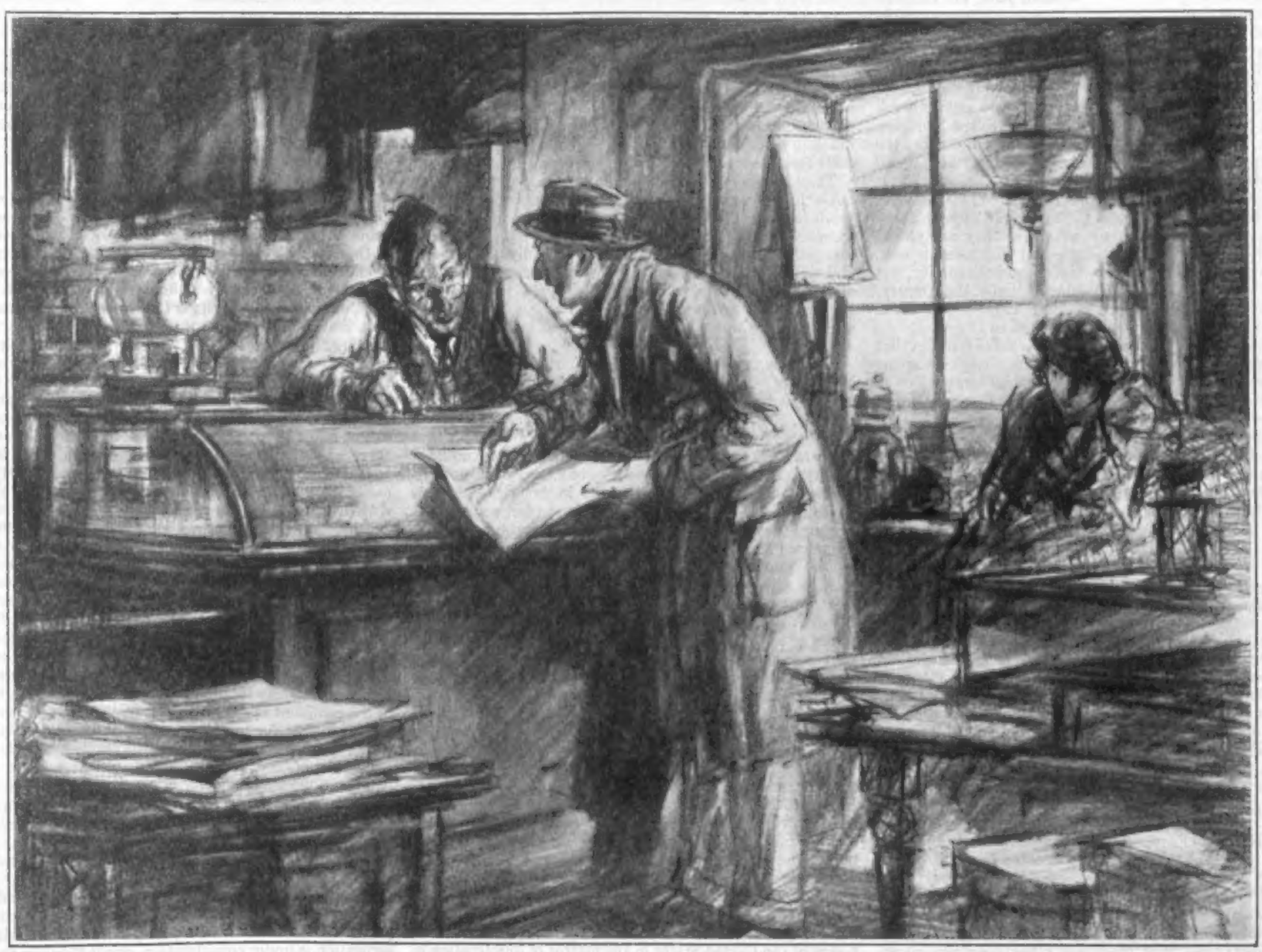
III

YELVERTON lived in an elegant room, beautifully furnished, suitable to single gentleman or couple without children, with all modern conveniences, near bath, in a refined home, telephone and piano, eight dollars per week. The refined home was Mrs. Banner's, and so was the description of the room as published by her. The house was an old brownstone front on One Hundred and Twenty-second Street, near Morningside Park; she lived in unimpugned refinement in the basement with her four children and her husband, who was a night watchman, and she let out the upper three floors to gentlemen and couples without living issue. Yelverton's room on the top floor had been the tank room in the days when New York had the low pressure and houses maintained storage tanks; the tank had been removed—making the apartment unquestionably more elegant—and then it had been beautifully furnished with an iron bed, a chair of Vienna bent wood, and a costumer; a costumer is a vertical pole with hooks on it. The room had a very large window, through which the view was unobstructed; the window was in the ceiling. The public bathroom could not be nearer without being actually in the room, and nobody asks for that; it adjoined Yelverton's room and was divided from it by a plaster partition which stopped a foot short of the ceiling. The telephone was in the public hall below and was a nickel-in-the-slot machine; the piano was one of the old square type, and stood shrouded beside the coal bin in the cellar, but Yelverton did not care for pianos one way or the other, so he could hardly protest being charged for this one, nor could he in good faith demand a better or more accessible instrument. The eight dollars per week was just as stated.

On the morning following his call on Miss Purcell, Yelverton descended two flights to the main hall of this high-stooped dwelling and checked over the mail deposited on the hatrack. There was a letter addressed to him; in the upper left-hand corner of the envelope was the legend, Grayson & Pinkney, 120 Broadway, New York City. He dropped the letter into his pocket and went out for his breakfast.

He breakfasted in a lunch room on One Hundred and Twenty-fifth Street, eating a twenty-cent club breakfast. There were four other club breakfasts, being respectively twenty-five cents, thirty, thirty-five and forty; one could hardly breakfast in this place without joining a club. The atmosphere was very clubby; no formality or constraint or

(Continued on Page 134)



"Do I Know What it Is? You Should Ask Me Such a Question Yet. I Sold it to Him"

SLOW POISON—By Kenneth L. Roberts

NORTHERN Italians are different in their temperament, stature and general appearance from Southern Italians. Likewise, the cities of Northern Italy are very different in size and cleanliness and educational advantages and the ability of their officials from the cities of Southern Italy.

These facts, which are familiar to every traveler in Italy and to every student of Italian history, are not here presented as a gratuitous criticism of any section of the Italian people or because of any leanings toward or away from any Italian group. They are presented because they have a bearing on a matter that is giving America more trouble than it should.

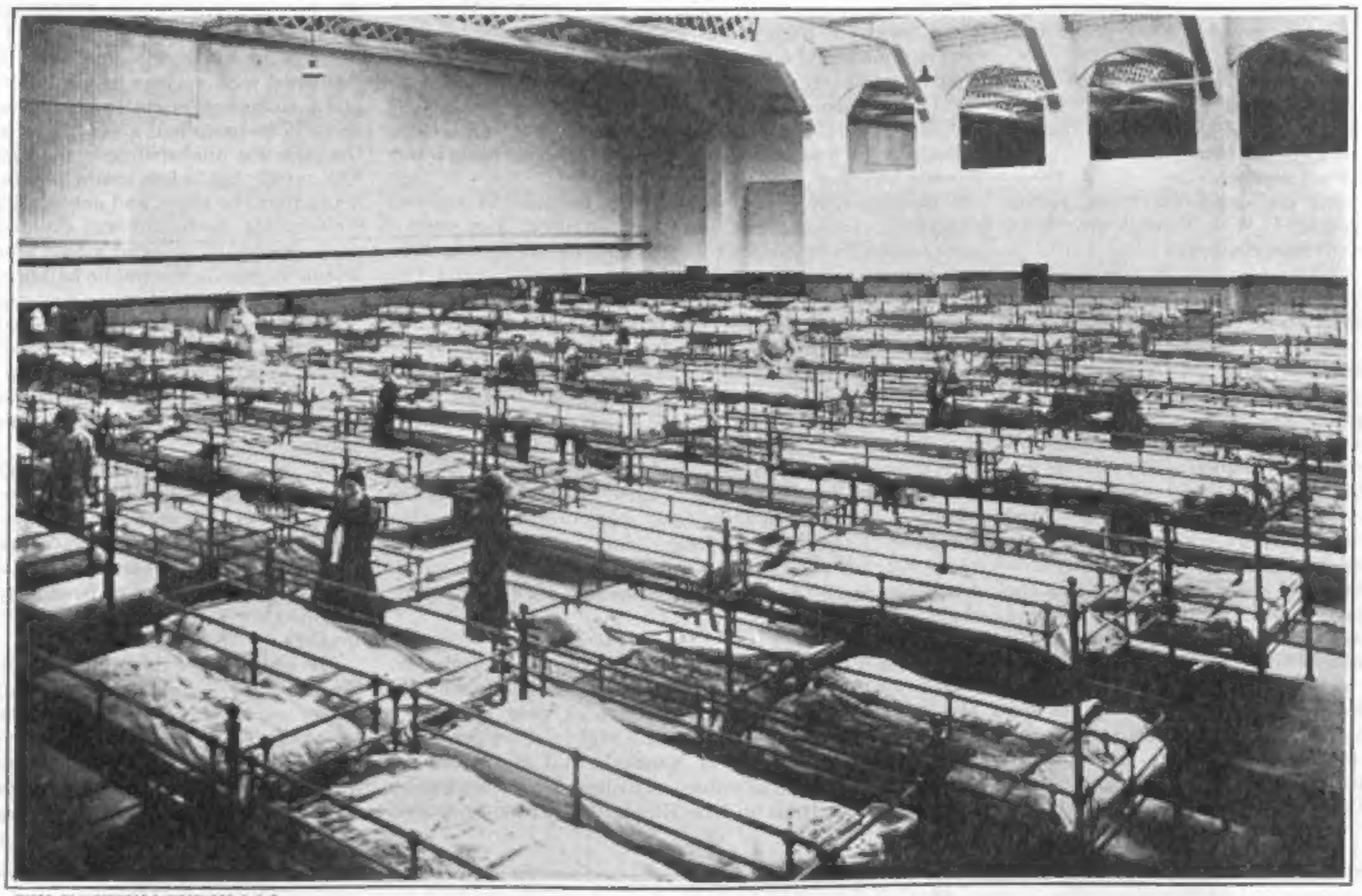


PHOTO BY UNDERWOOD & UNDERWOOD, N. Y. C.

Atlantic Park, the Emigrant Hostel, Near Southampton, England, is Supported by the Cunard, White Star and Canadian-Pacific Shipping Companies, and is Used for the Housing of British and European Emigrants

A traveler in Northern Italy, if he were sufficiently ignorant, might conceivably say to Northern Italians that there is no actual difference between Northern and Southern Italians, and that Southern Italians are as capable of running the affairs of Northern Italy as are the Northern Italians. If he were to say such things, however, the Northern Italians would merely smile pityingly at him and unobtrusively withdraw from his company.

The inhabitants of Rome, which is located in the central part of Italy and is thus technically peopled by Southern Italians, are highly indignant whenever they are placed in the Southern Italian category—and with some reason, since Rome, like Washington, is a cosmopolitan city, not peopled by folk from any particular section of the country.

These peculiar differences between various peoples of Europe are not by any means restricted to Italy.

The Swede would protest if anyone tried to tell him that the inhabitants of the Swedish province of Lapland are as competent to pass on questions of national importance as are the Swedes themselves. No German or Dane or Dutchman, for similar reasons, would for a moment admit that hundreds of thousands of residents of the Balkan Peninsula could suddenly be given a voice in the affairs of Germany or Denmark or Holland without endangering the laws which the Germans or the Danes or the Dutch have found peculiarly suited to their own needs.

Closing Our Eyes to the Facts

AND yet, because of the persistence of a few noisy propagandists for racial minorities in the United States, because of the political threats of a few organizations representing racial minorities, because of the timidity of vote-hunting politicians and because of gross misinformation disseminated by sentimental uplifters, there has sprung up in America the convention that lawmakers, public speakers and people who wish to preserve a reputation for fair-mindedness must not openly say that certain races of people are less desirable material for future citizens of America than certain other races.

Unless these lawmakers and public speakers and what not are quite silly, they know that some people make better citizens than other people. They know that people from certain sections of Europe are hopelessly inferior in physique, manner of thought and ability to people from other sections of Europe. They know, especially if they have traveled in foreign lands, that there are some countries whose people have built clean, shining and substantial cities and enjoy the advantages of education, art and good government; and that there are other countries whose cities are foul and tumble-down and noisome, and whose people are largely illiterate, apathetic and misgoverned. They know—or ought to know—that the country folk of some lands live in neat farmhouses and bring their fields to a high state of fertility by intelligent and modern farming methods; whereas the peasants of other countries live in filthy, windowless, chimneyless hovels and scratch their desolate fields with the same sort of rude implements that their forefathers used a thousand years ago.

They know—if they have ever made any effort to find out—that some of the races of Europe are races that produce, races that wrest their living from the soil and from manufactures; whereas other races are parasite races, incapable of existing unless they can profit by buying from and selling to the producers. They know that some races are tall, calm, dependable and skilled in the art of governing themselves; whereas other races are short, excitable, undependable and apparently incapable of governing themselves properly.

These things are not matters of hazy conjecture or of hearsay evidence. They exist today in Europe for anybody to see, just as they existed yesterday and will exist tomorrow. There ought to be no controversy over them, just as there ought to be no controversy over the existence of Niagara Falls or Mont Blanc, or over the facts of American history. Propagandists, unfortunately, can work up controversies over anything, especially in America, which is so far from Europe that there are always large quantities of simple and gullible folk to believe everything they are told about Europe and clamor cheerfully and idiotically for more. None the less, it is a fact that some of the races of Europe make good citizens and some make poor citizens, just as it is a fact that the Germans marched through Belgium and devastated Northern France. So many thousands of red herring have been drawn across these trails that many keen-nosed folk have come to think that the trails no longer exist; but they do.

Yet in America the propagandists and the folk who talk constantly about their fair-mindedness fight ardently and effectively to prevent any differentiation between the races of Europe and between the immigrant masses that pour into America by the hundred thousand, because, according to them, such differentiation would be opposed to American tradition and the historic policy of the United States, and contrary to the ideals of the founders of America. And it might be remarked in passing that fair-minded persons never think of talking about their fair-mindedness any more than persons who bathe regularly think of advertising the fact. Only the boor brags about being a gentleman.

Now to invoke American tradition and the historic policy of the United States in the matter of immigration is somewhat similar to invoking American tradition and the historic policy of the United States in the matter of laws governing airplanes and radio. In the early days of America immigrants, generally speaking, belonged to the same general stock as that which founded the nation. In more recent times the immigrants that began to pour in belonged to entirely different stocks, so that the country was confronted by an entirely different aspect of immigration. Anyone who seriously argues that because America made no attempt to apply immigration laws in 1778 or 1820 she should not apply them today might with equal seriousness argue that she should not legislate against the flying of airplanes above crowds because similar legislation regarding aircraft was not advanced around 1812.

It has also become fashionable in recent years to indulge in considerable speculation as to what Washington, Jefferson, Madison, John Hancock, Alexander Hamilton and various other distinguished early Americans would have thought and done under certain modern conditions.

Thomas Jefferson's Pious Wish

THIS pastime has met with much favor among recently naturalized citizens who are in favor of unrestricted immigration, and who have no hesitation in declaring authoritatively that immigration restriction of any sort would have been highly repugnant to these gentlemen and contrary to their ideals—although a search by Prof. Robert De Courcy Ward, of Harvard University, has revealed the fact that Washington questioned the advisability of permitting the immigration of anybody except certain skilled mechanics, and that Jefferson expressed the wish that there were an ocean of fire between this country and Europe so that it might be impossible for any more immigrants to come here.

But since the gentlemen have been a long time dead, there are few to gainsay the persons who claim to be in touch with their inmost thoughts. In fact, they might easily go a little farther and claim firmly that all dead Americans, from Elder Brewster, John Alden, Cotton Mather and the rest of the early New Englanders down through Ulysses S. Grant, Robert E. Lee, John Brown, Henry Wadsworth Longfellow and other distinguished gentlemen, would be heartily revolted at the thought of turning back a million and more immigrants each year from the most backward countries of Southeastern Europe.

But in this connection it ought to be remarked that Washington, Jefferson, Madison, John Hancock, Alexander Hamilton and their illustrious colleagues were noted for their common sense; and it is highly improbable, in spite of the confident assertions of the antirestrictionists and the propagandists for foreign societies and groups, that their ideals would run contrary to the expressed beliefs of the President of the United States, every member of his cabinet, the great majority of the Republican and Democratic members of the United States Congress, practically every consular and diplomatic officer of the United States in Europe, or to the overwhelming sentiment of all Americans whose racial or business interests do not influence them to think otherwise.

The immigration question, in America, is the only subject whose merits are not considered from a political viewpoint. Democrats and Republicans, when immigration legislation is under consideration, stand shoulder to shoulder against foreign cliques and selfish business interests for the best interests of America. In such a line-up the

ideals of the founders of America might lead them to take their stand with the foreign cliques and the selfish business interests; but it is more likely that the foreign cliques are as incapable of interpreting the ideals of the founders of America as they are of becoming desirable Americans.

None the less the cries of the propagandists of foreign groups and the unnecessary fears of the politicians have effectually prevented our legislators from legislating against the undesirables of Europe by name. The best they have been able to produce hitherto has been the Three Per Cent Law, which admits to America 3 per cent of the aliens resident in America at the time of the census of 1910, regardless of the fact that some of the aliens were desirable and that others were undesirable. The Swedes and the Lapps were given an equal chance at coming to America, and lifting their voices in the making and administering of laws for Americans. The picturesque but backward nations of the Balkan Peninsula drew a 3 per cent quota, just as Great Britain drew a 3 per cent quota; though there probably wasn't a legislator who didn't know that if a Balkan nation deserved a 3 per cent quota Great Britain deserved a 30 per cent quota. Although the Northern Italians and the Southern Italians are known throughout Europeans being quite different as regards desirability, American legislators carefully refrained from distinguishing between them.

The Three Per Cent Law was a good law in one respect: It cut down the number of immigrants that were allowed to enter the country. Unfortunately it continued to let in thousands upon thousands of highly undesirable immigrants who were neither needed nor wanted in America

So the legislators began to take thought to see how this unsatisfactory state of affairs could be remedied. The undesirables admittedly came from Southern and Eastern European countries, but the countries couldn't be named, because any such naming was, according to the anti-restriction propagandists, contrary to the ideals of the founders of America. Nor could the undesirables be reduced in number by reducing the percentage from 3 to 2; for if this had been done the number of desirable immigrants from Northern and Western Europe would be similarly reduced. So the legislators were baffled.

Reasons for Going Back to 1890

BUT eventually a great light burst on them. Instead of basing the quota on the census of 1910, when there were a great many Southeastern Europeans in America, they could base it on the census of 1890, when there weren't nearly so many Southeastern Europeans in the country, and when there were greater numbers of desirable aliens from Northwestern Europe. By so doing, the undesirable immigrants from Southeastern Europe would be greatly reduced, whereas the desirable immigrants from Northwestern Europe would be greatly increased. Flushed with enthusiasm, senators and representatives feverishly began to draft bills which provided for reckoning the immigration quota on the census of 1890.

At this act of low cunning on the part of the legislators a terrific wail arose from the antirestrictionist propagandists. To go back to the census of 1890, they declared, was to discriminate against certain European races; and such discrimination is opposed to the historic policy of our country and contrary to the ideals of the founders of America. It was even unfair, they claimed, to use the census of 1910 in figuring the quota. Why shouldn't the most modern census—that of 1920—be used? If legislators were arbitrarily going back to 1890, what was to stop them from going back to the census of 1850, before the Poles and the Russians started to emigrate, or back to the census of 1800, when there was nobody on whom to figure quotas except the English, the Irish, the Dutch, the Germans and the Huguenot French?

The propagandists were fighting for their countrymen and relatives in Europe, of course, and did not hesitate to use any argument that came to hand. The American legislators, who were only fighting for the future of America, shrank from coming out openly and speaking their minds concerning undesirable European races, for fear of losing their reputation for fair-mindedness. In other words, many of them were bluffed into thinking that they actually had no right to base a quota law on the census of 1890; and although there are immigration bills still before the House of Representatives and the Senate which call for the basing of the immigration quota on the 1890 census, there are many senators and representatives who state gravely that this sort of bill cannot pass because it is a too obvious discrimination against certain European nations. They want to discriminate without discriminating—which is as difficult as traveling around the world without leaving home.

In order to maintain unblemished their reputation for fair-mindedness and at the same time give the country an immigration law that will still further cut down the undesirable immigration from Southeastern Europe, many legislators feel that they must do all of several things, to wit: Never name an undesirable race; use the most recent available census as a basis for their figures; and be perfectly fair to everybody—even to those folk whose peculiar and alien outlook threatens to change America from the republic of our fathers to a federation of European settlements.

Such specifications, of course, are especially baffling; and for a time it looked as though the United States would have to keep on with its Three Per Cent Law, which admits too many undesirables and shuts out many desirables who wish to come.

But before all hope was lost somebody thought of studying the number of naturalizations recorded against each immigrant group in the United States; and there, all neat and shipshape, was discovered a basis for an immigration law that would let in a lot of people that the legislators wanted to let in, and bar out a lot of people that the legislators knew to be undesirable. And best of all, the figures were of such nature that they would leave the anti-immigration restrictionists with so few grounds for howls and complaints that any howlings and complainings which they might emit would in all probability be received with coldness and unconcern by everyone except those connected with alien groups and selfish business interests.

The census of 1920 was the first census at which complete data as to citizenship had been secured for foreign-born persons of both sexes and all ages. Prior to that time the returns related only to foreign-born men twenty-one years of age and over. The 1920 census confirmed the belief that the immigrants from the Northwestern European countries are more eager and better qualified to become a part of the American people than are the immigrants from Southeastern Europe; for it showed that, barring one country, over 50 per cent of the immigrants from Northwestern Europe had become citizens of the United States: while less than 50 per cent of the Southeastern European countries had become citizens.

The Naturalization Test

OF THE foreign-born white population of the United States at the 1920 census, the records of the Census Bureau show that the percentages of the different nationalities that had become citizens were

Northwestern Europe: England, 63.1; Scotland, 60.9; Wales, 72.9; Ireland, 65.7; Norway, 67.3; Sweden, 69.0; Denmark, 69.2; Netherlands, 56.0; Belgium, 49.0; Luxemburg, 72.5; Switzerland, 64.9; France, 56.7.

Central Europe: Germany, 72.8; Poland, 28.0; Czecho-Slovakia, 45.8; Austria, 37.7; Hungary, 29.0; Jugo-Slavia, 25.2.

Eastern Europe: Russia, 40.2; Lithuania, 25.6; Finland, 41.3; Rumania, 41.1; Bulgaria, 12.1; Turkey in Europe, 20.2.

Southern Europe: Greece, 16.8; Albania, 7.4; Italy, 28.1; Spain, 9.9; Portugal, 16.4.

Therefore it struck several legislators with a violent impact that instead of computing the yearly immigration quota of any nationality on the total number of persons of that nationality who happened to be in the United States on a certain date, it would be better to compute it on the number of persons of that nationality who were naturalized

A Group of Immigrants at Ellis Island. Above—Immigrants Lining the Deck of the S. S. Presidente Wilson as the Vessel Lay in Quarantine

(Continued on Page 54)

BROTHERS

By GEORGE PATTULLO

ILLUSTRATED BY MARSHALL FRANTZ

NOBODY would ever have suspected from Moe Dunning's looks that he could be deeply moved, for his habitual expression was noncommittal, even wooden—an effect heightened by a cast in one eye. Yet of all the crowd that packed the auditorium, none paid such close attention as Moe. He sat forward on the edge of his chair in the front row and broke into rapturous applause every time the speaker paused for breath.

"From the limpid waters of the Gulluf of Mexico to the frozen wastes of the Arctic Circle," intoned the general, who was making a speech on behalf of Henry Cunningham for mayor, "from the sun-kissed groves of Californy to the rugged, rock-bound coast of Maine, there is no fairer heritage, my countrymen."

"Ain't it beautiful?" Moe whispered to his brother, loud enough for the general to hear him.

"Land of fair women and brave men," continued the general, head thrown back and eyes half closed. "In all the ge-lorious garden of flower-like American womanhood, none sweeter than its gracious daughters! And where, I ask you, in that shining galaxy of interpid men who have made this gr-reat republic of ours what it is, can you find more stalwart manhood than its sons?"

Prolonged cheers.

"My friends," he went on, his resonant voice soaring, "that is what we have inherited. That is what we must conserve."

"Say," muttered his brother anxiously into Moe's ear, "what's all this got to do with the street railway, huh?"

"Sh-h!"

"Such is the heritage we must conserve, fellow citizens. And how? I'll tell you how! By seeing to it that none of it is filched from us by predatory interests. By seeing to it that the slimy octopus whose gross body cowers in Wall Street while its greedy tentacles go groping into every corner of these United States, seeking what it may devour—that insatiable monster whose food is money, gentlemen—money wrung from the labor and sweat of the poor—whose maw is never filled, never satisfied—by seeing to it that this buzzard, hovering always in the sky, does not get its reeking claws on the streets of our beloved city. If we allow ourselves to be beguiled now, what shall we say to our children, and our children's children, when they ask for an accounting? What shall we say to them if we supinely surrender their priceless heritage to an alien, soulless corporation, to be exploited for the benefit of the money barons of the system?"

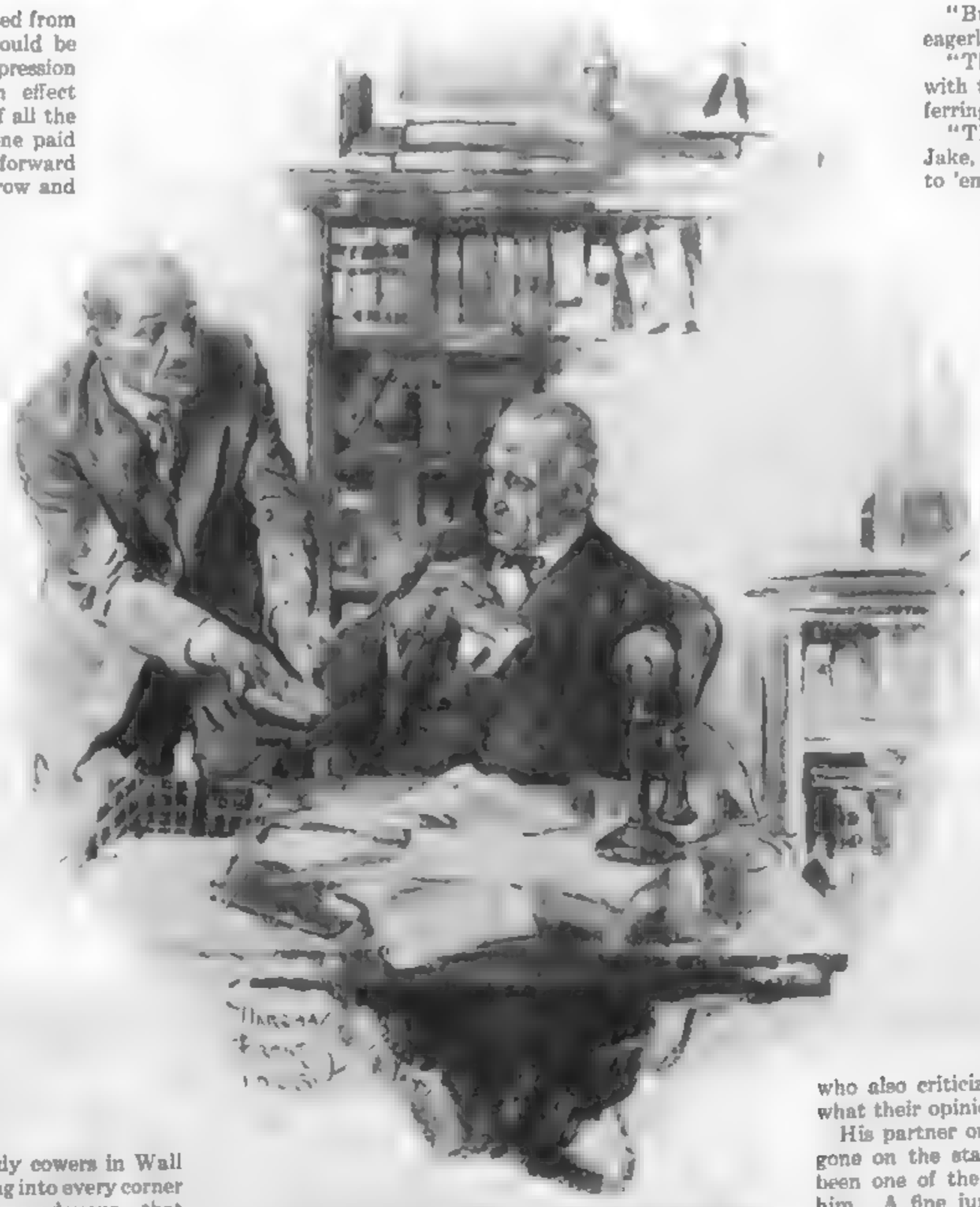
"Hear, hear!" cried Moe, clapping his hands.

"But that is what will happen, friends, if Jerry Tracey is elected mayor. Don't deceive yourselves. This is not simply the usual fight between the candidates of the two parties; it isn't even a question of choosing between two good men. No! It is a deadly struggle between the tool of rapacious capital, posing as an independent, and the champion of the common pee-pul. And what, I ask you, is going to be your response?"

He paused to take a drink of water.

"Fellow citizens," he resumed in a hushed voice, "I have known Henery Cunningham, boy and man, for forty years. I knew his old daddy before him—one of the old school that is now, alas, no more. Henery Cunningham never did a dishonest thing in his life; he doesn't know how. Henery Cunningham never did a mean thing in his life; it isn't in him. You-all know him. Just a plain, hard-working, 100 per cent American, who loves his fellow men and wants to serve them. But what you may not know is the sacrifice he must make in order that he may serve. I know something about that, and my respect and admiration for Henery Cunningham, my friends, has gone away up—away up yonder." He flung his arms toward the ceiling. "Henery Cunningham, my friends, is that rarest, that noblest work of God—an honest man. Henery Cunningham is one of Nature's noblemen."

It was a magnificent effort and the audience rose to him. Moe led every outburst. In fact, he made himself so conspicuous that the general was flattered, and toward the end of his peroration talked straight at him.



Moe Called Upon the General to Remember His Own Wife and His Own Loved Ones

"Who was that little sucker in the front row anyhow?" he inquired jovially of his partner as the meeting broke up.

"Search me."

"Do you reckon he was pickled?"

"Sure acted like it, didn't he?"

But therein they wronged Moe. Although his face shone with perspiration and repressed excitement, he was perfectly sober when he and his brother waylaid the general at one of the auditorium exits.

"That was fine, Mr. Grady," he cried, making an odd bobbing motion of the head, intended as a bow. "You sure gave it to them bloodsuckers. I liked what you said about us bullworks of society too."

"Ha—I'm glad you enjoyed it," replied the general genially, extending his hand. "Let's see, haven't I met you before? Your face looks familiar."

"Sure! I bought your old lawn mower last winter, Mr. Grady. Don't you remember? Moe Dunning, it is my name."

"Oh-ah," said the general a trifle coldly. He recalled the junkman perfectly now; also, he remembered the way Moe had beaten him down to a dollar seventy-five.

"Guess what them murderers is trying to do to me now."

"What?"

"They went and grabbed it a right of way through a piece of property over on Crockett Street, y'understand, and me and Jake bought it."

"Well?"

"Five hundred dollars is every cent they will settle for, Mr. Grady. Buzzards! That is what they are, and then some. You called it right."

The general made to pass on.

"What should we do, Mr. Grady, sir?" demanded Moe, who had come to the meeting for the express purpose of obtaining free legal advice.

The general was on the point of advising them tartly to engage a lawyer, when a thought struck him.

"Why not notify them you will block the tracks unless they settle with you?"

"But will they come across?" asked Moe eagerly. "And could I do it?"

"They'll have to if they had no arrangement with the previous owner—I take it you're referring to that vacant lot?"

"That's it. That's the very piece. Me and Jake, we bought it. And that is what we'll do to 'em—make it a bluff." He beamed on the general. So did Jake. Both shook him warmly by the hand and massaged his coat sleeve before departing

But at the end of the month, when Moe received a bill for one hundred dollars from the general for legal services, he hit the sky, and denounced and wept and called the general a thief.

Curiously enough, however, the incident bred in him a vast respect for the lawyer.

"There's a smart feller," he told Jake. "There ain't nobody can get ahead of him."

Which was pretty generally the opinion throughout the town. No smarter lawyer in the state, we said proudly. And with a jury! Why, they were clay in his hands! Added to that, the general was prominent in politics and for many years had played a leading rôle both behind the scenes and on the stump; he was comfortably off; he was one of the town's oldest residents; and his family had occupied a proud position in Georgia away back in ante-bellum days. What wonder that the general was a sort of institution with us?

Nevertheless, he had his enemies, like every other man who succeeds in shoving his head above the tall grass. There were a few who contended that the general was nothing but a grand old windbag; but they were the sort who also criticize William Jennings Bryan, so we knew what their opinion was worth.

His partner once told me that if the general had only gone on the stage, instead of into law, he would have been one of the world's greatest actors. And I believe him. A fine jury pleader must have marked histrionic talent, and we never saw Grady's equal in our country when it came to handling a jury.

Tall and lean, with pale, ascetic face, he looked like an actor of another generation. His black hair, abundantly streaked with gray, hung down over his collar; his eyes were dark and piercing; he always dressed in black, with a flowing string tie; and from the crown of his wide black felt hat to the soles of his neat black soft-leather shoes he was ever immaculate.

But of all his assets, in my opinion, the general's voice topped the list—a deep, rich bass on which he could play like a master on a pipe organ. When the general got up in front of a jury and pulled out all the stops the air vibrated with electric waves and men tingled to his words, utterly regardless of their sense. And then he would lower his voice; his tone would sink to the pleading, sobbing cello note that was his favorite weapon, and—well, mortal flesh just couldn't withstand it. I've seen strong men break down and sob like children.

And cry? How that old bird could cry! A dozen times I have seen real tears hopping down his pale cheeks as he wrung our heartstrings with his pleas to restore this erring husband and father to his loved ones.

Probably the toughest case the general ever had was when he defended Tud Tyler. It would have been tough for anybody, because Tud didn't have any real excuse, you might say. But Tud owned some property, and the general went to work, undaunted. Right at the outset he ran up against an unexpected difficulty. No matter where the case might be tried in those parts, Grady could always count on a certain number of talesmen; but through some oversight or chicanery he suddenly found himself faced with the prospect of a hostile panel in his own town. He challenged and squirmed and employed every legal quibble at his command; but all the same, Tud's trial opened with three men on the jury of whom the general was dubious.

He got the first two in jig time. The third held out against him, however—just sat there hour after hour, phlegmatically chewing tobacco while he listened to pleas which would have wrung a heart of stone. But the general didn't give up; no, sir. Every trick in his repertoire he

turned loose; tears ran down his face, his voice broke with sobs. There wasn't a dry eye in that court room, except only the eyes of the one bonehead in the jury box. Even the judge gulped and mopped his face with a handkerchief.

At last the general descried a faint quiver in the facial muscles of the man he was after. He paused; closing his eyes, he swayed a little on his feet as though overcome by his emotions. Then, leaning down for a glass of water to give time for his last words to strike home, he whispered to his partner under cover of the movement, "I've got the knotty-headed hound going now." And he had, too. They acquitted Tud after only three hours' deliberation, and the general took over Tud's automobile and his farm down on Sandy. He never worked for nothing, the general didn't, and that's why we maintain there's no smarter lawyer in the whole state.

About a fortnight after the auditorium meeting the elections came off and Henry Cunningham was returned mayor by a substantial majority. It was another feather in the general's cap; but his triumph was short-lived, for about the first thing Henry did on assuming office was to show his independence of tutelage. He turned down two appointments the general had promised to political henchmen and, when the general made passionate and outraged protest, reminded him that the voters had put him there on a platform of entire freedom from factional affiliation or interests of any kind, and that the general himself had publicly pledged him to it.

"The lowest of all created creatures," retorted the general bitterly, staring him straight in the eye, "is the man who bites the hand that lifts him up. Of all the spawn with which the earth is accursed, the traitor is the most contemptible. Hell is too good for him." And he stalked out.

Not long afterwards he was invited into conference with the head of the street-railway system, which was seeking certain extensions of franchise from the town.

"Well, general," said this official as he opened a box of mellow cigars, "I heard about some of your speeches in the campaign. Hot stuff!"

"Politics—you know what the exigencies of politics are, my dear fellow," boomed the general, waving a deprecating hand. "I assure you ——"

"That's all right, general—it didn't worry me in the least. That's all a part of the game. What I wanted to see you about was an entirely different matter."

The general shot a quick look at the visitor and his manner grew alert as he bit off the end of a cigar.

"Any time I can be of service to you, sir ——"

"The city now threatens to make us stand the cost of paving between the tracks from Crockett to Liberty Street, on Doran. Now we can't do this, general, and we don't think it is right or just."

"That's some of Henery Cunningham's work."

"Yes, of course it is. And knowing that you have considerable influence in that quarter ——"

"Henery Cunningham, sir," said the general with impressive deliberation, "is a rattlesnake. There is nothing he could do which would occasion me the least surprise. That man, sir, is so crooked that he has to sleep in a hammock."

I mention this incident merely to show the general's extraordinary versatility. One day he could champion a thing with his whole heart and soul, and the next he could denounce it with equal fervor, and in both moods be perfectly sincere. Therein lay the strength of the man—what he said at the moment, he thoroughly believed.

"Say," said his partner as the general entered the law offices of Grady & Callan one morning in May, "remember that little cuss who clapped so loud at the auditorium?"

"Sure. Moe Dunning. What about him?"

"They've pinched him."

"The hell you say! What for?"

"Receiving stolen property."

"How come?"

"Well, the electric-light company has been missing a lot of copper wire lately, and last night the police pinched some guy. He confessed, and implicated Dunning. Seems like Moe has been at this game a long while, and the police were just laying for him."

"Serves the rascal right," remarked the general, and promptly forgot all about Moe until afternoon. Then a message from the county jail was brought to him.

"What do you know about this?" he exclaimed to his partner. "That li'l' scoundrel wants me to defend him. Says for me to come down and get him out of jail because he don't like it there."

"Going to take the case?"

"What would you do?"

"It all depends. Dunning's reputation is pretty bad—shot all full of holes."

"H'm—he looks it. Well, I'll see."

The general put on his hat and crossed the street to the First State Bank, where he stepped inside the rail like a privileged customer.

"Every time I come in here I wish I was a banker," he remarked jovially to the cashier as he pulled up a chair. "It's the prettiest business in the world."

"Yes? How do you figure that?"

"You get 'em coming and going. When business is good you make big money; and when business is bad you make more."

Well pleased, the banker laughed and waited, his finger tips lightly touching in front of him.

"Say," continued the general, "know anything about a man named Moe Dunning?"

"Well, he has an account with us—a small account."

"Has he got anything?"

"A little," answered the cashier guardedly. "What's he been up to now?"

"He's in jail."

"I know that. What else?"

"Ain't that enough? I've had some inquiries about him, and just wanted to find out. What's he worth?"

The banker pursed his lips and appeared to choose his words carefully.

"Oh, twenty thousand dollars, maybe. Maybe less."

"What shape is it in?"

"He owns a few pieces of real estate and a note or two, I understand. Why?"

"Nothing. That's all I wanted to know. Well, so long. Got to get back to the office. A lawyer has to work for his living."

The cashier watched him go with a sort of reluctant admiration.

"He'll clean Moe down to his pants buttons," he murmured. "Gee, law is sure a pretty business!"

The general went straight from the bank to the jail. And a very short while afterwards he was making a clarion application to Judge Humphries that Moe should be released on bail.

Now the matter of bail is usually mere routine. Like most cities, we had long had a ring of professional bondsmen who went bail for any offender with the price; but bond jumping without forfeiture had assumed such scandalous proportions that the practice became an issue in the elections and there had ensued a temporary but rigid clean-up. Yet Grady apprehended no difficulty, since the nature of the offense led him to expect nominal bail. What then was his astonishment when Judge Humphries bent his heavy brows at Moe and tartly announced that the prisoner would be released on good and sufficient sureties in the sum of five thousand dollars!

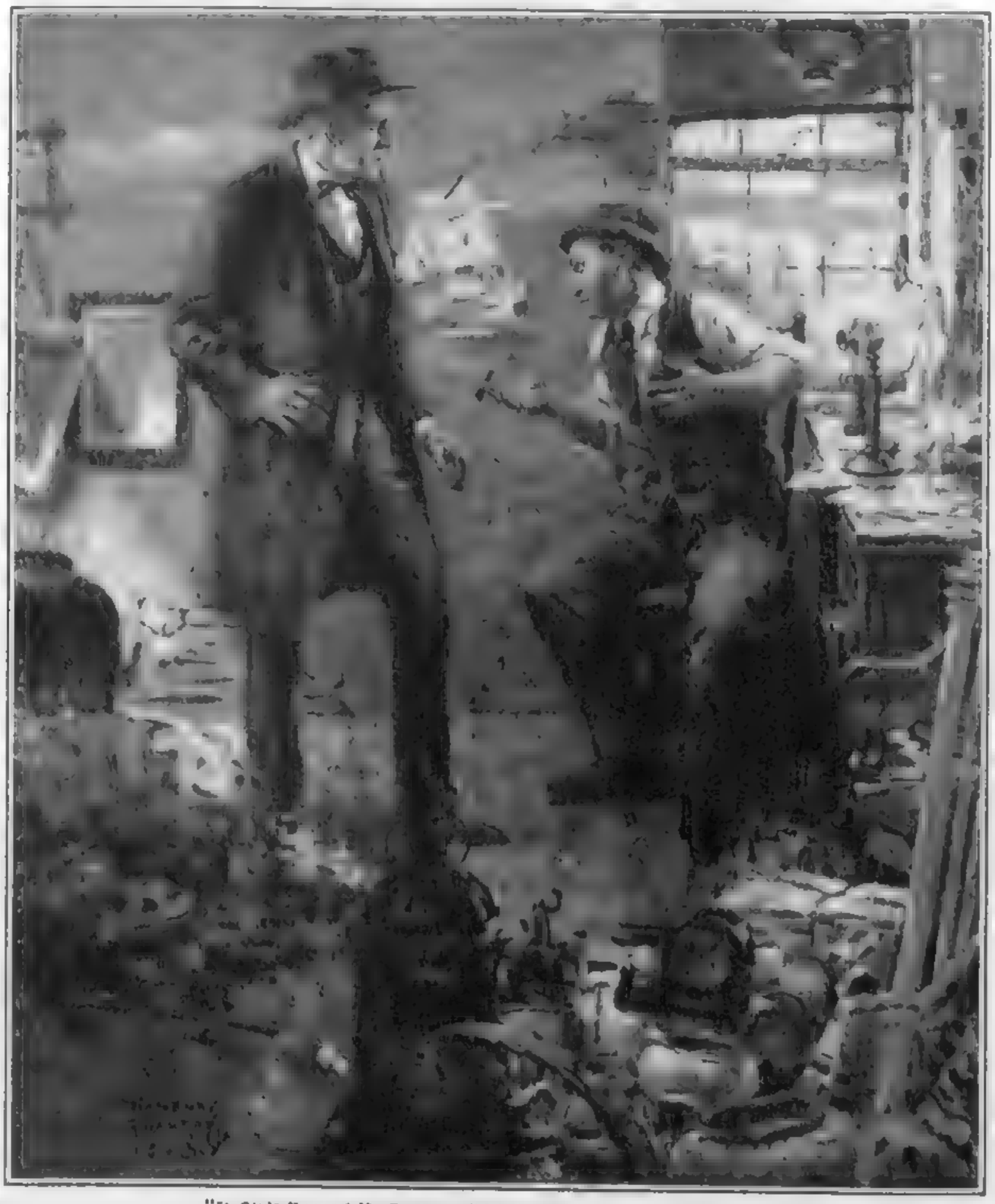
Five thousand dollars! It was an outrage, a public scandal, an infringement of the sacred rights bestowed by the Constitution of the United States on even the humblest of its citizens! The general harangued for ten minutes and worked himself into a fine lather; but when he paused, the court's only response was a dry "Five thousand dollars. And neither the prisoner himself nor the prisoner's brother will be accepted as surety on the bond."

Nothing the general could say moved him a jot, and the general said aplenty. Accustomed to special consideration from the bench, this unexpected rebuff completely flabbergasted the lawyer, and he was at no pains to conceal his chagrin or his opinion of the judge who presumed to adopt such a high-and-mighty tone. In fact, his remarks grew so salty that his client sidled up and nervously plucked at his sleeve, but by that time the general was so wild he didn't care. Feeling sure Humphries would not dare fine him for contempt of court, he let himself go. Perhaps it did Moe's cause no harm, for when the general finally stopped from sheer exhaustion the judge looked down over his spectacles at him and, precisely as though he hadn't heard a word, repeated "Five thousand dollars."

Grady mopped his brow with a handkerchief and consulted with his client.

"And they told me you could fix it!" Moe wailed. "At the jail they told it! A fine fixer you are! Oi, oi!"

(Continued on Page 110)



"It Ain't None of My Business, Y'Understand—I'm Not on His Bond"

THEM PAPERS

By George Randolph Chester

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR WILLIAM BROWN

IN A MAJESTIC symphony the dawn swept across the continent, painting with rosy finger its glorious radiance on the morning sky. It gilded the tip of spire and belfry, it caught the milkman on his clanking way and set the iceman with his tongs astir. Resistless, triumphant, it topped the pine-crested Rockies and, spreading downward in an all-conquering effulgence toward the westward coast, met there its Waterloo; for a thick gray mist rolled in from the Pacific and strangled it, so that it was full two hours late when it sent through the vapors a jaundiced sunlight to awaken Hollywood to life and art and the picture business.

It found Clarice Evans already awake and sitting up in bed with her arms around her knees, staring out into the drabness with a sullen hatred that this was yet another day; for life and art and the picture business had dealt Clarice but a scurvy hand, and a sculptor who could have enmarbled her as she sat might have won for himself enduring fame by his statue of bitter disillusionment. Not very beautiful was Clarice in her morning dishabille and in this unfavoring light, with her hair stringy and out of curl, her skin sallow, her cheeks and her eye sockets hollow almost to gauntness, and a half dozen flaccid little folds between her neck and chin; lines in her face, too, which in this repose gave a downward droop to her mouth and told that the bitterness now in her expression was become habitual. But her eyes were good; large, lustrous, dark, though in them, too, was sullenness.

"And You Needn't Think You Can Get Even With Me, for Now I Don't Care What I Say!"

At her side a figure stirred, and the blondined head on the pillow was a large head; a plump young face with a flabby double chin and last night's make-up still on; and the eyes which opened were the round pale blue that one associates with a certain type of fat girl. She gazed uncomprehendingly at the ceiling for a minute or so while she awakened to consciousness, after which she contemplated the motionless sitting figure and observed, "What you giggling about, Clare?"

No answer. The Evans girl turned an indifferent glance on May Pippin, then the gloomy dark eyes roved somberly around the little bedroom, with loathing for everything in it. The two chairs and the little table were cluttered with clothing tossed aside the night before; on the walls a few photographs stuck up with thumb tacks, stills of the two girls in various costumes; a broken vase with some withered flowers, a threadbare rug, and that was all; that and the eternal odor of the little ten-cent alcohol stove. Dejectedly she stared out again into the drab of the morning; and the fat girl, who had been inclined to awaken cheerfully, raised to her elbow with a sigh, resentful that she must face depression so early in the day.

"Sure, I know all about it," she grumbled as she thrust her feet into her shapeless old bath slippers and rose, a lumpish and an ungainly object. "We got to dig up a job today, one of us, because we're down to our last bean, and that's what we said yesterday morning and the day before and for a week; and maybe we'll have to say it tomorrow morning and the next and for another week; but at that, you know, we got something on a lot of people. There's millions of 'em dead, and we're still living. Hooray!"

Only the slightest of shrugs in Clare's left shoulder, the one from which the tattered old silk nightrobe sagged.

"My Lord, Clare, snap out of it, can't you? I know as well as you do that the picture business is rotten, and life's hell, and everything's wrong if you haven't any money; but I hate to think of it before I have my coffee. Say, look what I brought home for breakfast! Five *petit fours* and a hunk of cheese! It's Brie—full o' nourishment." She was pawing out of her soiled and frayed bead hand bag and piling on the table her plunder from last night's road-house supper. "Two bent crackers and five straight, four lumps of sugar, a French bun as good as new. I could have got away with a brick of ice cream, but the weather's too warm." Grinning, she looked over for an answering spark. None came, and, her expression softening, she sat on the bed and put an arm around her despondent roommate. "Cheer up, kid, we'll pull through. I got a prospect for you last night. There's a second ingénue part out at the M. P. C., and they can't get anybody to suit 'em because they'll only pay seventy-five, the cheap skates, and it ought to pay a hundred and fifty. I reminded Bloozy about you and he said to come out this morning."

"Bloozy!" The voice was deep, full-throated, and could have been melodious except for the metallic harshness that had come into it these past couple of years. "Were you out with him?"

"No, next table. He had that new kid ingénue that they made such a fuss over at the M. P. C. that started in with the G. M., and then her director, and then the business manager, and now she's down to Bloozy. The next thing's the gate. Say, look, Clare, it's all right to start goin' out to supper with a bird like Bloozy and work your way up; but, believe me, if I ever started with the G. M. no Bloozy would ever see me eating soup face to face."

"Ugh!" Clare shook back her hair, twisted it in a knot which she held with a few swiftly applied pins from the window sill, fluffed it over her brow with a deft touch, and the effect was magical. She was not beautiful yet, but half a dozen years seemed to drop from her with just that fluffing of her hair, and as she swung out of bed, a slim, straight figure with a good carriage, her youth was apparent; she was only twenty-two. "What's that seventy-five—with the graft on or off?"

"I didn't ask." But now the two girls looked at each other in troubled speculation, for it was pretty well noised about that the jack buzzards were busy these days in the M. P. C. "Oh, well, you'll get the low-down quick enough from Bloozy. By the way, I saw Klekoff in his limousine last night with a new blonde. She looked like a school kid. Some girls have all the luck."

With a sudden exclamation the gloom was gone from Clare's eyes. In them there was a fire that enlivened her whole face, but not sweetened or bettered it. Klekoff! She never heard that name but there sprang in her a burning rage that turned all there was good in her into vengeful passion. She strode into the bathroom and there was the rush of running water in the tub, and from then until the time she started for the M. P. C., painted and powdered and furbished out in such finery as the two girls could scrape together, she spoke only in monosyllables. For five years Clarice Evans had fought the hard fight of picturedom in Hollywood, coming to that city of vain hopes fresh from school and accounted more than pretty, and the mere mathematics of the picture game had swamped her. There could only be five hundred girls at the most who could achieve success to any notable degree, and there were five thousand in the front rows of the contenders. Forty-five hundred of this five thousand must fail and must hang half starving on the fringe of the business, hoping against hope that some fortuitous accident might allow them to drag themselves upward past the fringe and into the full comfort of the silken robe. Only—and here had been the unconscious knife thrust in the chatter of May—Clarice had started at the top and had worked downward to the Bloozys of the business. She had started with Klekoff. Klekoff!

Klekoff was the Pinnacle, except for his modest partner, Roabert, and the Pinnacle was—well, it was the Pinnacle. A powerful man, Klekoff. There could be counted scores whom he had made, but mere mathematics was against the other countless census, and the uncounted hated him while he slept, and nursed in their hearts the hope for some great day when the tables might turn; but one by one they dropped out of the industry or died or whatever, still hoping in vain.

Klekoff was still Klekoff.

He slept soundly, too, this morning twixt his silken sheets, and the jaundiced dawn touched with orange his scarlet head. If he dreamed, he dreamed of conquest, for in his constant mind the ideal condition of the motion-picture industry would be he standing alone in the center of a vast empty horizon. If he frowned in his dream it was not through any haunting memories of Napoleon on St. Helena, or the Kaiser at Doorn, or Old Hutch, who cornered wheat after years of effort and thereby went broke permanently; not for any of these warnings might Klekoff frown, but because his sky line was interrupted by certain perniciously persistent competitors who would not totter no matter how hard he pushed.

The dawn quit with him, for whoso, favored with the company of a lion among mankind, would turn again willingly to a mouse? It snuffed out, removing even its sallowness from the leaden sky of this momentous day. So Clare Evans, without further favor of Nature, but much obliged to art, swung in at the historic old administration building of the Magnificent Pictures Corporation, and she was jaunty, young, sparkling of eye, blooming of cheek, curved of red, red lip, and radiant with the actors' slogan, than which there is none more imperative in the world—"Always meet 'em smiling, and smile when you say good-by." She was going in to try for a three weeks' part at seventy-five dollars a week, and pay what she must—for this was in the time, now happily past, when there was graft in the motion-picture business. There isn't any more. What? No!

Some half hour later Clare Evans came out of the historic old administration building of the M. P. C., kicking and struggling and screaming, and propelled from behind by a husky property man with gum boots, who, gripping both her elbows firmly, pushed her off the curb and gave her a thrust into the middle of the road. In a hysterical fury she picked up a stone and threw it after him as he stalked back to the building, then she shook her fist and cursed him. She was tense as a panther, her eyes flashing, her eyelids reddened, the lace of her collar torn, and there was a reddened mark on her cheek where she had struck against something in her struggle. Suddenly her rage cooled from its very futility, and she turned toward the road with her lips and the corners of her eyelids drooping, her shoulders slouched, and in her whole relaxed body that terrible sagging which follows the complete breakdown of pride and hope. She was like a poor bedraggled woman of the streets in every line and feature.

"What's the matter, my girl?" demanded a little old man who had just stepped down from his limousine—a white-haired old man with benevolent yellow eyes.

"What do you care?" she asked with contempt as she recognized David Schusshel, the founder and proprietor of the M. P. C. "The graft couldn't go on so strong in your cheap plant unless you knew it and winked at it. I guess you get a rake-off. Aw, you needn't look so shocked, you old hypocrite! And you needn't think you can get even with me, for now I don't care what I say! Blacklist me if you want to, because I've quit the business!"

"Wait a minute, please, little lady," begged old David as she was sweeping past him. "You said some things that if they're true I want to find out about."

"If I told you the truth you wouldn't believe me."

"Maybe not," he granted gently; "but I'll promise you one thing—I'll investigate and find out if it's the truth."

He added this last still gently, but Clare Evans detected in the rising quaver of his voice and the grimness which began to draw taut his benevolent lips that rising fire which had made him known as a terror when his Budapest was up.

"All right, begin your investigation with the first man you meet inside. I was told to come out and get a part, and your casting director, Bloozy, told me I could have it if the director liked me, only Ruppert's Agency is furnishing the people for the picture and I had to pay him an agent's commission, besides my own agent. That made two commissions, and neither agent had a thing to do with getting me the job—fifteen dollars a week to come off my seventy-five! Do you get that?"

She interlaced her thin fingers and clamped them tightly to suppress the passion which was rising again to choke her speech.

"In the past twenty-two weeks my roommate's only worked nine weeks and I've only worked six. We owe room rent. We owe at all the markets around our corner that would trust us. We haven't any clothes. We haven't car fare to spare. I walked out here. I told all that to Bloozy. Now listen to this, you producer—and yet on top of that the dirty hound made me promise to pay him ten dollars a week out of my salary before he'd send me over to see the director.

"There's graft in a lot of the studios, and we have to keep our mouths shut about it or we never get a part; but the M. P. C. is the worst in the business. It's the cheapest and rottenest."

Her voice was breaking and her lip trembling, but through it all those burning eyes glowed with the passionate truth, and David Schusshel saw that it was the truth.

"Then see what else happens! Bloozy's fat office boy takes me by the arm and calls me sweetheart, and leads me over on the set to see the director, Dadur. He was busy; but Palsey, that blotchy-faced assistant of his, said he'd boost me for the part if I'd come up to a spaghetti and red-ink party in his rooms tonight with two other couples. I said I'd go, because either May or me has to land a job quick. But when Dadur walked me into a corner and said I'd have to give up twelve and a half a week of my salary to him if I worked in his picture, cutting me down to thirty-seven fifty, I lost my head and bawled 'em out, and when Palsey came over and put his arm around me to quiet me down I tried to kill him. They pulled me away from him, three of 'em, and just then Bainbridge came along with Herschman. I tried to tell him the whole story, just as I'm telling it to you; but before I got through Bainbridge told me to shut up, I was a dope. So I told him if that's all a G. M. had to say to it he was in on the graft himself, and he ordered Dadur's props to put me off the lot and to put me off rough. He was rough, all right." And she put her hand to her bruised cheek. "I'll set fire to the place! I'll get a gun and—and ——"

She fell into a hysterical fury, stamping her feet and sobbing with the pent-up bitterness accumulated in all her five years of persistent failure; but when David tried to soothe her, and offered her justice and help, she tore away from him and ran screaming out the road towards the leaden hills.

The old man was shaken by the occurrence into a quivering weakness; but even though he swayed on his feet, he started toward the office with grim determination, and by the time he had burst into his manager's office he was purple with wrath.

"You're fired, you!"

Bainbridge half rose from his desk, with the whites of his eyes well in evidence. He was a cadaverous man with a bald spot the size of a pancake glistening amid his fringe of smoothly brushed brown hair, a man with a lean face and a pendulous nose, a droopy

"Suppose He Grabs Her and Calls the Police, Then What Do We Do? It's a Penitentiary Offense, You Know"

mustache and shifty eyes, a man with wattles beneath his jaws and loose folds in his cheeks like one who had once been fat, a man who looked fitted for slouchy clothes, but was dressed with neat exactness to the flower in his buttonhole; and he was famous, justly so, for having his memory under better control than any person who ever faced a grand jury.

Recovering his breath, he sat down again, observing, "You're excited, Mr. Schusshel."

"You bet I am! I'm running my business with more thieves around me than they have in the penitentiary, and, by golly, I'm going to put them where they belong! You, too, Herschman!" Old David shouted this as his business manager, a fish-fat man, came into the office to see what the row was about, and wished immediately afterwards that he hadn't. "And Bloozy! And Dadur and his whole staff! And every man that you hired, Bainbridge! Out out, the whole mess of you! Get your hats, but if you take anything else I'll have you pinched before you reach Hollywood Boulevard!" He rushed to the window and threw it open and called across the lot, "Hey, Eddie! Eddie!"

A rawboned man with blue overalls and the dust of a carpenter's trade half concealing the blue stopped in his tracks and grinned his friendliness to the Old Man, and lifted a hand to his ear.

"Hey, Eddie, Bainbridge is fired, and everybody that he brought in here! Get a bunch of huskies from the workshops quick and see that all these dirty loafers get out! I'll give them ten minutes to get off my premises! Tell them not to stop for their money; their checks will be mailed to them."

He turned from the window, puffing, as Eddie rushed away to obey the pleasant orders; and as he found the two discharged officials still in the room, he smacked the palm of a hand on the back of a chair so loudly that Herschman jumped and Bainbridge began to dig more frantically through his desk file in search of something he could not find. "I thought I told you two crooks to beat it! Get away from that desk!"

"My personal papers," spluttered Bainbridge, turning nervously to the cabinet behind him.

"You got no right to have any! Get out!" The Old Man's voice echoed and reechoed through the open door and up and down the corridors, where there was suddenly a trampling of many feet, for the exodus was already beginning. "Whatever it is you're looking for, I want it for evidence."

Bainbridge turned slowly and stiffened himself, noting from the corner of his eye that Herschman was slipping back into his own room.

"I have a right to know what this is about."

"Embezzlement, malfeasance, petit larceny, grand larceny and sneak thievery!" yelled David. "Your lawyer'll tell you the rest of it in jail. Anybody that would permit such cheap h-r-r-rotten h-r-r-robbery as has been going on here would do anything, and now I'm going to find out in my books why my production costs have gone away up, and my pictures look so cheap, and why I'm losing my business, and why my property value has deteriorated so much in the past two years that I couldn't get ten million dollars for my fifteen-million-dollar business, nor a nickel for my goodwill!"

"I'll give you twelve million dollars for your M. P. C." And as Bainbridge leaned forward with sudden tensity to make this offer Herschman, slipping something in his pocket, came back to the door and stood, eager, anxious, breathless.

"You'll what? Who'd trust you with money? You been kicked out of every concern in the industry except mine, and now its unanimous."

"Call up the Intercoast Trust Company," returned Bainbridge, getting a cool grip on himself. "They'll back me. I'll give you two millions down and two millions every six months, lien to remain with you until the entire purchase price is paid with interest."

David stared at him unblinkingly for a moment, then his wrath, already at the boiling point, seethed over.

"So that's why you've been wrecking my property, you burglars. So you could buy it cheap! Hey, Eddie!" Through the open door he had seen his busy carpenter, and the man came in with his arms full of books which he had just wrested from an escaping assistant auditor. He stood with grinning expectancy while the chief went on: "I wouldn't sell out to you, Bainbridge, if I was starving. Maybe some stranger'll get my business sometime, but not till I'm dead. I built it, and it's going to be my tombstone. Now, Eddie, toss 'em out, and toss 'em out rough!"

Herschman had already bounded through the door, but Eddie caught Bainbridge in time to land him a punch behind each ear; and while the Bainbridge cohorts poured out of the gates in an ever-increasing stream, and over at David's other big plant, the Earthwide, other cohorts, apprised by telephone, were pouring out to avoid dismissal, the Old Man sank down in Bainbridge's chair, and with a return of that quivering weakness faced the appalling task which this upheaval had set for him—the complete reorganization of his two enormous plants, the stoppage of the terrific overhead which would result from their temporary paralysis, the finding of men competent to fill the vacated places, and honest besides; and suddenly his age came on David Schusshel and took the strength from his sinews and the energy from his heart. With dulling eyes and shaking hand he reached towards the phone.

The Indian Princess Peered Over the Window Ledge, Gripped Her Little Piece of Lead Pipe and Stared With Dismay on That Glistening Tonsure

The most irritating blot on Klekoff's horizon was a bony, flat-stomached, sharp-featured young man by the name of Isidor Iskovitch, who, in spite of Klekoff's infatuation to put him out of business, had not quit the industry or died or whatever. Klekoff's playful methods of asphyxiating an aspiring competitor had only urged this agile young man to keep a few jumps ahead of the gas. Compelled by the mighty one's competition to increase his distribution to make an outlet for his production, he had then been compelled to increase his production to meet his expanded distribution, and so on. It was a circle with an ever-widening periphery, around which he must scamper with an ever-increasing pace, like a squirrel in a revolving cage, with never a breath to spare and never a chance to rest.

About him, as he sat at his desk doing a few swift turns with an interest table between conferences, there stretched the gay scaffolded structures of the Iskovitch Art Productions plant, which he owned and managed; scattered out yonder through Hollywood were four other big picture-producing plants which he owned and managed; beyond the gray hills, linking from coast to coast, were the branch offices, the Iskovitch Distributing Corporation, which he owned and managed; spreading from these, like the sticks of a fan, were seventy cities in which he had financed first-run theaters for the showing of his pictures; and in various strong boxes reposed eight million dollars' worth of bonds which called to him day and night, in tongues of gold, to make enough profit out of his business to pay interest and reduce principal.

A busy person, young Iskovitch, with not a second to spare, as any man who has ever tried to repay a limit loan can aver; and small wonder that he had five deep creases in his youthful brow and hollows around his dark-brown eyes and scarce enough flesh on his bones to keep them from cutting holes through his clothing. Small wonder that he was a hard man to see or to reach by phone; and yet when his secretary told him that David Schusshel was on the wire, there came the flash of pleasure in his eyes and the smile of elation on his thin straight lips, and his voice rang with almost boyish eagerness as he grabbed up the phone and shouted, "Hello, Mr. Schusshel!"

"Say, Izzy"—Izzy's face changed to sudden concern as he heard the wavering feebleness in that once vigorous voice—"can you come over right away, maybe? I'm in trouble, Izzy. I'm—I'm ——"

Then the voice stopped, and Izzy's heart stood still as he heard the receiver dropping on the desk. He jumped up at once.

"Say, Emmy, whatever I got on for this mornin', it's off. I gotta go right over to Mr. Schusshel. Somethin's happened."

Grabbing his hat, he rushed out of the door and ran for his car, erasing from his mind every thought of his own complicated affairs, for David Schusshel, his papa in the business, was in trouble.

He found old David in the well-remembered little private office, surrounded by an excited and scared group of the faithful whom Bainbridge had not displaced, and in spite of his feebleness he was strenuously refusing to have a doctor called, though he had been dangerously near to apoplexy. At sight of Izzy he sent the others from the room and took the young man's hands in both his own and seemed to feel brighter and better for that warm grip.

"Izzy, my boy, I was going to ask you to help me reorganize, because I fired Bainbridge and his swindlers, that were cheating me and wrecking my business; but while you was on the way over I came to my senses; I changed my mind. I'm going to sell out."

Sell out! David Schusshel sell out? One of the oldest landmarks in the industry, the pioneer of them all! Izzy heard him as through a blur.

"Don't do it, Mr. Schusshel! I ain't too busy to help you reorganize. Looky, I'll ——"

"It's no use, Izzy. I'm too old. I can't stand such fights as today's any longer. And, anyhow, I don't feel for the business the same as I did, since you left me and Andy Lochlaren died. I'm going to quit while I can get a price for my plant, Izzy, and not wait until they break me." He hesitated. "I don't want to be a failure in my old age."

Izzy turned abruptly to the window and blinked out over the helter-skeltered panorama, where the gray hills and the great gray sky seemed like a gigantic exquisite back drop for the tawdry foreground props of mimic palaces and hovels. He had come here as a penniless boy to learn the business, and had grown up with it; he was part of it, and the thought of its passing into alien hands put a lump in his throat which was difficult to swallow.

"I wish I could buy it," he said wistfully, regretful that the time of David's retirement had come so soon.

A large number of his customers, including forty of his own theaters, were using Iskovitch pictures half the week and buying cheaper pictures outside for the other half. There was a lot of money in those cheaper pictures, and if he could supply them he could not only profit by it but protect himself from encroachments, and ——

"Buy it, Izzy." Old David was so eager that there was new strength in his voice. "It won't hardly seem like I'm losing my business at all if you buy it, and I'll make you the terms so easy that they'll seem foolish."

"I can't do it, Mr. Schusshel," returned Izzy firmly, though it hurt him to say it. "No matter how easy you'd make the terms, it'd be an obligation that'd weaken me financially an' hamper my credit, an' I won't do it. I'm like a man walkin' a tight rope, an' if I wabble just once Klekoff'll jiggle the rope."

Klekoff! Full well David Schusshel knew what Klekoff meant to Izzy. The old man and the young one looked at

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The Self-Supporting Student

By HOWARD BRUBAKER

THE self-supporting student—to you, antique collegian, whose hair is thinner than it used to be and whose waistline is thicker, the phrase brings a picture out of the fog of memory. A rather queer fellow, you remember, a little lonely and a little shabby, always in a hurry, bustling around from class to job, waiting on table, managing an eating club, taking care of a furnace or a cow, pestering a fellow about the money for the laundry. He was pretty good in the classroom, respected by the faculty and students, but he did not get very deep into college activities and he did not seem to have very much fun. An admirable person, of course, and you heard at the last reunion that he had done very well in life, but ——

This may be a true picture of the typical fellow who worked his way through college in your ancient day, but it isn't true any more. The door of the college is wider open now than it was when you wore a dinky cap on the back of your important head and looked out upon the gay life through a middle-parted curtain of long hair. The working student is no longer lonely; there are too many of him. The opportunities for making money have increased enormously. Today so many students are paying their way, at least in part, that the line between the self-supported and the dad-supported has become dim and wabbly.

Has the college world then grown safe for democracy? Not that exactly, but the college has become more of a factory and less of a literary society. It is much more concerned with the business of making a living than it used to be, and young people who have a living to make flock in and begin to do so. Whether we like it or not, college and life are better mixers than they were when father was a rah-rah boy and wore those comedy clothes. Learning and earning are on more cordial terms.

Workers

IN RESPONSE to an inquiry the authorities of about 175 educational institutions have been able to furnish figures, or at least careful estimates, of the number of students who are supporting themselves, in whole or some substantial part, by remunerative work. These returns, though frankly incomplete, cover all kinds of colleges, large and small, public and private, academic and technical, men's, women's and coeducational; they are from almost every state in the Union and represent an enrollment of 225,000 students.

The percentage of students reported as partially or wholly self-supporting in the various colleges runs the whole gamut from nothing to all, and the total thus indicated is almost exactly 100,000. If this proportion of 44 per cent holds true for all colleges and universities, normal and professional schools, the total number of students who are working their passage, partially or wholly, would be well over 200,000.

No, the self-supporting student isn't lonely any more. He isn't lonely at Yale, for he is one-third of the student body; or at Princeton, where he is one-quarter. He is half the University of Chicago, 60 per cent of the University of California and of the College of the City of New York. He is 68 per cent of the University of Washington and 85 per cent of Tufts. Sometimes loneliness, if there is any, must be on the other foot.

These figures do not include vacation work. Every self-supporting student works in the summer, of course; but the inquiry relates only to working during term time.

What are some of these jobs? How is it possible for 200,000 students to earn while they learn? In your cultured, old-school manner you ask, "How do they get that way? Waiting on table, I suppose."

Yes, that is still the commonest and most important of all roads—if not to affluence, at least to regular meals. For all the trouble it has caused, the habit of eating strangely persists, and students are probably the worst offenders. Every college has jobs for handsome waiters, where the fellows get their board free and sometimes cash in addition for about three hours' daily work. Putting the stew in student is one of our basic academic trades.

Then there are the endless variations upon the commissary idea—managing eating clubs and boarding tables, working in public grillrooms and restaurants, cooking, dishwashing, peeling potatoes, running food stands, making the round of dormitories at night with baskets of edibles. Out of a recent investigation which involved hundreds of undergraduates throughout the country, it is clear that the business of keeping student body and soul together is the most dependable source of income and the best answer to the perennial question, "When do we eat?" Turning from the degrading subject of internal revenue to higher and nobler things, we find students gainfully employed in such variegated forms of physical culture as snow shoveling, coal heaving, baggage smashing, raking lawns, clipping hedges, barbering, bootblacking, setting up pins in bowling alleys and repairing bicycles. One fellow was a chauffeur, another a lamplighter, a third a postal clerk. An Ohio fellow took care of a chronic invalid, living and studying at the sick man's house. A Harvard A. M. began his academic career in another college by working in a rock quarry three hours every morning.

Five Jobs

A NEW YORK University student bought a ladder and a pail and worked up a window-cleaning business until he had sixty steady customers at an average price of thirty cents a window. Another chap got a vacuum cleaner and personally conducted it all over town. A couple of Amherst boys at last accounts had lucrative employment digging graves, no doubt spouting appropriate passages from Hamlet as they worked. A good angel to Iowa housewives was the lad who came around in the fall prepared to take down screens and put up storm sashes. He got the same job—with reverse English in the spring. Two boys in Dubuque University worked on alternate nights in the baggage room of a railroad station, doing the heavy part of their sleeping on their nights off.

Watchmen, janitors, lifesavers, paper carriers, farm, shop and railroad workers there is always work for cultured hands to do. An Ohio Wesleyan boy hobnobbed on Saturday with a truck farmer, getting $2.50 and a fine dinner free. A Harvard junior reported working at five jobs simultaneously, chiefly of a clerical nature, with a total net income of $1350 for the college year.

One fellow with more health than wealth rented himself out for blood transfusion, though a little of that job would go a long way with most collegians. It has no future and very little present. Another uncrowded profession is membership in a poison squad in a research laboratory.

Colleges of agriculture furnish no end of work for their students in fields, orchards and dairy barns. Sometimes these jobs are so close to the curriculum that it is almost like getting paid to study one's lessons. A freshman at Rutgers had to milk eight to ten test cows a day and do general barn-keeping for his lodging and twenty-five cents an hour, and he paid his entire way through school with that and similar jobs. So have hundreds of other rising young farmers. The word "rising" is used advisedly, for anyone associating on intimate terms with cows must begin his social duties at about four A. M.

Commercial agencies play such a heavy part in college finances that it sometimes seems as if undergraduates live

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Dangerous Game: Mainly About Lions—By Stewart Edward White

A Big-Game Hunter Snapped as He Is About to Bring Down a Ferocious African Male Lion, Which Measured Twelve Feet From Tip to Tip

WE WERE speaking of the hunting temperament—or the lack of it. We pointed out that it was a fundamental of a man's make-up and only to a small extent subject to his control. We compared it in its variations to the different ways men react to anger cool, flustered, weeping, stuttering or deadly, as the case may be One whom excitement habitually confuses is not fitted for pursuing the so-called dangerous game. He may by rigorous training, and by keeping at it, establish a certain habit of steadiness, to be sure, by which he may with fair regularity automatically react; but if the grand stand does not naturally stimulate and steady, an untoward emergency will catch him off base. He will do all things right but one. Sometimes that omission is ludicrous. Take the case of the Comte de Gaga—to call him something. He was a French person, of sufficient wealth and influence and importance to arrange for Cuninghame to take him out. Cuninghame told me about it. He said the count showed up with a valet, a chauffeur and his childhood's nurse, a typical fat old *nourrice*. The purpose of the chauffeur was obscure. The nurse simply came along. She had raised the count from an infant and she wasn't going to let him go into the wilds of Africa without her. Not she! The count himself was an amiable but excitable and nearsighted young man.

Cuninghame had his troubles. The usual program of African travel is to get up early, eat a good breakfast and travel until the day's journey is finished. These people insisted on an eleven o'clock déjeuner, with wine. Near the hottest part of the day the whole *safari* had to stop, unload, unpack, set up a shelter, cook a meal. Then the journey was resumed at the most unpropitious time and the day's destination was reached too late to permit of necessary tasks being performed with any comfort. Naturally the men did not like it. Cuninghame's only gleams of compensation came at the moments when the immensity and tracklessness of Africa overcame his charges. This usually happened late in the afternoon.

Then they all used to flop off their mules, rush together in an embracing group, and wail "*Nous allons mourir!*"

Not a Leopard, But a Lady Bare

CUNINGHAME then had patiently to convince them that he did know where he was and where he was going, and that they were not going to *mourir* for the moment.

The count was a rotten shot and nearsighted; nevertheless, he was a good sort and a good sport, and Cuninghame really liked and enjoyed him.

"Between us," Cuninghame dryly remarked, "we got what game he wanted."

Except a lion. The count was very keen for a lion. But no lions appeared, and they reached Agate's Drift on the Southern Guaso Nyero.

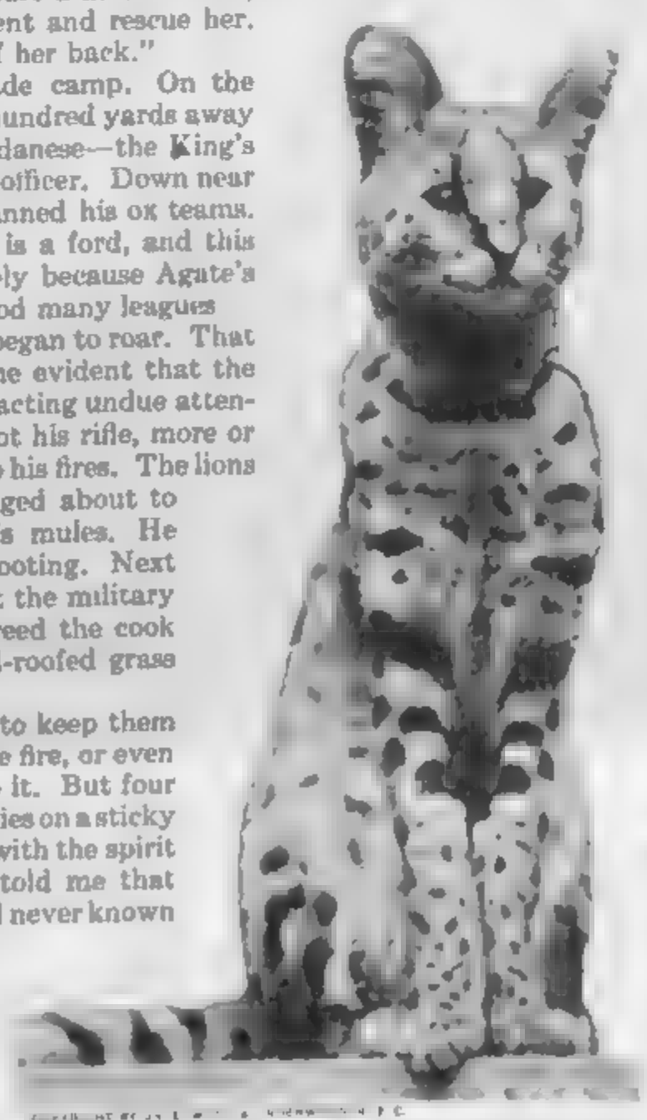
"No excitement?" I asked.

"Oh, yes, some excitement," replied Cuninghame. "One afternoon I heard wild shrieks from the old nurse's tent. I grabbed my double rifle and ran to the rescue. A leopard, at least, I thought. I found the old lady with very little on, running around and around in circles, yelling her head off. There was no leopard in sight, so I got out faster than I had gone in. But at the top of her voice she insisted I return. Finally, though by nature a modest man, I was forced to reënter the tent and rescue her. She had a tick in the broad of her back."

At Agate's Drift they made camp. On the slope of a swell of land a few hundred yards away was a small detachment of Sudanese—the King's African Rifles—under a white officer. Down near the stream a Boer had outspanned his ox teams. A drift, in African parlance, is a ford, and this concentration happened merely because Agate's Drift is the only ford for a good many leagues

Darkness fell and the lions began to roar. That was usual, but soon it became evident that the trek oxen in the flat were attracting undue attention. The Boer began to shoot his rifle, more or less at random, and to build up his fires. The lions drew off a little, but soon edged about to make a try at Cuninghame's mules. He also did a bit of random shooting. Next the beasts were heard from at the military camp, where they actually treed the cook up the apex of an old conical-roofed grass hut.

Normally it is not difficult to keep them at a distance at night. A little fire, or even the light of a lantern, will do it. But four of these were worse than buzz flies on a sticky day. They seemed possessed with the spirit of persistence. Cuninghame told me that in all his long experience he had never known anything like it. He spent a most anxious two hours with his .450 double rifle, a lantern and Kongoni, his gun bearer, prowling about his mule lines. From the sounds it was evident that the Boer and the military were having equal trouble. At last the K. A. R. officer set up a machine gun and distributed a couple of belts of ammunition into the darkness. Only then did the beasts withdraw. Such persistent desire to attack is almost unprecedented. The lions were, of course, after the horses, mules and oxen, but they were certainly not driven to such persistence by hunger. There was plenty of game.



A Descendant of the Cat Worshiped by King Tut

Cool

ONCE the show was over, Cuninghame began to wonder how his charges were making it. He found them fully organized. In front of the count's tent a table with neatly spread tablecloth had been placed. Behind it in canvas chairs sat the count and the old nurse. At one end rigidly at attention stood the chauffeur; at the other end rigidly at attention stood the valet. Across the table, in a precise row, were laid all the firearms appertaining to the said count—and they were many. The personnel were charged with tense excitement, but remained perfectly cool and collected withal.

"You see!" cried the count as Cuninghame appeared. "I have keep cool! I have prepare all things!"

Cuninghame looked the arrangements over. The guns were all unloaded. There were no cartridges.

Once in the outskirts of Nairobi a young Englishman and myself were idly beating up the shallow wide bed of a ravine, or donga, to see what we could see. He was just out from England and was naturally tremendously keen and excited over his first excursion in the "wilds" of Africa. At the end of the ravine was a low patch of thick brush, and just as we reached that patch something within it snarled at us. It was businesslike, explosive, near by and distinctly startling; one of those sudden out-of-a-clear-sky things that loose the springs of purely instinctive reaction.

"I beg pardon!" cried the young Englishman.

He had probably been growled at in the London clubs by some choleric old major. If he had really completed his thought I imagine he might have added "Your bush, I presume."

I have seen a man miss a rhinoceros clear at twenty-five yards—a beast bigger than a grand piano. I have seen a man completely concealed behind an ant hill shoot both barrels straight over the back of a Cape buffalo at not over sixty yards. I have been in lion muss-ups which men have subsequently described in minute detail, stating how many shots were fired, by whom; laying out the minor topography; narrating the sequence of events second by second, and not one single item squared with facts. It was a vivid and detailed picture constructed entirely by the subconscious on the single basis of actual

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UNWRITTEN HISTORY

By Cosmo Hamilton

THE beautiful plucky but astonishingly unexpected Clare Sheridan, who is as little frightened of the pen as she is of the platform or her sculptor's tools; or, for the matter of that, of anything or anybody, except perhaps her charming little boy, upon whom has descended the magic name of Richard Brinsley—"Ra-ther!" said he—is poor. She makes no bones about it.

Mrs. Sheridan, like all beautiful and very sensitive women, should have been preserved from the difficult art of self-preservation by a country grateful for her beauty. There should be, I think, in every well-constituted nation a civil and even deferential list made up of the infrequent names of notable loveliness created, as a tribute, in order to provide against the uncomfortable possibility of poverty and for the lifelong retention of pride.

I drag in Mrs. Sheridan here because I want to say something about London, and with her description of it as "a great, brooding, thoughtful, smoke-coloured figure of masculine severity," I do not agree in the least.

I see London as a mellow, cheerful and courageous city, with every reason quietly to be proud of a peculiar beauty, like that of a mother of many children who has grown old gracefully. To me there is nothing about her that is either masculine or severe, but, on the contrary, very feminine and kind. All her lines are soft, and her fondness for lawns, flowers and trees comes gratefully to the eye wherever there is an available space in which they may be cultivated. Then, too, for those sons of hers who must wander from her side for several years she defeats the inexorable alterations of time by remaining always the same. She has an indefinable charm that other cities lack and a gift for holding the love and loyalty of her people that is maternal.

A Mellow Old Town

THE London of 1904–6 and thereabouts, of which I am writing now, managed to retain a Haguelike dignity, in spite of the introduction of motor-driven vehicles, which have the same effect upon a city as that of a missionary upon the naïve and contented life of aboriginals; in spite, also, of Mrs. Asquith and her carefully selected group who were not content with suffering from a virulent form of auto-infatuation but kept on saying so. It was their ineradicable belief—religion almost—that they had made a corner in wit, intellectuality and independance of thought and action. Not to be a Soul was to be a mere body. Success in art, letters, music, the drama, politics and medicine depended, doglike, upon their tone of praise, they thought. They stood for freakishness and faddism. They took a delight in carrying out metaphorical raids upon English life for the purpose of collecting and making bonfires of the last remaining relics of early Victorianism, and they succeeded remarkably well. Their persistent autocratic propaganda made itself felt not only in both Houses of Parliament, the press, Eton, Harrow, Oxford, Cambridge and the army, but in all the arts. Dressmakers caught the infection too. The hand of decadence touched the suburbs even.

Outwardly, nevertheless, London retained its mellowness. Its horizontal lines were as soothing and correct as those of Tennyson. It is true that the South African millionaire had made a break in their rhythm here and there, especially in Park Lane and Grosvenor Square, and that already there had been several assaults upon the portcullis of the House of Lords which had caused the smooth hair of the members of the senior clubs to stand on end. It would be difficult to say how many deep blushes of shame and horror must have crept all over their now bald pates at the creations that have been made since then, especially during the devastating régime of the little person from Wales.

But the Duke of Devonshire was still entombed behind the old walls of his Piccadilly house, the animal agony of the saxophone had not then been introduced to the restaurants with the other torturing instruments of jazz, and Mr. F. E. Smith was still far from being the glistening ornament of England's ancient aristocracy that he has become today. Colonel Repington was waiting, with what patience he could muster, for the war, which provided him with so many luncheons. Nat Gould led the sales among our novelists, although Hall Caine and Charles Garvice ran him close. Above all, the fertile George R. Sims doled out Tatcho and Mustard and Cress to the heads and stomachs of the average man, Beerbohm Tree gave his suppers in the dome of His Majesty's Theatre, George Alexander held the ramparts of the St. James's, with gentlemanly persistence, against the erratic onslaughts of the Frohman invasion of the London stage, and John Hare emerged from his well-earned retirement from time to time to look at an eager and rapidly changing profession through A Pair of Spectacles.

Miss Francine Larrimore

Memories of Beerbohm Tree

IT WAS at a gala performance at His Majesty's, after the coronation of King George, that the gay Lord Clarendon, rattling with bangles, peered shortsightedly at these three much-missed actors who had then become theatrical knights, and having asked who they were as they stood together under the red-and-white-striped awning in very pristine court clothes, said, "How damn well these actors wear their fancy dress!"

It was at this emotional and picturesque affair, too, that I, a little bored at the efforts of our stars to entertain the King and Queen and their royal guests, wandered out to look at life; and having admired the Horse and Grenadier Guards, who were drawn up on the thin layer of yellow gravel in the otherwise deserted Haymarket, went round to the back of the theater and in one of the many royal carriages that were drawn up in Charles Street saw four red-coated flunkies playing poker on a tall cockaded hat, with a bottle of whisky on the floor between their feet. The light of a lamp-post fell full upon their concentrated faces and made a Rembrandt picture that I have never forgotten.

That was, I suppose, the crowning moment in the life of Beerbohm Tree—the king of the stage, as he adored to think that he was—entertaining, in what he called "my bee-utiful theater," the King of England. A simple creature, Tree, as apparent as Godiva beneath his hairlike veil of artificiality. A kind man, generous and lavish, very loyal to his friends, possessed by an imp of mischief which led him into fooling even during the nervousness of the first performance of a new production and the sacrifice of all his sounder feelings for the sake of a repeatable jest. The story goes, for instance, that when Lewis Waller applied to him for a part in a Shakspere revival, six months or so after his supposed elopement with Lady Tree, which began with a motor accident and ended in a hospital, he replied with

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Sir Phillip Gibbs

Mr. Seymour Hicks

THE GOLF WIDOWER

By Clarence Budington Kelland

ILLUSTRATED BY M. L. BLUMENTHAL

She Lost Her Grip and Went Into a Series of Sixes and Sevens

"I SUPPOSE," McWhinney said discontentedly, "women have as much right to play golf as men."

"But not Saturdays and Sundays," said Weevil. "We've got to come to a rule in this club that women can play five days a week."

"It isn't so much overcrowding," said Wills, "but they clutter up a golf course. Every time a woman loses a ball in the rough she stops to tell how cute her baby looked in the bath that morning."

"They don't play for the game; they do it to reduce," said Mac, "or to wear a sweater."

"The worst part of it is the doggone consciousness that women are around—in earshot," said Weevil. "I'm going to take a day off and invent something for men only."

"It can't be done," Wills said dogmatically. "There was smoking." He shrugged his shoulders. "Then golf gives 'em an excuse to wear pants. They're votin' all over the place, and I'll eat a cat if I didn't hear one singin' bass the other night in a show."

"Anyhow," said Weevil, "no woman can be a father."

"Don't you fool yourself," McWhinney said sourly. "They'll be both parents and a grandfather and an uncle at the same time if they see any benefit in it."

"I was thinking about that Watson woman," Wills said pensively. "She likes golf."

"That makes it worse."

"She's a golf nut," Wills went on vindictively. "Why, she's here all the time. Every time I come I see her. Hasn't she anything to do but play golf?" This from Mr. Wills, who played eighteen holes five days a week, with thirty-six on Saturdays and Sundays. "I hate to see anybody lose their head over a game."

"When she isn't playing she's got a caddie chasing balls."

"Got a husband, hasn't she?"

"Sure. Nice young fellow too. I wonder he stands for it."

"I never saw him around."

"Doesn't play. Must be darn hard on him—married to a female golf lunatic. She's the kind of a person to go home and talk nothing but golf all the evening."

"He doesn't play?"

"Play? Fine chance he's got. Somebody's got to stay home and order the meals."

"She's always here Saturdays and Sundays. What does he do?"

"I'm hanged," said Mr. McWhinney, "if I see how any human being stands for it. What you get married for is to have a little company. I'd like to see my wife staying away the only days I can be home." Mr. McWhinney had not spent a Saturday or Sunday, except in coldest winter, in the bosom of his family for years.

They played their round of golf, and as usual two members of the foursome arrived at the clubhouse in high humor and some seven dollars richer; their opponents dragged their feet, and from their expression one would have been warranted in believing that each had just received sentence of death from his physician. The time was five o'clock. They did nothing busily in the locker room for half an hour, spent another half hour in the showers and held a good forty minutes of post mortem when the bath was done. Then Weevil started to his feet.

"Gosh," he said, "I promised the wife to be home at 6:30. Guests for dinner! And me got to doll up like Astor's off ox!"

"You'll have to go some," said Wills without visible sympathy. "It's a quarter to seven now. You ought to be home by a quarter past."

"A man can't always be on the dot," Weevil said defensively. Then, as he passed the window, "Look at that," he said, pointing. "There's that Mrs. Watson. Fine time for a woman to be getting home! Must have dinner at their house about midnight." Mrs. Watson got into her little car and disappeared down the road in a scatter of dust and grit. She had done the course in an even ninety that afternoon, won three dollars from Mrs. Hyde, said at least four clever and cutting things which she had gotten away with, and basked in the joy of having done the seventh in three. The world could give her little more, working, as it was compelled to, in twelve-hour shifts. She buzzed up the driveway to the small garage, berthed the car and swung jauntily if a bit wearily up the walk. The door opened before she reached it.

"Finally got here, eh?" Mr. Watson greeted her.

"Hello, dear," she said with specious nonchalance. "Dinner ready?"

"No fault of yours if it is," said Mr. Watson. "Haven't you any idea of time? Own a watch, don't you? Bust it?"

"No," she said, glancing at her wrist.

"What you need," he suggested, "is an alarm clock. Meals in this house are supposed to be at certain hours. Fine job keeping servants with you turning up at all hours. The cook never knows when to have any meal done."

"Haven't I told you never to wait for me? Just sit right down and eat, honey, whenever meals are ready."

"Huh. Fine! Man likes to sit down to a table alone, doesn't he? Exciting! Now after this I want you here when dinner's ready, and that is 6:30. Understand."

"I made the seventh in three," said Mrs. Watson. "My drive was right down the middle—twenty-five yards farther than Mrs. Hyde's, and I put my iron on the green. It stopped . . ."

"What for?" demanded Mr. Watson.

Mrs. Watson disregarded his flippancy. "—— about twenty feet from the pin. It's a saucer green, you know; slopes in toward the middle. It was a downhill putt, one of the kind you have to calculate, and the best I hoped for was to get dead to the hole. Well, I putted up along the slope and the ball just curved around and trickled right into the cup. You should have seen Mrs. Hyde. I thought she would bite her putter."

"Dinner's on the table," said Mr. Watson.

"What have you been doing this afternoon? Oh, and you should have watched us on the tenth. My drive was in the rough and hers was right in the middle, but I took my brassy—I did! And I got it just right, and then was on the green in three. She was so mad at my second that she dubbed two and took a seven."

"The soup's getting cold."

"I don't care for soup tonight."

Mr. Watson partook of his soup with more moroseness than good table manners, while his wife reviewed her score mentally, cutting off lost strokes here and there in her imagination, until it was apparent to her how perfectly simple it would have been to have shot eighty-one or eighty-two. There was no reason why she hadn't turned in that fine score, and the more she reflected upon it the more disgruntled she became, as is the habit of golfers. Mrs. Watson, like all devotees of the game, could lie awake at night and break par for the course with marvelous

consistency. Golf is a game which can be played well only in the imagination, but there—oh, man!

"We're going over to the Greens' tonight to play mah jongg," said Mr. Watson in his most provocative manner.

"I," said Mrs. Watson, "am going to bed. I'm tired."

"We're going over to the Greens'," repeated Mr. Watson.

"And anyhow," said Mrs. Watson, "I wouldn't play that silly child's game. Building blocks! And then playing rummy with them just like you were doing something!"

"This evening," said Mr. Watson with the firm gentleness which a husband uses when his exasperation is nearing the point where he will either threaten divorce or commit mayhem, "we are going to the Greens' to play mah jongg."

"Besides," said Mrs. Watson, "I've an important match tomorrow. Semifinals in the President's Cup. I'm going to bed at nine o'clock. One can't sit up all night and play golf next day. You ought to have sense enough to know that."

"Sense!" said Mr. Watson. "Besides, tomorrow's Saturday."

"What of it?"

"I get home at noon."

"So you do, dear."

"Well?"

"Well what?"

"A man's got a right to think that on the only day he can spend at home his wife would stick around with him; do something."

"I just can't tomorrow, honey."

"Um. How about Sunday? I've been wanting to have the Williamses out to Sunday dinner for months."

"They don't play golf," said Mrs. Watson in very much the tone she would have used to announce that they didn't take baths.

"What of it?"

"But, my dear! What could I do with them? You know very well the golf season is short enough, and you don't expect me to give up a whole Sunday of it just to entertain some silly folks from the city who don't know a darned thing but bridge and who was at the vaudeville house last week!"

"Well, what about me? I ask you again. I might as well not have any wife. Say. What d'you think I do with my Saturdays and Sundays?"

"Why—whatever you want to, dear. I'm sure I don't interfere with you any."

"Interfere! Look here, Sally, since you took up this infernal bog-trotters' billiards you haven't been aware I'm alive. There ought to be a law so you could name golf as a corespondent. Hell's bells! If you were running around with somebody else's husband you'd at least give me a look in, if it was only for a stall."

"Why don't you play golf then?"

"Because, as I've told you a million times, I don't want to. And that's a darn good reason. I don't like the looks of it. I don't like the rackets, or whatever you call 'em, that you play with—and I don't cotton to those old gas meters who spend their lives hanging around the club. I don't like to walk. And I'm darned if I can see any sense in rolling an overgrown liver pill into a snake hole. What you nuts ought to do is take a few balls, and maybe it 'ud cure you of playing tag with 'em."

"She Stops to Tell How Cute Her Baby Looked in the Bath That Morning"

Mr. Watson was silent a few moments while he wrangled with his overdone steak. Then he paused with a morsel on his fork between plate and mouth. "Say," he demanded, "does it hurt to play golf?"

"I suppose something smart is coming," his wife replied. "Why hurt?"

"Because I never saw anybody playing it who didn't look as if he'd just stepped on a nail, and I never met anybody coming away from a golf diamond who didn't wear the kind of a face that goes with ptomaine. What's the matter with the game?"

"If you would play it once you might get an interest in life. Business—nothing but business. It's all you think of. Why in the world don't you get out of yourself? Why, when I look back I wonder what I ever did before I commenced to play golf!"

"Um. You put in some of your time being my wife," said Mr. Watson. "And about business—if I didn't stick to it, how do you think you'd get the price to pay little boys for carrying a bundle of sticks around a hundred acres of land that ought to be ashamed of itself for not raising potatoes? What's dessert?"

"I don't know what Laura has this evening."

"Huh. Who does? Say, what's your job around here? Running this house and ordering the meals—or dropping in at odd times to give the servants a cute surprise? If I put in eight hours a day in my office earning the coin to run this wikiup you ought to lavish a half hour a day on seeing we get something to eat besides the cook's favorite food. Look at our bills! Great cat! If I ran my business as inefficiently as you run yours—and this house is your business—the sheriff would have me in a month."

Mrs. Watson sniffed and then sniffled. By a great effort she mastered herself and smiled. "You're tired tonight, dear, and just a little unreasonable, don't you think?"

"Unreasonable! Why don't I get an interest in life? Fine. I got one. It's you. There's lots of things I'd like to do. I like to go driving Saturday and Sunday." He laughed hollowly. "The only time I ever get in that car is mornings to go to the station. The rest of the time you've got it parked out at the golf club. Fine chance. The only interest I got in life is sitting on the porch and trying to figure out why I stand for it."

"Why do you?" asked Mrs. Watson.

Whereupon her husband was engulfed in a wave of that maddening helplessness which is the portion of all husbands when their wives take the well-what-are-you-going-to-do-about-it attitude. They can't do anything about it, and they know it. Their wives know it and know their husbands know it—and there you are. The old English law held it illegal for a man to beat his wife with a club bigger around than his thumb. Even in that day there must have been husbands who wished for big thumbs. Mr. Watson couldn't very well pluck off his wife's arms and legs as if she were a fly—which was his heart's desire. He couldn't because modern civilization and his set rather frowned on such practices.

"Look at me," he demanded in his loudest voice. "What do I do? I sit. That's what. I get home and you aren't here. Then I wait for you to come back. It's grand. Sunday morning you're off and I never see so much as the color of your lip stick until dark. And me? I sit. Yeah."

"There's your garden," said Mrs. Watson rather provocatively.

"Garden! Garden! I know every lettuce bug by name. I can tell you to a sixteenth of an inch how much the endive grew this week, because I watched it grow. I'm going to build me a little grand stand alongside the tomato bed and learn college yells. Right now I'm racing a couple of bean vines up a pair of poles. There's excitement for you!" His voice became mincing. "Oh, you should have been over yesterday. You know our little Brussels sprouts—well, one of them did the cunningest thing!"

"If you're going to be nasty!" said Mrs. Watson.

"Are you going to the Greens'?"

Mrs. Watson had arisen from the table and was standing, a serving spoon in her hands, grasped with the overlapping grip, her feet wide apart in the open stance. "I believe," she said, "I know what's wrong with my short mashie. I've been—yes, sir, that's it! See? Now this is how I've been doing—and this is how I ought to do."

"Try it with a broom on the parlor floor."

"Oh, housework! Housework! Do you think a woman has nothing in her life but looking after a house? Why should I sweep and dust and wear myself to a frazzle?"

"Why should you do anything?" demanded Mr. Watson. "No reason, except one no woman ever understands—to give her husband a square deal. Look at me. I work day in, day out, year in, year out—for you. Lord only knows how much you spend. And what do I get for it? What do you furnish for your end of the deal? Eh?"

"I married you, didn't I?" asked Mrs. Watson sweetly.

"That," said Mr. Watson, "is where you women invented a swell arrangement. But you—you don't even hold up your end as much as most women do. At any rate they hang around to talk to a man."

Mrs. Watson stood with compressed lips. Mr. Watson finished his sweet, lighted a cigar and stamped into the library, where his wife was putting a ball at a tin dingus on the rug.

"Huh!" he snorted. "Playing for keeps, or do you give 'em back after the game?"

She putted, and rimmed the cup. "I moved my head," she said. "I will look at the cup instead of the ball."

"Look at the saucer, too, and the coffeepot if you want to. Are you going to the Greens'?"

"I'm going to bed at half past nine," she said.

He walked to the desk, jerked open the drawer and grabbed a pack of cards with which he dealt a hand of Canfield. "There's only one advantage I can see," he said.

"Advantage to what?"

"To being the kind of a widower I am," he said.

"Huh!"

"And that," he said, "is I don't have to wear black."

She Putted, and Rimmed the Cup. "I Moved My Head," She Said

II

AS SOME men carry walking sticks McWhinney carried a driver. He never walked without it, swinging it first with his right hand and then with his left. It was a

(Continued on Page 81)

The Business of Being a Prima Donna

By Maria Jeritza

Translated by Frederick H. Martens

I HAVE already told in a previous article how frightened I was when the last rehearsal of The Dead City had taken place, and I was confronted with the unavoidable necessity of actually stepping out on the stage of the Metropolitan for the first time in front of an American audience. I never felt the same terror again, although my very next appearance in a new part was far more calculated to intimidate me.

This was the première of my Tosca. Much to my surprise and dismay, the announcement that I would appear in the part unloosed a flood of comment and antagonism. Of course I realized at the time that it was a so-called Farrar rôle, a rôle which had long been associated with one of the most gifted of native American opera singers. But whether I wished to sing it or not, I had no choice in the matter, since my contract made a point of my singing the part. It was a rôle I had sung in Vienna, Berlin, Stockholm and Budapest, and only in New York were threatening letters sent me warning me not to appear in it.

I have always regretted that such a fuss was made over it at the time, and what caused it to appear all the more ridiculous was the fact that Miss Farrar and myself never had any discussion or disagreement with regard to the matter. We have never even met each other personally. I consider Miss Farrar a remarkable artist—I have never heard or seen a better Madame Butterfly, and her charm and artistic sincerity as Zaza are delightful. I am convinced that she herself in no way, shape or form had anything to do with the chorus of recrimination which preceded my debut in the only Farrar rôle I have sung here.

In spite of the intimidating letters which I received before my New York debut in Tosca, at the performance itself I was received with applause and appreciation by the audience. This was not, of course, due to me alone, for we had an admirable cast, Aureliano Pertile as Mario Cavaradossi, and Scotti, that splendid artist, as Scarpia, while Moranzoni conducted.

The Ban on Flowers

I SHALL never forget the wonderful ovation accorded me after that first Tosca performance, and the beautiful flowers that were thrown to me on the stage. It can never happen again—the flower throwing—because the following day I begged the management to issue a strict rule forbidding it. I recalled that only a few years before, while I was singing at the Hofoper in Vienna, an enormous bouquet of roses, flung from the gallery with the kindest intentions in the world, struck me violently over one eye, and my face was scratched with the wires wound about the flowers. Even the opera singer's roses have their thorns!

Quite naturally, when I first came to the Metropolitan there was much which was new to me, yet in other respects I felt quite at home. Here in New York the consistently generous policy of the directors does not make a possible deficit as alarming a thing as it might be, and though it is not to be encouraged, the great art patrons who support the institution rise above it in truly royal fashion. In Vienna, too, before the war, the standpoint of the box office was disregarded. The Hofoper was not expected to pay, and in fact when the house was filled the box-office receipts hardly ever represented more than one-half the cost of mounting and staging the opera performed. Officers in the army and students paid a ridiculously low sum—twenty heller, four cents—for admission; and there were special seat rates for students.

The New York Metropolitan is maintained by a group of generous patrons of the opera; and in Vienna the situation was very similar in this respect, for the Hofoper and the Hofburgtheater, the first dramatic stage in Austria, were not state institutions but adjuncts of the imperial court. No state funds were assigned for their support, but the Emperor paid the annual deficit. The result was that expense was never considered in Hofoper productions. Including the workmen in the factories, who made the scenic and other stage accessories, the costumes, and so on, for the Hofoper, the institution had on its pay roll some two thousand employes. The ballet school, which resembled that of the Russian Imperial Ballet, always had some two hundred and fifty girls and youths in process of training, and if by chance the expenditures rose beyond the regular allowance set, they were always met without objection of any sort; the glory and splendor of the Hofoper and Hofburgtheater were a Hapsburg family tradition, and simply had to be maintained.

Madame Jeritza in the Title Rôle of Thais

Here in New York the costumes of the singers and the instruments of the orchestra are mostly private property. In Vienna, where all the artists were engaged at a fixed salary for the entire year, or at least part of the season, the costumes and gowns were usually the property of the institution, and even the musicians of the orchestra did not use their own instruments. The strings—the most valuable old Italian violins, violas and cellos, autographed by famous makers, real museum pieces—like everything else at the Hofoper, were the property of the crown.

Then again, it seems to me that the opera plays an entirely different part in the social life of New York from what it does in Vienna. Here there are thousands of enthusiastic opera goers, but for all that, opera probably is not a vital, indispensable part of the city's life. In Vienna it was; everybody went to the opera; the opera and the theaters played a very important part in the life of the city. I remember that an editorial writer on one of the biggest papers, Das Fremdenblatt, once said to me, "If we have an important political article already set up in type, and we get some opera news at the last moment, the serious political article goes out and the opera-news story takes its place!" Yes, Vienna was an opera and theater town, and the first interest of the local newspapers was operatic gossip and speculation. The director of the Hofoper was entirely free from interference or dictation so far as the Emperor was concerned, but the press could—and often did—make things very uncomfortable for him.

As regards the artists, the underlying idea was to establish a permanent ensemble which was trained to work together. To that end young artists with promising voices were given opportunities to study free of charge, and to develop their talent at the Vienna Conservatoire.

The Metropolitan Opera House always has sought to add artists to its company who have given proofs of dramatic as well as vocal characterization. To this policy my coming to the United States was really due. I did not know about it until much later, when Mr. Otto Kahn himself informed me of the fact, but it seems that when I created the rôle of Ariadne at the first performance in Stuttgart, in 1912, Mr. Kahn, who was traveling in Germany that summer, happened to be in the audience. He liked my voice and my acting, and after his return to America suggested to Mr. Gatti-Casazza that an effort be made to induce me to come to the Metropolitan Opera House.

A Singer's Spacious Leisure

SOMETIMES I am inclined to think that the good old tradition, which so many still believe, that when a prima donna has sung her rôle on the stage she is through until her next performance, without a care to burden her mind, and with all the time in the world in which to amuse herself, has been handed down from the eighteenth century. Then *prime donne* could and did devote themselves wholeheartedly to enjoying life as soon as they had finished trilling their roulades before the audience.

I wish that some of the people who take the spacious leisure of the opera singer for granted in this way actually had to live her life for a time. They would soon notice the difference between their theory and her practice.

The manner in which an opera singer really lives, in fact, is largely determined by her actual operatic work. The singer who has achieved success, who has risen to the great rôles of the repertoire, is bound by all sorts of invisible chains, not of habit, but of necessity, if she wishes to hold her own.

Her rôles, their demands and exigencies, actually determine her mode of living. To a great extent everything else in her life has to be arranged to suit the requirements of her operatic work. Other women, even though they may be more or less tied down by household duties or have a business position, are usually able to make room for social engagements, for amusements. But the opera singer's course is dictated by her round of rehearsals and performances.

It is natural, perhaps, to think, "Well, Jeritza sings twice a week on an average; that should leave her plenty of time for other things!" Yet this is not the case. In the very first place there are the rehearsals, on days when I am not singing, which are very taxing, and often last uninterruptedly from ten to two. I have to avoid anything like exertion during the day when I am singing an evening performance at the opera. I must relax in order to be at my best when the time comes. Before the performance, at about five o'clock, I have a light meal, tea or coffee; I like my coffee Viennese in style, with plenty of milk. Then I go with my maid to the opera at least an hour before the performance, for there are always a good many details to which I have to attend; I have to dress, I have to apply my make-up, I have to see that all changes of costume are laid out.

Costumes, especially new ones, by the way, always seem to excite the critics who sit in judgment on the singer. In my performances of Tosca in 1922 I dropped the traditional scoop bonnet which Tosca usually wears—in entire agreement with historical fact; Puccini himself told me it was quite correct—and wore a blue bandeau around my head, with a lace shawl draping my hair. In the first act most Toscas wear a white gown, but in keeping with my band of blue ribbon I chose a Directoire gown of sky-blue satin—because blue goes well with my hair, and there is no reason

on earth why Tosca should be held down to white. These changes of detail caused an amount of comment quite out of proportion to their importance. This matter of costume is another thing which calls for careful study, and costs time; and even when she knows her selection is historically valid as well as effective, the opera singer is often criticized

And it is always wise to be certain before every performance that every hook and eye in a costume is in place, so that no accident can occur on the stage—sometimes only a single hook or button stands between the sublime and the ridiculous—and for that reason I always go over my costumes for the evening once more, to be sure all is in order.

The performance usually takes from two to three hours, and the first thing I do on arriving home is to take a hot bath and eat a little supper. It is quite out of the question for me to go out socially the evening of a performance; I go to bed instead, and the following morning sleep somewhat later than would be the case on other days.

The real exertion in the case of an opera singer lies not so much in her singing as in her acting of a rôle, for nearly every modern opera makes great dramatic and physical demands. At the same time she cannot neglect her practicing. Even when the opera is not in season I spend a couple of hours a day practicing.

I am acquainted with the theory that a singer who knows a large number of rôles is practically letter-perfect in most of her parts in the older repertoire operas, and hence need not rehearse them. This is quite wrong. No matter how well a leading singer may know a part, she always has to rehearse it a few days before the performance for the ensemble, and new operas call for numerous rehearsals before the whole cast is working together as it should.

Feeling at Home in a Part

EVERY opera singer develops a routine of her own in studying a new rôle. I read my libretto before I ever think of looking at a note of the music. Most operas are period operas; their characters live, move and have their being in a time whose definite historical atmosphere has been well established. If the heroine is to be convincing in manner and action, as well as vocally, she must feel herself into this atmosphere. So when I am reading the libretto I dip into books which will help me visualize the spirit of the epoch in which the opera occurs. I must base my performance on a knowledge of the surroundings and the mental point of view of the woman whom I am called upon to impersonate. It takes me from eight to ten days to secure this feeling of at-homeness in my period. Then I am ready to take up the music.

My first going-over is entirely technical. As I read the score I note all the more important mechanical difficulties which may call for study. At the same time I get an idea of the general lay and arrangement of the vocal line, breath control and phrasing, the climaxing moments, and so on.

After that comes the task of coördinating all the music of the rôle and conquering its difficulties in a general way. As a rule it does not take me more than four or five days to get up a new opera rôle, no matter how difficult its music, and sing it in the rough.

But then comes the hardest part of all the working out in detail and polishing of the musical rendering. I already have the design, the conception, clearly in mind. Now its details must be perfected. All the meaning and beauty which dwell in the melody line, in its rising and falling accents, its dramatic and lyric inflections, which give song its life and color, must be developed in connection with the individual rôle and the general plan of the opera This process is one which takes me from four to five weeks ordinarily, or even longer, and I know of no other means by which an important rôle may so thoroughly become the property of the singer that it may be sung with the conviction of thorough knowledge. There are exceptions, of course; as when a singer is compelled by circumstances to get up a rôle almost at a moment's notice, to sing in a few days' time. In that case the most intensive, concentrated hard work, the most unremitting toil must take the place of the more leisurely study. I remember that while I was in London, Puccini telegraphed me asking me to create the part of Georgette in his Il Tabarro, at the Hofoper première, at practically only two days' notice. I actually lived with the score from the moment I had wired him my acceptance till the night of the performance, and do not believe I ever worked harder in my life, but—I felt entirely at home in the rôle when I stepped on the stage.

The Prima Donna as Tosca

Maria Jeritza in Her Home. In Oval—The Famous Singer as Marietta in The Dead City

Brief but intensive preparation is one thing; poor preparation is another. No singer, no matter how popular, should expect her popularity to excuse poor preparation, which is really nothing more or less than laziness. And the young girl who is just beginning a career in opera should never feel herself above a small part. She should study and prepare it as carefully and conscientiously as though it were the title rôle. Not so long ago I watched two artists at a Metropolitan rehearsal in the small, relatively unimportant parts intrusted to them. It was a real pleasure to see how carefully they had prepared them and with what admirable finish they were sung.

Disagreeable Rôles

PERHAPS the most taxing thing the opera singer has to do is to put herself in someone else's place continually, without a stop. Like every other human being, she has her own temperament, disposition and character, her own instinctive likes and dislikes. Like others she feels more drawn to some of the characters she impersonates than to others

And who could help but enjoy expressing characters such as Elizabeth, Tosca, or The Girl of the Golden West and many others? But so often, especially in modern operas, the poor opera singer is called upon to portray women who are degenerate, neurotic, mad or imbecile. Anyone who does not believe that it is a strain—quite aside from the fact that a great deal of the modern music is decidedly unvocal and compels the voice to make unnatural efforts—to assimilate such characters, actually to live them for the time being, need only try it to convince herself to the contrary.

Take a character like that of Carlotta, in Fritz Schreker's Die Gezeichneten—a perfectly dreadful creature, with nothing really decent or womanly about her. To give a faithful picture of her disgusting personality on the stage compels the singer to lay aside her own individuality completely for the nonce. In Max Schilling's Mona Lisa, of course, a rôle I created in Vienna—and which also has been heard here at the Metropolitan—the character of the unfortunate heroine is a thoroughly human and sympathetic one. But, though it is a great rôle in a dramatic way, though I scored a great personal success with it in Vienna, it is one of the most harrowing I ever studied.

In the second act Lisa goes insane. I had never played a maniac rôle before, and felt that I ought to study the part

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DOLLS

By SUSAN MERIWETHER BOOGHER

ILLUSTRATED BY MAY WILSON PRESTON

IV

VIVIEN made a point of looking her loveliest to receive Doctor Sayman. The room where she awaited her daughter and her fiancé was filled, not beyond the point of delicacy, with lilies of the valley, which shed a falling beauty of white fragility about Vivien as she lay relaxed in a tea gown as delicately green and lacy as the lilies. Her chair was drawn up to a fire of logs burned to the embers Vivien insisted upon. The day that had opened with the languorousness of summer had at noon cooled to the sharpest early spring. The sudden change stimulated Vivien's flagging energy and brought a touch of color to her pale cheeks.

As she sat before the embers of her perfectly timed fire, in a room as exquisitely lovely as the flowers that filled it and the woman who adorned it, her thoughts occupied themselves with the problem so soon to present itself to her.

Always when she thought of Edwina a sense of battlement consumed her; a sense at once naggingly offensive and at the same time excitingly stimulating. It occurred to her that Edwina offered the only real opposition she had encountered in her life. And opposition, she admitted with a conviction of surprise, is what we most desire in life.

She was conscious, too, of an underlying conviction that she and Edwina were one; the thought was shadowy, confused. She tried to analyze it, to understand. But it escaped her, baffled. She compromised with it by deciding that Edwina, at all costs, must be won from the madness of a marriage with this unknown doctor; Edwina, at all costs, must be beguiled into marriage with Scotson Howard.

Vivien's outer softness was steeled at this moment as it had never been steeled to any task in all her life before; and the unalterable determination of her position was not alone because of her wish to see Edwina suitably married, but because of the sportsmanship of the problem Edwina presented. If Edwina won in this particular point it would be for Vivien's ideal a moral, a spiritual defeat; and defeat was something she had not hitherto associated with herself.

She decided that this afternoon she must manage to put Doctor Sayman entirely at a disadvantage in Edwina's eyes; she must, without his knowing what it was she did, show her fiancé to Edwina as a clumsy vulgarian. As she determined to wring victory from this threatening defeat she heard Edwina's voice on the stairs and the answering bass of the man she was bringing to her mother.

For an instant Vivien closed her eyes, summoned all her resources, uttered a silent prayer to heaven for wisdom in this crisis of her life, for guidance and success in this battle about to ensue between herself and Edwina. It was characteristic of her mental processes that she did not contemplate the affair as a battle between herself and Sayman. Edwina was her protagonist. It was a battle between the type of woman that she was and the type Edwina thought herself, aspired to be.

The thought of all there was at stake sent the thrill of battle to Vivien's heart and mind. But it was a woman radiantly feminine who rose languidly and crossed to greet her visitors.

The tea gown Vivien wore boasted the longest trail of anything in her wardrobe; she had bought it today for this particular occasion. It was a deep instinct in Vivien's consciousness, as it is a deep instinct in the consciousness of mankind, that trailing robes lend dignity and power to puny man. In the background of her mind Vivien was profoundly aware of the power inherent in judges' robes, priests' gowns, kings' sweeping ermine. But her train was the filmiest lace It spread behind her as delicately evanescent as feathers of the white peacock. She arranged her movements to turn sidewise as she paused, thus presenting herself to her visitors in relief against the fanning trail.

She Felt But Could Not Utter the Thousand Things a Mother Feels for the Fiancé of Her Only Daughter

Her hand lingered unduly in Doctor Sayman's the while her eyes held his in an unfathomable soft affection. It was as if she felt but could not utter the thousand things a mother feels for the fiancé of her only daughter, her little girl.

Vivien held the pose until Doctor Sayman grew restive under her eyes.

Her outstanding impression was that he was a man of very great strength—and hairiness.

"Forgive me," she murmured, withdrawing her hand, moving slightly backward upon her filmy trail, "you've no idea what it means to me ——"

She broke off as if she left to his divination the thought that baffled her tongue, and moved toward the chair from which she had risen.

Doctor Sayman followed her, stumbled on her trail as she had intended he should, and stammered "I'm sorry."

Vivien smiled at him over her shoulder, lifting the trailing lace out of his reach. He bent over the rent he had made, began an apology which Vivien cut short with a gesture of her hand

And Edwina said, "Why on earth do you wear such long trains, mother?"

Vivien shook her head in deprecating confusion.

"It is ridiculous, isn't it?" she agreed. "Perfectly ridiculous—so many women are." She lifted her eyes to Doctor Sayman's, smiled into them. "But Edwina's sensible; at least you grant me that; I'm the mother of a sensible daughter."

He nodded vigorously in reply, turned abruptly and crossed to where Edwina stood leaning against the white marble mantelpiece. Above her head a single faultless orchid hung from a crystal vase. Edwina lifted her hand to finger its calyx, was looking at the flower now in an excess of interest.

It had dawned upon her that her mother was determined to be sweet, and that, she realized, was the most trying rôle she could have adopted in which to receive Leonard. Leonard, she felt sure, was meeting a woman of Vivien's type for the first time in his life, and she registered a certain amusement as to what his reactions would be.

As he approached her she abandoned her observation of the flower and said, "Leonard wants to tell you, mother, that we're engaged. He wants ——"

She broke off, because Leonard raised his hand in mock warning to her as he came up to her side.

"You will think, Mrs. Towers, that Edwina and I are extremely unconventional, and we are. But we love each other. And so, of course ——"

He hesitated a moment, looking at Vivien; and as he hesitated a complete silence took possession of the room.

Vivien had established herself again on her chaise longue before the embers on the hearth, and lay reclining there like some exotic bird of paradise whose long tail feathers spread sidewise beyond her almost across the room.

The emerald adorned her left hand. Except for that, she wore no jewels. Into the silence that fell upon them, which Vivien made no effort to break, the butler entered with tea. Vivien allowed the silence to grow. She knew very well the devastating effects of a prolonged silence to anyone socially uncertain.

Edwina said at last, "Mother agrees to our engagement, Len."

Vivien was busy now with the tea things; and instead of hearing Edwina's words, she lifted the sugar tongs questioningly to Doctor Sayman. He was so absorbed in what Edwina had said that he failed to perceive the implication of the sugar tongs and took no notice. Vivien continued to hold the tongs up-poised to his gaze.

After a moment Edwina said, with a trace of impatience, "Do you want sugar in your tea, Leonard?"

At that he answered abruptly, "One—yes."

Vivien smiled as though his answer pleased her, and deposited the cube of sugar in a teacup, poured the steaming fragrant tea upon it, lifted the saucer in slender fingers, held it out to Leonard.

He left Edwina's side at the mantelpiece to accept the cup from Vivien, standing a moment between them, puzzled that Vivien should serve him first. Vivien made no attempt to assist his evident puzzlement.

Edwina said, "I don't take tea."

Vivien pointed to the low stool at her side.

"Sit here, Doctor Sayman." And then, sweetly ingratiating, "But I may call you Leonard, too, mayn't I?"

As Leonard obeyed the suggestion and sank down upon the stool that was too low for him, the teacup tipped and some of the liquid spilled upon his wrist.

"You're not hurt?" Vivien said instantly, leaning to relieve him of the cup, to mop the spilled tea from his cuff and hand. "Sit down first, then I'll give you the tea," she commanded with sweet solicitude; and as he yielded to her dictates she handed him the dangerous and unwieldy implements of the afternoon rite.

Edwina came across to them slowly. She had watched her lover's efforts to fall in with Vivien's suggestions, faintly amused as at the efforts of a lion to play with a highly bred Persian cat and find some point of contact.

"Isn't mother wonderful, Len?" she said, and smiled as she said it.

Leonard swallowed a mouthful of hot tea too precipitately at her question.

"Yes," he answered. "But, Mrs. Towers, how have you happened to produce Edwina?"

Vivien shrugged

"But I have, you see; and that proves, doesn't it, there must be some good in me?"

As she spoke she put out a hand to draw Edwina closer to her, and in the silence that ensued she held the girl very near. The picture was a direct contrast: Vivien's delicate exotic beauty set off in lace and emeralds against Edwina's stark tailored clothes and stark, stern youth.

Vivien was saying, "You've no idea how proud we are of Edwina. You're proud of her, too, aren't you?"

Her question puzzled the young man. He put down the teacup, leaving its contents half finished, and rose to answer Vivien.

"Of course I'm proud of her," he said; "and I know you must be too." He paused, regarding Vivien with a tentative glance.

Edwina fidgeted in her place at her mother's side. She was conscious of a baffling sense of getting nowhere, of being caught in one of those dream sensations of trying to pack a trunk or move up or down a flight of stairs. She glanced at her fiancé, aware that he, too, was helpless here in the snare of Vivien's wiles. But somehow Edwina felt unequal to the task of extricating either herself or Leonard. Even she paid unwilling tribute to her mother's skill; shadowily she knew a faint regret that Vivien had not gone in for a diplomatic career. In the thought she did homage to the promise of Leighton's future—he was so unmistakably the son of his mother.

But Vivien had broken off the trend of Leonard's seriousness, saying, "But you don't like tea, I'm afraid. How stupid of me not to offer you a highball. Edwina, you, or you, Doctor Sayman ——"

Her hand gestured vaguely in the direction of the bell cord behind Leonard on the other side of the room. He turned, puzzled, at her gesture; quite obviously failed to understand what it was Vivien meant. In his instant's hesitation Edwina crossed to do Vivien's bidding. Leonard flung Edwina a grateful glance.

"But you're not ordering a highball for me?" he questioned. "I never drink."

Vivien's quickly upflung glance, with its instantly veiled surprise, was not lost on either Edwina or her lover; and she allowed it to be followed by a pause long enough to be slightly embarrassing.

The butler entered upon their growing silence. Vivien made what seemed to Leonard a cabalistic gesture.

The man responded "Yes, madam," and withdrew.

When he had gone, Vivien, as if to smooth any rough edge upon the intangible fabric of their intercourse, held out a hand to each of them, by sheer will drew Edwina again into the chair at her side, and Leonard she established upon his abandoned stool. She looked from one to the other, smiling slowly and gravely and deeply.

At last she said, "But we're not discussing love or marriage, and that of course is what you want to speak with me about."

Leonard said, "I want Edwina to marry me as soon— "

But Edwina interrupted him.

"Don't you think, mother, I'm right in wanting to finish my social-service course first? I've gone this far and ought to finish."

A pause succeeded Edwina's rather breathlessly spoken words. Vivien appeared to consider the matter from a purely impersonal standpoint; her manner was that of a judge weighing a nicely balanced legal problem.

Leonard studied her with a sense of amazement; she was so entirely different from the impression he had got of her from Edwina, from the society journals in which occasionally he saw her name or picture.

At last she said, "If two people love each other I'm afraid I'm rather inclined to think they ought to marry. You see, there're so many possibilities of the cup-and-lip slip. At the same time, after one is married, one realizes things are different, and that one might have waited without losing the beauty of the relationship."

The butler entered at this moment, and Vivien continued easily, "I think the last novel of Howard Braxton's treats of this contingency in an amazingly convincing manner." Her voice changed, her attitude shifted in a subtly interesting way as she addressed the butler; but even with a servant, Edwina noted, her mother's manner held a hint of her soft ingratiation.

"A highball for Doctor Sayman." To Edwina she said in the tone of a foregone conclusion, "Edwina?" And as Edwina shook her head, Vivien continued, "Do you like Seltzer or soda—or just plain water?"

At the table where he had placed the elaborately equipped tray, with its tall glasses and shining decanter and battalion of soda bottles, the butler began at once to manipulate the various sections at his command. Leonard opened his lips to refuse Vivien's offer, but she shook her head smilingly.

"You didn't drink the tea," she murmured. "I shall be very offended if you decline this."

The butler, who had proceeded as if the question were long since closed, at this point turned his impassive face toward the group about Vivien, lifting a bottle of soda with inquiring indecision.

"Oh," Vivien said, obviously deciding to make up Leonard's mind for him, "you do prefer soda, don't you?"

"Yes," Leonard answered, conscious of extreme lameness.

He threw Edwina a quickly veiled glance to ascertain if she observed his discomfort. But Edwina's face revealed nothing, and he accepted the glass presented him.

Vivien lifted hers in the semblance of a toast, smiled first at Edwina, then Leonard, and touched the amber fluid with her lips Leonard tasted his.

When the butler withdrew, Vivien said, as if no interruption had occurred, "I think Edwina's point about her course is well taken. Marriage does interfere with a woman's career; there's no doubt about it. At the same time, she might manage to finish, and still be a wife to you." She fell silent.

Leonard said, "You see, I love Edwina. That's why ——"

But Edwina rose.

"I've quite decided not to marry until I graduate, Leonard. And I think I shan't change my mind."

She crossed to the mantel, stood looking up at the orchid that hung downward like some gorgeous and tropical butterfly. Leonard deposited his half-empty highball glass upon the floor beside his stool. It was evident in his manner that Edwina's words caused him some uneasiness.

"But you were considering an immediate marriage just last night - -"

Vivien had closed her eyes, relaxed into the depths of her chair as the two young lovers addressed each other. In Edwina's manner she detected some deep and shadowy irritation with Leonard, and a glow of hope stirred in her. It came to her that Edwina would be confirmed in her decision to postpone the marriage if she, Vivien, seemed to agree with Leonard.

Leonard had followed Edwina to the mantelpiece, was standing now at her side in an attitude of bafflement at this turn his affair was taking. Vivien regarded him with complete and veiled scrutiny, and made honest obeisance to Edwina's infatuation for him. She saw his possibilities, she saw the attraction his virility, his unpolish, might hold for a girl of Edwina's sheltered breeding. With sudden divination she realized the only chance of shifting Edwina's infatuation would be a very constant and close contact with him. She was conscious of a little prayer of thankfulness that Edwina was working in his clinic, living in his neighborhood; that she had, frankly, engaged herself to him. Vivien fancied his delicacy as a lover was not impeccable.

And then Edwina had turned.

"Good-by, mother dear," she said, with her eyes on Leonard, "and thanks so much. Tell father Leonard's coming downtown ——" She broke off.

Leonard came at once to shake hands with Vivien. He muttered some banality, and, conscious of a vast relief, followed Edwina into the hall.

When they had gained the street door Edwina said, "Oh, I forgot the textbook on Diseases of Children. It's in my room. Wait here, will you?"

She turned at once and traversed the luxury of her mother's padded stairs, pausing a moment as she passed

(Continued on Page 48)

"It'll Mean Life," He Answered, "Struggle and Defeat and Weariness and Work"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

FOUNDED A: D: 1728

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY

INDEPENDENCE SQUARE
PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA, U.S.A.

GEORGE HORACE LORIMER, EDITOR

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PHILADELPHIA, FEBRUARY 2, 1924

The Three Isms in Great Britain

INSTEAD of giving Britishers the three or four years of Conservative tranquillity and economy which Mr. Bonar Law and Mr. Baldwin prescribed and promised as a diet for the country in November, 1922, if the electors would give them a lease of power, Mr. Baldwin turned turtle just a year later, and in December, 1923, Great Britain was forced to pronounce once more on protection—this time as a remedy for the prevailing unemployment. Mr. Baldwin acted very hastily, ignoring the advice of his most experienced party managers. He had not worked out the details of his tariff proposals, and his new preferential duties—including a discriminatory tax on American apples and tinned salmon—proved very unpopular. His decisive defeat is attributed to the action of the small shopkeepers all over the country. Ministers and their supporters assured the people that a protective and preferential tariff would benefit British industry without raising prices, and that the foreigners would pay the duties. The shopkeepers, however, told their customers that things would be much dearer after the tariff than they were before, and enforced their opinion by putting up prices.

In one sense the political sky in Britain is clearer than it was before; in another, much more unsettled. Clearer, because the electorate has pronounced by a decisive majority of one hundred against both protection and preference, so that the danger of tariff disputes with foreign nations and foreign customers is eliminated. It also pronounced by a still larger majority against the Labour Party's alternative of a capital levy, with a large installment of state socialism, as its cure for unemployment. On the other hand, British politics is much more unsettled than it was, because the general election has produced a House of Commons in which no party can command a majority of its own. At the previous general election, in 1922, five parties were in evidence: First, the No Coalition Conservatives under Bonar Law and Baldwin, who gained a working majority; second, the Coalition Conservatives under Lord Birkenhead, Sir Robert Horne, and Mr. Austen Chamberlain; third, the Coalition Liberals under Mr. Lloyd George; fourth, the Independent Liberals under Mr. Asquith; and fifth, the Labour Party under Mr. Ramsay Macdonald.

As a result of Mr. Baldwin's sudden and unexpected appeal to the country for a tariff-reform mandate these five parties have been reduced to three—the Conservatives, the Labour Party, and the Liberals, numbering respectively about 260, 190 and 160, with a few nondescripts or independents, making up the complete House of 615. Thus there are now three parties representing three isms, or political philosophies—Toryism, Socialism, and Liberalism. But the classification is by no means so simple as this. Each label covers a vast variety of opinion; for Englishmen are apt to think independently in politics, and both party feeling and party discipline have suffered severe shocks since the war. The Conservatives are very much at variance. They are disgusted with Mr. Baldwin, but there is no popular leader to take his place. On the issue of protection there are full-blooded tariff reformers like Mr. Amery and the two Chamberlains, and there are milder varieties, ranging down from Mr. Baldwin to Lord Derby and the Cecils, who call themselves Free Traders, but are willing to try experiments in protection. Again, in foreign policy there are the Die Hards, who are out-and-out Francophiles, and a much larger group which supported Lord Curzon's attempts to bring about a practicable settlement of the Ruhr problem and of reparations. The whole party is strongly opposed to a capital levy and dislikes social expenditure, while favoring the maintenance and even the expansion of armaments.

The Labour Party, which polled four and a half million votes against five and a half million for the Conservatives, and four and a quarter million for the Liberals, is opposed to a protective tariff on the ground that it would increase taxation and the cost of living for the working classes, and also because a protective tariff could not assist the big trade-unions, such as miners, railway men, textile workers, the shipbuilders and dockers, who together furnish a large proportion of the Labour members. The party as a whole favors the capital levy as a means of redistributing wealth, but is not quite so enthusiastic on this subject as it was a year ago. The extreme wing of Communists is as noisy as ever, but rather less numerous. On the whole, the Socialism of the British Labour Party is of a rather mild variety, neither able nor very anxious under present conditions to suggest violent measures.

The Liberals are more united than for some time past. The Imperialist wing is less pronounced than before the war and peace feeling is almost as strong in the Liberal Party as in the Labour Party. Mr. Lloyd George has lost two-thirds of his followers. Most of the rank and file are ardent supporters of the League of Nations, chiefly because they see in it an instrument for promoting peace in Europe and for bringing about a general reduction of armaments. Throughout the election Liberal candidates argued against a capital levy, and the majority of them are individualists, believing in free enterprise and business initiative, as against collectivist activity and state control. Some of the new Liberal members are, however, tinged with Socialism, and are willing to go a long way with the Labour Party in promoting public works for the benefit of the unemployed.

No one who values his political reputation will care to prophesy which of the three isms is likely to dominate British opinion during the next ten years. Another election is bound to come before very long; though the longer it can be postponed the better, from the standpoint of business and of the general welfare.

Minute Men

THE Sixty-Eighth Congress opened with a falling barometer and storm signals set. During its early weeks there was much testing out of the balance of power. Apparently there was considerable lost motion; but, all things taken into account, these weeks were not ill-spent, for they witnessed a notable achievement that was all the more significant because it was brought about by many thousands of voters back in their home towns. No doubt Congressmen did something for their constituents in December and early January; but whatever it was it cannot hold a candle to what those constituents did for Congress.

Secretary Mellon's engaging letters addressed to Dear Mr. Green were admirably timed. Those who want taxes raised instead of lowered say they were badly timed. The adverb depends upon the point of view. Handed to the press two or three weeks before the session opened, these popular epistles began to soak in and take effect forthwith.

The full effect of the campaign of letter writing by usually inarticulate voters cannot yet be accurately measured; but it is certainly great enough to indicate that we are really beginning to learn something about how to make popular government responsive to popular will. Some parts of the country are in advance of others. In some states the voters have schooled themselves to turn out in substantial percentages on Election Day. Other communities, with a more lively interest in government, come out at the primaries as well. Still others are beginning to watch with new alertness the performance of the representatives they have deliberately nominated and elected.

The popular movement, unprecedented and unorganized, that led to the calling of President Harding's conference on the limitation of armaments was conclusive proof of the power of obscure citizens to force their representatives to do their bidding. This triumph, which swept all opposition before it, showed that when enough voters want any definite policy carried out and want it hard enough and demand it with sufficient firmness even in the face of repeated denials they will sooner or later have their way.

The nation-wide demand for lower taxes is largely, but not entirely, a matter of the pocketbook. Principles are involved as well as rights. Immediate, perhaps selfish, interest was sufficient to stimulate patriotic and unpatriotic citizens alike to put up a fight. Now having struggled with gratifying results for our personal and immediate welfare, why not give some thought and concern to our less immediate national welfare? For example: The legislation now before Congress for the sane restriction of immigration is an issue just as important as that of taxation. If alien people and other foreign interests know it and govern themselves accordingly, why should not native-born Americans know it and display equal energy and activity for the protection of their own land? The effects of the adoption or the rejection of the legislation now pending will be felt through the coming centuries.

There is a group of devoted and patriotic men in Congress, acting without much regard for party lines—such men as Pat Harrison and David A. Reed in the Senate, Representative Albert Johnson, Judge John C. Box and some of their colleagues on the House Committee on Immigration—who are working night and day for the enactment of laws designed to raise the racial quality of our immigration and to forestall the day when we shall have a completely mongrelized America.

This group is not without substantial voting strength, but its program will have an uphill fight and will face emasculation and defeat if those who believe in an America for Americans and for those who want to become and are fitted to become Americans do not rally round with voice and pen and give tireless support to those who are fighting their battle so valiantly. Those who believe, and believe honestly, that America is a God-given dumping ground for all Europe at least cannot be charged with being quitters. They never tire. They never stop. Nothing dismays them. Every setback strengthens their resolution. They give their time, they give their money, they maintain their agents in Washington and elsewhere. Their opposition is most formidable.

President Coolidge and the better element in both houses of Congress need a few million old-fashioned Minute Men just as sorely as Washington and his generals needed a few thousand in 1776. These volunteers, pledged to instant response, will not have to drop ax or plow at the sound of the alarm. They need not quit office or factory, nor allow their own affairs to go by the board, as their forefathers did. All that is required of them is that they take an intelligent interest in government and use active personal efforts among friends, neighbors, congressmen and senators to get done the things that ought to be done and to prevent the things that ought not to be done. They can force sound legislation on immigration, meet other national emergencies as they arise, bring in an era of higher efficiency in Federal and local government and contribute mightily to the peace of the world.

STEADY AS SHE GOES

By Albert J. Beveridge

NOTHING could be more complicated and delicate than the question of railway consolidation. Many experienced men think that a system can be made so extensive that it is physically impossible for a railway president to give personal care to its operation, as such an official must do. The National Industrial Traffic League, the national organization of shippers, has twice gone on record against compulsory consolidation. The Traffic World, organ of this important body, said last June of such law-compelled mergers: "If we are to adopt some means of lifting ourselves by our bootstraps, we think that out-and-out government ownership is by far the most attractive."

Only one phase of this intricate subject seems to be clear: that, for the present at least, it must be left to the operation of natural economic forces and the judgment of railway managers, security owners and shippers to work out suitable adjustment of railway lines. But for the Sherman Law much of this would have been done long ago so far as practicable and beneficial, as the National Industrial Conference Board points out in its great report on the railway situation.

Even if the railways do succeed in arranging consolidations, the Government must approve them before they become effective; and this will be done only if such mergers are in the public interest and carry out the idea of a national railway system. While working out their plans railway managers realize that the Government will say no unless those plans are for the common good. A supreme power, that sovereign "no," but at least effective in preventing schemes which might possibly wrong the public.

The final feature of the Railway Act of 1920, analyzed in the preceding article, which to some extent carries out the policy of considering all railways as a national interdependent and interrelated system, is that establishing the Labor Board. The wisdom of this device is questionable, as I shall presently show.

Such, in general, are the provisions of the act heretofore reviewed, which begins the process of conforming legislation to existing conditions throughout America—begins harmonious government supervision in the third great phase in the development of American railway transportation. What more should be done in the same direction? For most certainly no backward step should be taken. Reactionism is as foolish and ruinous in the matter of railway evolution as it is unintelligent and harmful in any stage of human progress.

Injudicious Regulation

SO NO more mere useless hampering of railway management; no more mere obstructive governmental interference with railway operation; no more mere senseless clogging of the wheels of transportation; no more purely vindictive legislation; no more mere campaign assaults on the railways for election purposes. All these things are old stuff—incidents growing out of the second period of American railway advance—a day that is over and done.

Adequate carrying service for all the people is more important than the gratification of personal or party ambitions; nor can the well-being of all the people be permitted to be impaired by incasing conditions in the strait-jacket formulas of those obsessed by sheer hatred of the railways.

When such preeminent authorities on transportation as Prof. William Z. Ripley, of Harvard, and such masters of practical business management as Henry Ford, agree, should we not give some weight to their combined and definitive judgment? In his account of his life work the great manufacturer, speaking of railway restrictions, says that "today we find the railways hog-tied in a mass of rules and regulations", and Mr. Ford adds in disgust that "business cannot be conducted by law."

Professor Ripley in one of his careful books on the subject declares that "the present danger is less that clumsy and injudicious regulation may bring hardship to investors, than that it shall defeat its own set purpose and its proper aim, which is the attainment of an adequate public service at reasonable rates by the people of the United States, dependent upon the railway as upon no other single instrument for their well-being day by day."

If any modifications of the new railway law are made should they not strengthen the policy of railway

Continued on Page 42

TAX REDUCTIONS
IF YOU'RE A LIFE GUARD, WHY DON'T YOU HELP INSTEAD OF HINDERING!
DON'T Y'SEE I'M PLANNING A MODEL LIFE BOAT? I'LL SAVE 'EM AS SOON AS I GET IT BUILT!
MELLON
PROFESSIONAL SAVIOR OF THE PEOPLE
DEMAGOGUE
SALARIED MAN
BUSINESS MAN
FARMER
THEORIES AND PROMISES
UTOPIA
Herbert Johnson

THE PLAIN TRUTH OF IT

SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

Hair à la Mode

WOULD that someone would
give me the girly-cue,
Of the shingle, bang, bob,
fringe and curly-cue,
For my daughter each day
Does her hair a new way;
'Tis a strain on my brain,
All this changing display.
There are times when I think I'll
go wild
As I gaze on the head of my child!

First, 'twas covered with wavelets
delectable,
In a style that looked pseudo-
respectable,
Though it seemed a bit queer
To have ears disappear
While the pad was the fad
And a knot at the rear.
Yet her locks looked both tethered
and neat,
Which was no insignificant feat!

Then a sudden return to sim-
plicity,
Brought back ears into glaring
publicity;
With the hair pulled back hard
As though slicked down with
lard,
This last cri from Paree
Cast all curls in discard;
While the ears jutted out in relief
At an angle that baffled belief!

The next stage in the pageant ton-
sorial
Might be called the Medusa me-
morial;
Little darlings with shears
Bobbed their hair at the ears,
So 'twould flop like a mop
In symmetrical tiers.
No Godiva, though minded to
do so,
Could have looked on such locks
as a trousseau!

To the styles of the shaggy sorority,
The French bob brought its note of
authority,
And my fuzzy soubrette,
Once so neat in her net,
Got the hang of a bang
Or applied a barrette.
Then Hawaiian waves ruled for a while
In real Wild-man-from-Borneo style!

The last sample of headdress insanity
Was a tax on her parents' profanity;
For she shingled her mane,
Leaving neck bare and plain,
So when spied from the side
She resembled a crane.
Oh, I wish I the "giftie could gie her,"
To see herself just as I see her!

That she apes every hirsute banality
Does not speak for my daughter's mentality.
Each new fad, as I've said,
Seems to go to her head,
And the sight every night
Keeps me sleepless in bed.
Do you think they would cope with her hair
In some psychoanalysis lair?

—Adelaide W. Neall.

The Man Who Applauded Before the Sonata Was Finished

Peggy of the Cabaret

WHY, Babe La Maire! You little bundle of herring I haven't seen you since you were massaging that small part in the Scandals of '21! You're a fine Indian club not to write me for so long. Well, I didn't know your address eyether. Gee, but you look like a million dollars, kid, all dressed up like a bootlegger's bride! Let's see, your hair's teeshun now, ain't it. Well I'd a been a redhead myself Babe, only I hear that henna affects the brain.

Yeh, I'm back in the cabaretts now, Babe. Still alive an' kickin' in the chorus over in a joint called the Pallay de Booze Arts. I was with one of those jumpin' jacks in the sticks for a while. The Four Flying Ginsburgs was the name. I was the fourth Ginsburg. Those bimbos kep' me tossin' an' hoppin' on the old traps till I was drove half cuckoo and I coulda killed all those birds with one stone what with their coppin' the spotlight all the time and handin' theirselves the credit with those phony smiles of theirs.

Me engaged? Be yourself, Babe, be yourself! You can't catch me bein' any John's storm or strife nor ball and chain eyether. Not on your lipstick, dearie! I'll sign any contract but a marriage one! But listen to this Babe, this is good, listen. As I was sayin' I did the Ginsburg troupe dirt one night and left the show cold down in a little dump near Scranton, Pa. I told 'em my talons was too good for their tank-town number so I hopped a rattler for the big burg. Well dearie I was hoofin' along Broadway the next day lookin' like the last Rose of Sharon and feelin' like a half-portion of hash when who do you think I collided with but Mr. MacIntyre the press agent! Well Babe you coulda knocked me over with a twin-six if Mr. MacIntyre didn't ask me right then and there what was I doin' and went to work on the spot and asked me would I take a job at the Pallay.

Well Mr. MacIntyre is a funny man Babe, they say he ain't got a religion, he's a amethyst or somethin'. But he's not like some of these other p. a. oilcans Babe, the kind that try to sheik you all over the lot on a line of wisecracks when they take down your pedigree for a newspaper stunt. But listen to this Babe, get this now, this is good, this'll hand you a laugh Babe. Remember that snippy little moll we used to have so many scraps with over in the dressin' room at the old Casino? Well if she didn't turn up the next day in Mr. MacIntyre's office steppin' aroun' like the queen's jewels in a hock-shop! Let me tell you somethin' about that jane Babe, she's so dumb she thinks filly sole is the name of a racehorse. An' she's always talkin' about what slim ankles she has, but you don't know the calf of it, dearie!

Mr. MacIntyre was askin' her what was her opinion of Keats and she said she couldn't give it now because she never traveled on that circuit. Why that 14-karat dumb-bell was actually stupid enough to admit that she never heard of the Einstein Theery! Can y'imagine a dumb wonder like that Babe? Well now I never made that burg myself when I was travelin' through France entertainin' our brave veterinarians during the war Babe but I certainly covered Chateau Theery an' I gave the boys the best I had, in fact my whole repartee. I think I got the better of that baby Babe. She was still pullin' the ritz and tellin' the world about the prize of a permanent wave she won in a spellin' contest Mr. MacIntyre run off for the chorus girls when I said what you need is not a permanent wave but a permanent shave, the back of your neck hasn't seen a barber for so long.

Well when are you gonna visit me over at the Pallay dearie? We got a wonderful raddio in the dressin' room. Last night we got Stamford and Perth Amboy and the night before we —— Got what did you say, dearie? Be yourself, Babe, be yourself! Is that pretty? Well the raddio man is a wonderful speaker but we put one over on him all right. He was tellin' us some bedtime stories but we fooled him an' stayed up till 3 A.M. One of those Colorado sopranos like Gally-Coochey got on next and maybe she didn't bounce a couple of high ones off the shingles. That reminds me Babe, Mr. MacIntyre said he was gonna have Solly Davis write me a new song, somethin' about the Queen of the Dumb-bells. Won't that be one grand wow Babe? Solly's gonna take me over to the songwriters' ball next Saturday night when I finish my stuff at the Pallay. Oh yeh, he's written a couple of hits. I Got a Bamboo Bimbo—remember that one?—then there was Sweet Daddy, Won't You Be Your Mama's Boy, and somethin' else about the Mason-Dixie line where I'll meet that Southern mammy of mine, though between you and I Babe it's more like that Moscow mammy of mine for Solly. Solly's a good kid though, he's gonna introduce me to a malted millionaire who's got a pile of jack salted away in a new Broadway show. I think I can cop a swell part in it Babe and if I do it'll be the gallstone of my career. I'm practicin' a new sheik-to-sheik dance now with Tommy Lopez that'll make Valentino look like a sick cow.

Well, I gotta step along now Babe, I'm goin' out to feed with a new beefsteak beau. Well olive oil dearie, olive oil, it's good for the scalp. Don't be such a dumb squaw an' let me hear from you sometime. *—Max Lief.*

Goblinesque

LAST night after supper I dozed in my den,
And a Goblin sneaked in and sequestered my pen;
A mischievous, sly little son of a gun,
And when I awoke and saw what he had done—
I know you'll forgive me for getting so mad,
For this is the stuff that he wrote on my pad:

A is for Apple. You squeeze it, and then
You put in some yeast and some raisins; and when
It starts to cut up—why, you swallow a kick
And rush out to look for a lion to lick.

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ANCIENT FIRES

We Stared Straight at Each Other. I Don't Know What I Saw in His Face. It Was Unreadable

By I. A. R. WYLIE

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY RALEIGH

XX

SHE stood on the far side of the patio, on the verge of the veranda's shadow. A brilliant-feathered macaw, like a living flower, was perched beside her, and she smoothed its gravely extended crest and talked to it. I could not hear her voice, but I could see her lips move, and their playful, affectionate smile. Some sort of soft sunny-colored stuff clothed her in long lines so that she seemed taller than my picture—and older.

The patio was like a great well, and filling fast with night. Overhead the square patch of cloudless sky was already sapphire dark, so that the afterglow on the high adobe walls seemed a reflection from a secret source of light in the garden itself. The little orange lamps in the dark-green trees shone raylessly. And held in some forgotten path of sunshine, the strange god came to life behind his moving crystal wall, and to the music of the falling water seemed to move—to make solemn rhythmic incantations. There was a whir of startled, invisible wings, then silence again. In that mysterious garden were gold and silver, dusk and enchantment.

As I saw her I stood still, like a man on whom a spell has fallen. But she had heard us. She turned and came slowly across the patio, in and out of the shadowy flowers, moving with that easy grace which gave her smallness dignity and a hint of latent strength. My companion advanced to meet her. He had dropped the bearing of an O. Henry desperado and had become a wartime guardsman. I could almost hear the knightly click of spurs.

He drawled pleasantly, "Forgive me, señora. But this man says he knows you. Calls himself Euan Fitzroy."

We were within two paces of each other. Her eyes rested on me. Not for an hour of my life had I forgotten them and their strange heart-penetrating blue. Yet it seemed that I had forgotten everything.

As to her, I must have seemed simply impossible. A minute before I had been ten thousand miles away—out of her life—a sober, civilized English gentleman of whom she thought sometimes, perhaps, with a gentle kindliness. What had he to do with this rapscallion—dirty, down at heel, two days' growth of black beard on a swarthy face that the sun had burnt to leather?

She glanced at me. At first she was deadly pale, and then as swiftly the sensitive color had flooded her cheeks and gone again. I saw her mouth quiver and the quick contraction of the fair brows, as when she was at once puzzled and deeply moved.

"But it is Euan!"

I tried to laugh.

"It really is, though I don't feel real."

"I thought I had fallen asleep and dreamed that I was at home."

"Don't tell me I looked like this in Stoneborough!"

We both laughed then, tremulous and incredulous still. She had given me her hands and I held them fast. Outwardly it was a joyous recognition. But inwardly everything had changed. We both knew it, as one does know that kind of thing, in a flash, without word or sign; the thought that she had kissed me, that we had been playfellows and lovers made us both shrink back into ourselves. We weren't even strangers. We were people who had known each other in some other life, and who were troubled—almost antagonized by the stirring of old memories.

"I'm sorry, Lisbeth, dropping in on you like this—out of the clouds—in this state. You see, they wouldn't let me come by train; I had to walk."

"But I don't understand ——"

"He hadn't a permesso," my guide explained. "You know the general's orders, señora. He might have been shot. If he had only wired ——"

He looked at me with a quizzical reproof. As for me, I hadn't realized in my set and obstinate haste the part I might have to play. In my imagination I had met John Smith forthwith, faced him out in an immediate encounter, blown his damnableness to the winds with my gathering rage and contempt. But life is at once simpler and more difficult than one's dramatic fancies. It goes its way. One eats, one sleeps, one exchanges commonplaces through the course of a tragedy.

"I suppose it was that fellow Anderson," I muttered stupidly. "He annoyed me. Besides, I had a notion of surprising you."

"Well, only ordinary things surprise us here."

Lisbeth turned to him. She had become very quiet. The first reaction of amazement was over. Some new realization had come to her and she had withdrawn herself.

"Sir Euan is an old playmate of mine, Colonel Decies."

The colonel raised his eyebrows at me.

"I'll believe anything of him when he's had a wash and a change of clothes. You'll allow me, won't you, to provide things until your own come, Sir Euan?"

He threw in the title with a little quirk of laughter, and I could have laughed, too, at the sheer grotesqueness of it all.

"I shall be awfully obliged. I want a square meal as badly as anything."

I felt I might make a fool of myself. Weakness broke over me. Her hand still lay in mine—unwilling, I knew. But I didn't seem able to let go. I was shaking, too, like an infatuated boy at the mere touch of her. I saw the old compassion come into her face, and I pulled myself up I would have none of that. I was almost angry.

"It's nothing—the sun—a touch of fever."

Young Colonel Decies tucked his arm in mine.

"I'll take charge of him, señora," he added companionably. "Glad I didn't shoot you on sight, sir. But Anderson will be dreadfully disappointed."

XXI

I AM of tough fiber. After I had been doped with quinine and had bathed and shaved and adjusted myself to Decies' excellently tailored uniform I was more or less my own man again. We three dined together by candlelight in

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Early Cattle Trails

Texas had become a great cattle country before the Civil War. Its vast plains were spotted with herds of half-wild, long-horned cattle, which found their way in uncertain numbers, by trail and river, into the markets of the North and East.

During the war Texas was cut off from the rest of the country. With no market outlets, vast herds accumulated.

When the war was over and the Texas embargo lifted, these cattle began to stream northward to the railroads that were slowly pushing their way across the Kansas prairies.

Regular trails sprang up—first the Baxter Springs or Old Shawnee, then the Shawnee, the Chisholm, and finally the Pecos, away over in New Mexico.

Along these trails, beaten into broad tracks by myriads of hoofs, the strung-out herds plodded along, moving slowly northward.

Day by day, the picturesque "cowboy" of song and story rode beside them. Night by night he kept watch over them.

Where these trails crossed the railroads, shipping towns developed—the famous cow-towns of the early West.

But this supply of cattle benefited neither the Texas cattle raiser nor the far-away meat consumer as much as it should have. Lank, stringy creatures to begin with, the long, hard journey afoot, followed by a gruelling trip in the crude trains of the day, did not make "long-horn" meat any better.

* * *

This primitive system disappeared with the advent of the modern packing industry, which sprang up to meet changing conditions and growing needs. The long journeys afoot to market were made unnecessary when the packers placed plants in live stock areas, and established country-wide distributing systems—using refrigeration—for prepared meats.

All this made for better meat. It showed stock raisers that good meat animals paid more, and opened up competitive markets where quality was rewarded in terms of price.

Swift & Company has played an important part in this development. Through its vast organization of twenty-three packing plants, hundreds of branch houses, and thousands of refrigerator cars, the widest possible market for high grade meat has been developed. Not only has the consumer benefited by getting this better meat, but increased returns have benefited the stock raiser.

Out of every dollar received by Swift & Company for meat and by-products, eighty-five cents is paid out for live animals. Swift & Company's profit from all sources averages only a fraction of a cent per pound.

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the cool white-painted dining room, and afterwards sat out in the patio and drank coffee and chatted. It was all very English, and pleasant and casual. I might have come for a week-end visit.

There was a fourth presence with us. I, at least, was not unconscious of him for a moment. And once Decies spoke of him—once only, but in an abrupt, impatient way, as though his real preoccupation had suddenly broken through.

"The general must be on his way back," he said. "We shall know tomorrow ——"

Know what? That this fine hero of theirs was only a common blackguard? Or what else? There was some other crisis. I had felt its approach at San Roberto. Here it was near its head. The native servants knew of it. The knowledge was in their dark faces as they watched us. As for me, I seemed to see the thing riding up to us through the night—a strange rider, with the inscrutable visionary eyes. But I laughed.

"Is everyone a general in this country? Even the English manager of an English gold-mining company?"

Decies narrowed his eyes at me.

"There are no Englishmen here; only adventurers. And your precious shareholders can thank their stars that their representative runs the only army that matters in these parts."

He closed the subject firmly. We went back to my own affairs. And I lied—not successfully, perhaps, for Decies had the air of a man whose ears have been attuned to lies too long to be easily deceived, but with an astounding fluency. For that matter, I felt like someone in a dream in which everything is possible and natural. I told them how I had grown restless with the ordered confinement of English life and had thrown everything overboard to travel. And Decies had nodded, in his pleasant, well-bred way, accepting my explanations at their face value.

"That's why we're all here," he said. "England was, is, probably always will be the center of the whirlwind. But we've been in the vortex too long. We can't stick the safety."

Presently he left us, and Lisbeth and I sat alone and silent, watching a moonbeam move like a slow searchlight from flowers to trees and fountains to the closed doors of the patio. It climbed the walls at last and left us in a pale darkness. But I saw Lisbeth vividly—was sharply aware that the very pose of her upright body was a gesture of reserve. Her eyes had never once met mine.

Now that we were alone, it seemed that we had nothing to say to each other. The news—the common memories that should have flowed easily between friends so strangely met choked at their source. But, indeed, friendship had gone. We had become antagonistic, obscurely on guard, I with my wretched knowledge that made me feel like an assassin waiting for my moment.

It had not come. That much was clear to me. She must think what she must of me; my reckoning had to be with the man himself.

Well, I have to tell things as they were; and I recognized even then with a sort of consternation a subtle, dangerous change in my own temper. I had come within his sphere again. His influence seemed to breathe out of the very walls that surrounded us. It made me doubt—not myself, not even the unhappy derelict Paula, beating her pitiful disastrous way to this storm center, much less the truth of her story, but rather the very foundations on which we build our conduct, our judgments.

It was Lisbeth herself—this house—this garden set in the midst of chaos—something royal—vast, big-gestured. I have to throw out words as they come to me to explain what was inexplicable. It seems childish to say that the very room in which I was to sleep, with its austere magnificence, the rare, lovely things pillaged from every civilization that had ever tried to express its spirit in stone and metal, the great emerald shining darkly on Lisbeth's hand, should make me feel like a cheap-jack moralist. And yet there lies at least something of the truth.

"I'll give her a kingdom yet!" Fitzroy had said. "She shall have all the jewels that men ever sweated and died to bring out of the earth."

He had done something of all that, perhaps at a cost no less terrific to himself. Not even in this country of boundless possibilities could a man have attained and given this fantastic splendor without a titanic effort of mind and body. Contempt of him at least became ridiculous.

And Lisbeth? I had said good-by to a child. She moved and spoke like a woman on whom a mantle of responsibility and even power had fallen. If the charm of innocence had gone, she had grown, had widened, deepened. I did not know her any more. She had become unfathomable. Happy or unhappy? I had no clew.

I knew that she was not afraid of me. Lisbeth had never been afraid. But she mistrusted me. Her instinct for truth and fineness had been warned. What, after all, had I come for, I, who had said in effect, "Next time we meet you will have to remember that I love you."

I broke our silence.

"You're sorry I've come, Lisbeth."

She turned her head. For the first time she looked full at me, challenging me with her own honesty.

"That makes me seem very ungracious, doesn't it? No, I'm not sorry—only anxious and puzzled. You've come at a dangerous time. And then—I don't understand why you should have come in this way—without telling us. It's not like you to do things—rash, headlong things ——"

"No, I'm a cautious fellow." But not so cautious, I thought wryly, but that I had set my whole love on one woman forevermore. "Still, even cautious fellows travel; and if they happen to be in the neighborhood of friends they call."

She smiled faintly, rather sadly, as though she knew that I was only playing with her.

"This isn't Europe, Euan. Only people who are desperate about something—or for something—come here. And you did risk your life. You might have lost yourself in those mountains. Or they might have shot you. Things are like that here. Life isn't important."

"An ideal country, Lisbeth."

It slipped out. It shows our strange, sad relationship in these days, that I, who would have died to save her, should have struck out instinctively, like a fencer who sees an opening and delivers his thrust, almost without thought. I saw her draw herself up. Then she laughed, but proudly, keeping me at bay.

"You don't forget, Euan."

"No," I admitted ruefully.

She said after a moment, "It's a country for people who are not afraid. You mustn't know what fear is. No one is ever safe. Even the ground under your feet can fail you." She turned her head a little and I fancied that the ghostly

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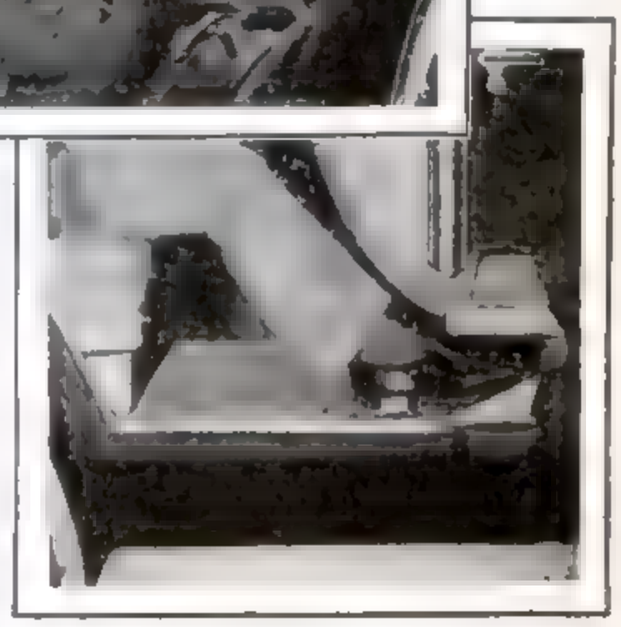
"You've Come at a Dangerous Time. And Then—I Don't Understand Why You Should Have Come in This Way—Without Telling Us"



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THE DANGER OF EUROPE

The Only Chance of Peace—By Philip Gibbs

I HAVE shown in previous articles that the chance of peace in Europe hangs by a slender thread. I have also maintained that another war is not inevitable by the will of God or the forces of Nature, but avoidable, if only the peoples of Europe are made to realize the danger of a general downfall, the horrors of a more scientific warfare, and the need of sanity, a touch of Christian charity, and business methods in their international relationships.

How is it possible to get that knowledge to the peoples so that they will understand and act accordingly, with an absolute refusal to allow themselves to be made victims of abominable evils? The only chance of peace depends upon the possibility of spreading that knowledge and raising the moral standards of European democracy. Somehow or other they must be taught to quench the fires of their national hatreds, lest they themselves be consumed. Somehow they must be convinced that any claims they have to justice or injustice must be settled by international arbitration rather than by poison gas and the weapons of brute force, lest all justice go down in a welter of anarchy, blood and widespread death.

There must be an intensive education of the mass mind by world-wide appeals on behalf of international arbitration and the spirit of human coöperation and peace. There must be a rapid, powerful and dominating propaganda in all countries, making clear the atrocious nature of scientific warfare, and calling upon the peoples to protect themselves against its abominations. There must be a crusade of the spirit, rallying to its standard all men and women of good will, all men and women inspired by Christian ethics, all men and women with a decent code of life and a belief in human progress. This crusade must be directed, with a spiritual energy which I believe might be irresistible, against all the evil powers of ignorance and cruelty which are reëstablishing brute force as their idol and relying upon its beastliness to trample down their enemies, assert their own rights, liberate themselves from injustice or from justice, and gain national security or national glory by a definite disregard of other peoples and other interests.

Power of the Press

THE easiest way of educating the mass mind of Europe would be by the power of the press. If for a single month the newspapers of Europe could, by some miracle, devote themselves to telling the plain truth of what another war will be, and how easily the interests and burdens of each nation could be readjusted and reconciled by a little give and take, to the vast advantage of all of them, with a simple plea for the comradeship of all common folk across the frontiers in the spirit of Christian charity, there would be a tremendous, an emotional, a joyous response from hundreds of millions of humble men and women. We should get at least one step higher on the ladder of human progress, and the next war would be made impossible, at least until that message was forgotten or overshadowed by new folly.

The press by united propaganda could lift up the very heart and soul of Europe to a new vision of justice. It is the most powerful machine for the transmission of ideas and knowledge existing in the world today. But it is a machine directed for the most part in Europe by men of low morality, corrupt interests, political cunning and ambition, and narrow minds. It is not a truth-telling power, but, with some honorable exceptions, a machine of prodigious energy and influence devoted at the best to half truths, limited aspects of truth, careful economies of truth; and at the worst to lies, faked news, faked facts and figures, wicked, unashamed treachery to the ordinary standards of honor and fair play.

The French press, with some exceptions, is subsidized or bought by political groups, or by ambitious and corrupt politicians, or by sinister and unprincipled financiers. For the most part its columns are open to government propaganda, naked and unashamed in its presentation of facts and views designed to dope the public mind. It is impossible for the French people to know the real facts and figures about their own financial state or Germany's economic condition. It is utterly impossible for the French people to know what is in the mind of England, what is the real motive of her policy, what her actual differences are with France in regard to Germany. For all the years since the war the French press has been filled with abuse, sinister and poisonous suggestions, lying and fantastic news charging the English people with treachery to France, and with soulless desires of greed hostile to French interests. All our offers to reduce French debts have been twisted and ridiculed. There has been no recognition of the generous sums poured into adopted towns and villages of the devastated areas, by a nation which has crushing burdens of taxation.

The English press is not bought or subsidized to anything like the same extent. But as far as London is concerned, many of its newspapers are in the hands of proprietors who cannot be described as high idealists or as men whose vision is broader than their own ambitions.

It is the same in many countries, with only slight and relative differences. Broadly speaking, again with notable exceptions, the newspapers publish only news which seems to them good for the people to know, and, adopting a national policy, or a political program, pander to the lowest instincts of their readers, inflaming their hate for the peoples across their frontiers and steeping the mass mind in ignorance, prejudice and passion. It is idle, therefore, to expect a combined campaign of truth in the press of Europe for the enlightenment of peoples. On the contrary, the spiritual attack will have to be opened against these great newspaper trusts and their bought newspapers which are the breeding grounds of ignorance and folly. This will have to be done from within, by those newspapers which, here and there, do open their columns to the truth whatever it may be, and do stand for morality and justice in a broader way than dictated by national egotism.

There must be especially an international brotherhood of the pen among all writers of all countries who have the interests of humanity at heart, who can look across the frontiers with a broad vision, who have no frontiers in their own souls when it is a question of the common interests, liberties and security of mankind.

In England an attempt of this kind has been made by the P. E. N. Club, founded by John Galsworthy. I believe those letters signify Poetry, Essays, Novels, by which means truth may be spread. There are branches in many European capitals, and periodically there are meetings of those men and women writers of diverse nationalities, all inspired by a belief in intellectual comradeship and service, not for England, France, Germany, Italy or any other single nation, but for mankind. Their watchword is "Peace."

That is a most admirable institution, but limited in its membership and activity. It is urgent that there should be a far greater union of intellect and idealism, enlisting large numbers of men and women in Europe and the United States, whose pens are pledged to the propaganda of peace ideas and international morality wherever they have a chance of putting in a good word—in the press, in their poems, plays or novels.

Teaching by Art

EVERY branch of art should be dedicated to this purpose, for the spiritual idea of brotherhood and justice may be revealed in popular drama from the music-hall song to the highbrow play, as well as in fiction, painting, sculpture and verse, without thrusting it too much down the throat of the public or making art the bondslave of ethical doctrine—which would be fatal to both.

Surely the cinema could be used for peace propaganda. I often think that Rex Ingram, who produced The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse, could have killed the spirit of war in many minds if he had given his picture a broader meaning and not narrowed it down to a revelation of German atrocity. To me, indeed, it is a picture against war itself, a terrible indictment of its madness and brutality; but to many it was simply a stirring up of hatred against the Hun.

There is one world-wide organization of people already pledged in the most solemn way to the principles of peace, charity and human brotherhood, without distinction of class or race. Their vows, the very basis of their belief and loyalty, permit of no frontiers, no customs, no barrier between one people and another when those principles

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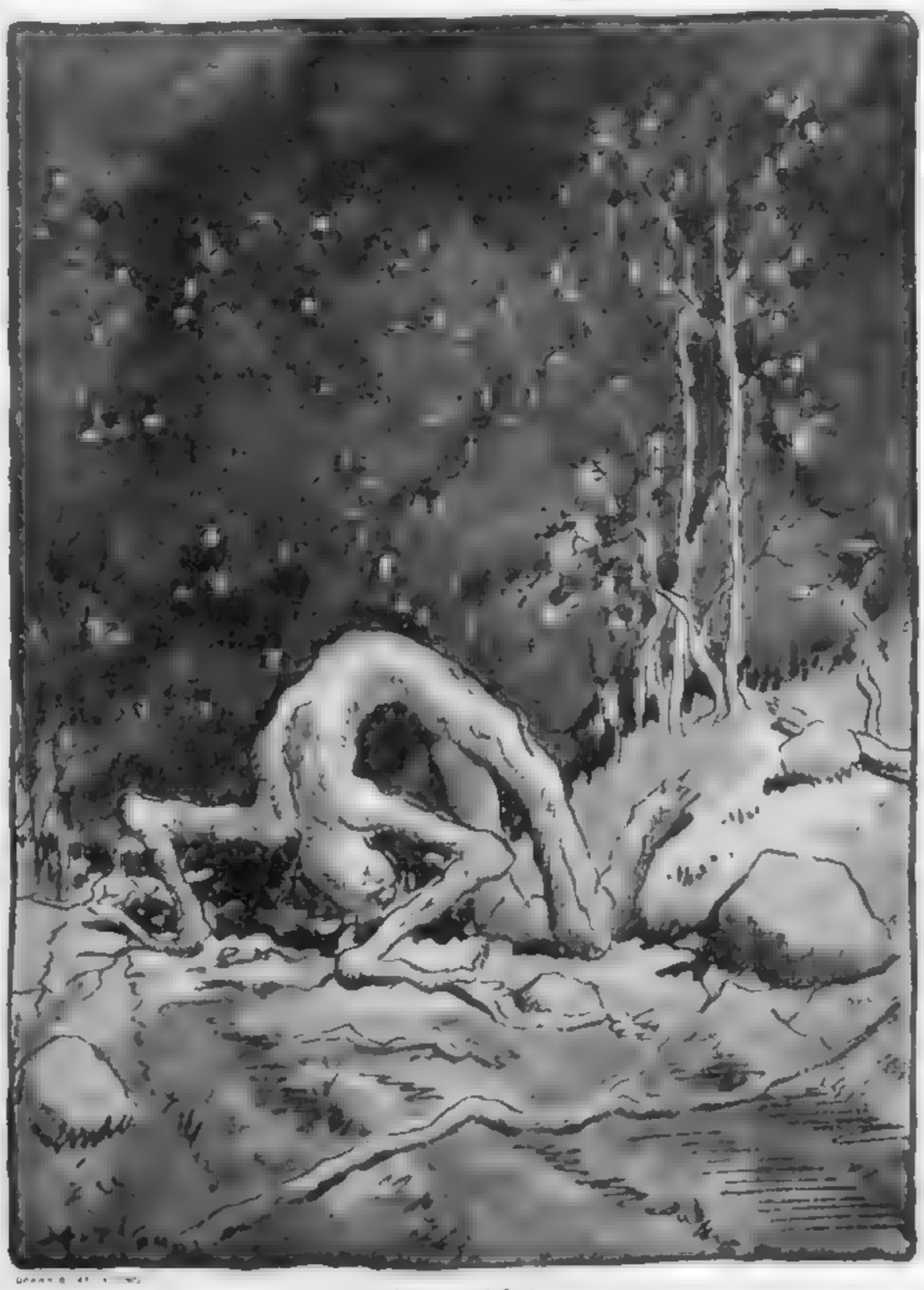
Trees at Night



Down and Out

Five Passenger Brougham Sedan
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PERSHING'S LAST JOB

By Frederick Simpich

General Pershing at Chaumont, France, October, 1918

IN THESE days of autos, elevators, desk jobs and adding machines, most of us are content to sit in the grand stand and let paid players take all the exercise. "Where wealth accumulates and men decay." Today we hoard half the world's gold, and half our men examined by draft boards were physically unsound.

One man in four, our war records show, can't read or write simple English. The more a job pays the harder it is to find the man to fill it. Thousands who vote and flit about in flivvers don't know the Constitution from the love songs of Confucius—except that in some vague, vexatious way the Eighteenth Amendment dangles from the Constitution.

All this—and more—Pershing found when he got back from France. In the air the glib old phrases—vote bait in election times—The Spirit of '76; Brave Forefathers; Our Cherished Institutions. What do you mean institutions? *Quién sabe*, answers the melting pot, cajoling its congressmen to get cousins over from Kieff or Cracow, whose quotas are full. Around the White House tramps an earnest group, bearing banners—America shall totally disarm as a splendid example to other powers. Tomorrow, these same earnest folk, heaping Christian wrath on the Turk, urging Uncle Sam to intervene by force of arms to save minorities somewhere east of Suez.

America—sentimental, generous, rich—and soft. Already Pershing saw his great army melt away. He saw America, freed from the strains of war, relax again, indifferent to all things military, even to the red germs of evil planted here by foreign foes to poison our people against their Government. Pershing, too, might have relaxed. The war was over. Gracefully he could have quit, as many generals did, to take the rest he'd earned. It was a favorable time to retire—while approval and applause for martial things could still be heard. But Pershing saw yet another job, a duty he could not ignore; a long, hard task—maybe even a thankless one, for republics are ungrateful. Grimly he pulled his Sam Browne a bit tighter and quietly started in, with method and patience, to make America safer; safer from foreign foes, from those who bore from within. He is at it now; he will be till taps sound for John J. Pershing, general of the Armies.

Preparedness Without a Large Army

FIFTY per cent of all America bodily unsound; 25 per cent who can't read or write simple English! Sad statistics, these. They make us ashamed. To Pershing, to every man who fought in France, they translate into terms of suffering and death. Half the Americans killed or dead from wounds were lost through scant training, or none at all. Every stretcher bearer, every member of a burial squad, could tell if he would of finding men—wounded or dead—whose rifles had not been loaded; of others whose clips were full because they didn't even know how to work the rifle bolt; of men who died in heaps because they hadn't even been trained to separate for safety.

Memories of these things were in Pershing's soul when he set out to make America safer. He talked to the President, to members of Congress, to educators and business men. He showed why America is in danger and told how we can make it safe. The country listened to Pershing - and Congress gave us the National Defense Act of June, 1920.

"If we use it right," says General Pershing, "and Congress votes the funds needed to train young men as permitted by this act, we can make America safe without a great standing army." This effort, this present task of his, means more to the American people, he says, than anything he ever did in France.

"In peace," General Pershing points out, "we must not forget the lessons of war. 'To provide for the common defense' was a first aim of those who framed our Constitution. Nearly a century and a half ago Washington said 'To be prepared for war is one of the most effectual means of preserving peace.' Ignoring this, we floundered on—drawn again and again into war, paying the frightful cost of unpreparedness. Only now, in the National Defense Act of 1920, we see Washington's dream coming true. Today, for the first time in our history, we have a national-defense policy. If we carry on—and pay the costs—we can build up a citizen army of the sort Washington wanted.

"And it seems our people today want the same sort of army Washington wanted," says Pershing. "Our success with the new citizens' training camps is proving this."

To put this vast new machine in motion Pershing is working not only through the summer training camps. He is using every agency of Uncle Sam, and reaching out through scores of universities, schools and colleges, carrying the idea of sound minds, clean bodies and good citizenship into every community in America. In all our annals there probably was never a movement just like this. From Plymouth Rock clear out to the Golden Gate its results are seen.

I asked the Secretary of War about this defense act, and whether he was pleased with the way it was working. Now a big stout thick man is Mr. Weeks, physically fit to pose for a figure—Preparedness. They say he was the biggest boy in his class at school—and had fewest fights!

"I don't like war," he said, puffing his old brier, "any more than I like fire, robbery or disease. But we insure against such evils. So why not insure against war? Here at home we insure against trouble by keeping policemen, sheriffs—and dry agents. We've got more of them now than we have soldiers. Why not insure our homes and lives in the same way against danger from without?

"That's what this National Defense Act is—a big insurance policy against war. But we have to pay premiums on it, like we do on any other policy, or it will lapse. In other words, if we don't pay the cost of training our citizens, as mentioned in the act, we'll have no insurance, no weapon to use when we're invaded.

"The citizens themselves are for it. Their hearty response is very gratifying. But today we can't handle all the lads who apply for admission to our camps because we haven't the funds for food, tents and equipment, nor have we enough trained officers to act as instructors. If we can gradually get more funds to carry out the training plan outlined in the defense act, so that each year we can prepare more and more citizens, reservists and guardsmen for duty, our defense problem is solved. If not, then our only alternative will be to raise a larger standing army or adopt universal enforced military service—which would be far more costly, and not entirely in harmony with the traditions and sentiments of our country."

Today the old Regular Army itself is utterly transformed. Half its time is now spent training our young men in athletics, in drill and good citizenship. Over 1500 of its officers are detailed to schools and colleges, to the guardsmen and reserves. Hundreds more have been requested, but cannot be spared. At first a few of the officers did not like this. It is easy to see why. We all remember the Army of ten years ago—a clannish, rather isolated element, having little interest in or patience with civilian things. And in many communities the feelings of civilians toward army folks at the post were anything but hospitable.

"One result of the war has been a change in the relations between the soldier and the private citizen," Secretary Weeks told me. "Exceptions exist, of course. But the United States Army today is undoubtedly more popular with our people than ever before. From all over the country I get reports showing how often our officers are invited out to address chambers of commerce, Rotarian lunch clubs, business men's gatherings and lodges of all sorts. One colonel I know up in New England made sixty-four speeches last summer. They're invited not only to explain the citizens' training-camp plan but to speak on a wide variety of popular and helpful topics. What with those detailed to colleges, their instruction work at summer camps, and this demand on us for officers who can speak on themes of national interest, I might say the War Department is running the biggest free public school in America."

"During the war," explains General Pershing, "we had a good chance to study a vast cross section of our young manhood. In this intensive study we found certain facts as to their physical condition, technical skill, attitude towards our country, intelligence and coöperative spirit. These facts, found and set down by the Army, are of enormous significance and value to all interested in bringing up our youth. So, in our educational program we put these facts in the hands of civilian agencies, so that they may use them in developing a virile type of American manhood, such as can be relied on to continue our struggle for liberty and larger life. Right well the Army knows that the success of our national-defense plans depends on the quality of our citizenship, and in developing this it wants to help. But from the very nature of our system of government the Army can assume no control in educating citizens. In harmony with our democracy all training for national service is voluntary. The strength of the nation can be increased only as its citizens take action of their own will."

Citizens' Training Camps

"SOUND, healthy minds and bodies, and intelligent participation in public affairs—that's what we need most. These are the earmarks of good citizenship. To build up fine types of manhood is, therefore, the common aim of civil and army agencies. A man well trained to meet the emergencies of civil life can the easier be trained in the technical duties of national defense. In plain words, the security of our country now depends entirely on the extent to which each American feels disposed to do his part."

As drawn, this defense act gives us first of all an inexpensive efficient military policy, in keeping with our popular democratic traditions. It provides a plan to train young men between the ages of seventeen and twenty-four, and thus sets up a framework on which an army can be rapidly built. Yet its other benefits are even greater.

"The by-product of these citizens' training camps, utterly aside from their military value, is worth far more than they are costing us," General Pershing says. "They check class consciousness and smooth over sectional frictions and feelings. The coal miner's son from Pennsylvania, the young cotton king from Carolina, come together at the same mess."

"These camps attract men from every walk of life," says one commanding general who had charge of a corps area

(Continued on Page 68)

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You will find the Gold Seal shown above (printed in dark green on a gold background) pasted on the face of every guaranteed Gold Seal Congoleum Art-Rug. The Gold Seal pledges absolute satisfaction or your money refunded. It means exactly what it says and proves that Congoleum Rugs have the quality to back such a pledge. Be sure to look for it when you buy!

On the floor is pattern No. 5[illegible] The 6 x 9 ft. size costs only $9.00

"What a beautiful rug—and how well it blends with your new furniture"

What a glow of pride it gives you when a guest praises your taste! And you'll find everybody admires the room which has a colorful *Gold-Seal* Congoleum Rug on the floor.

Beautiful Patterns

These attractive rugs are quite as artistic in design and coloring as rugs that are far more expensive. Their variety of patterns is so extensive that it is easy to find the right one for any room. Simple geometric effects make the kitchen and bathroom neat and trim; a host of elaborate motifs in softly harmonizing shades add to the charm and cheerfulness of living room, dining room or bedroom.

Sanitary and very easy-to-clean, *Gold-Seal* Congoleum Rugs save the housewife hours of drudgery. Just a few strokes of a damp mop makes the firm, waterproof surface immaculate. And these rugs are entirely seamless—they never wrinkle—never turn up at the edges or corners—never need tacks or cement, or fastening of any kind, to hold them tight to the floor.

Popular Sizes—Popular Prices

6 feet x 9 feet	$ 9.00	9 feet x 9 feet	$13.50
7½ feet x 9 feet	11.25	9 feet x 10½ feet	15.75
9 feet x 12 feet	$18.00		

The rugs illustrated are made only in the five large sizes. The small sizes are made in other designs to harmonize with them

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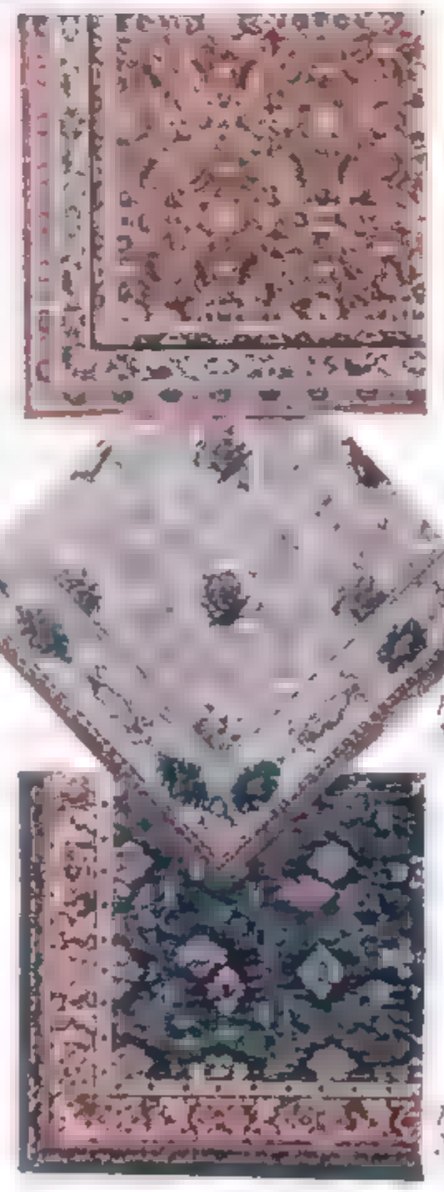

Pattern No. 5[illegible]

Pattern No. 306

Pattern No. 510

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"Beautify Your Home With Gold-Seal Congoleum Rugs," a new booklet by Anne Pierce, shows all the Congoleum patterns in full colors and gives valuable suggestions for brightening the home. Drop a line to our nearest office today for *your* copy. It is free.

PIGS' FEET

By Frederic Arnold Kummer

ILLUSTRATED BY C. J. McCARTHY

WHEN Harvey Thorpe came to the Central Trust as assistant collateral clerk there were many among the company's employes who did not like him. In part this resulted from the personality of the man himself. Reserved, silent, not given to discussing his affairs with anyone, he was looked upon with suspicion, as silent men so frequently are, on the popular theory that only gabblers have nothing to conceal. Conversely, the office argued, Mr. Thorpe must have a great deal to conceal, since he said so little.

Courteous he invariably was, with a fleeting, whimsical smile which, though agreeable enough, still was sufficiently impersonal to hold the world at arm's length. He sat in his steel cage all day, cool, well poised, efficient, apparently quite oblivious to the fact that he was the most discussed man in the office. When the working day was over he quietly effaced himself, vanished, without telling anyone where he lived, what he did with himself in his leisure hours, without discussing the baseball scores, without, in fact, discussing anything whatever. All of which inevitably made him a man of mystery.

Any open discussion of Mr. Thorpe's affairs was precluded by the fact that Mr. McMillan himself, the Central's martinet of a president, had brought the young man from New York to fill poor old Mack Carver's place when the latter was forced, by reason of a nervous breakdown, to take an indefinite leave of absence. Why had not Tommy Bland been given the position? the office force argued. He was next in line for promotion. Why bring in this stranger from New York? Kitty Grayson, who was Mr. Hood's secretary and the acknowledged office vamp, thought his eyes like Valentino's until her efforts to make him take some notice of her met with utter failure. After that she turned up her nose at him and indulged in vague suggestions that he was probably leading a dark and double life.

Mr. Thorpe, however, was not so indifferent to his surroundings as those in his little world supposed. There was a view, through the bars at the left-hand corner of his cage, to which he was not indifferent at all. It consisted of a small railed-in inclosure surrounding a glass-and-mahogany door.

Not that Mr. Thorpe was particularly interested in railed inclosures or mahogany doors, even though behind the one in question sat the Central's august president himself; and he certainly would not have risked getting a crick in his neck so many times a day had it not been for the presence in that railed inclosure of a far more important personage—to wit, the president's secretary, Miss Virginia Tabb.

Sometimes the view that met Mr. Thorpe's kindling eyes was a deliciously white and rounded neck, against which clustered soft chestnut curls, like wreaths of smoke. No landscape in the world, however famous, Mr. Thorpe decided, could possibly equal it in beauty. Talk of your Lake Comos, your snow-capped Alps! Bah! See America first—Young America, as exemplified by the person of Miss Virginia Tabb.

Another view, and one in which Mr. Thorpe took particular delight, was a profile composed of half a gracious forehead framed in warm dark hair, one lovely eyebrow, arched and slender as the nascent moon, a nose provokingly *retroussé*, and two inviting scarlet lips parted just sufficiently to disclose a line of polished white. When Mr. Thorpe's vagrant gaze reached the swelling throat, the budding tenderness beneath, he was ready to declare that no view this side of Paradise—or the other for that matter—could possibly surpass it. If Mr. Thorpe's business associates could have guessed the thoughts which flitted through that young man's darkly handsome head it would have surprised them considerably.

"I'm Going to Take You Home," He Said. "Where Shall I Tell Him to Drive?"

And not in this matter alone would Mr. Thorpe's mental processes have surprised those about him. When not dreaming of the charms of Miss Virginia Tabb that young man devoted much time to thoughts of money. It was perhaps but natural to one situated as he was. The sight of green and yellow notes stacked up in bales like so many bricks, of rolls of coins slipping through the nimble fingers of the paying teller in gold and silver streams, of bundles of securities, gilt-edged stocks and bonds, representing millions, of fortunes in thousand-dollar bills, capable of being carried in one's vest pocket—such things inevitably induce in the mind of the beholder a certain carelessness so far as money is concerned, a familiarity breeding contempt. So much money in the world, ready to be grasped by the eager fingers of the shrewd, the clever, the unscrupulous. As Harvey Thorpe contemplated the endless stream of securities which passed through his hands on their way to the steel-and-concrete vaults in the basement beneath, his cool smile became cooler still, and there was a frosty gleam in his eyes which, had those about him seen it, would have justified them in the belief that he was not only mysterious but dangerous as well. It was a very different look from that which rested on his face when contemplating the perfections of Miss Virginia Tabb.

It is a singular fact that, although Harvey Thorpe had been with the Central close to three months, he had never once ventured to express his feelings toward the object of his adoration in words. They met from time to time during the course of the business day; they greeted each other with the usual official politeness; they even chatted, on occasion, over unimportant trifles; but in spite of the ardent emotions that filled his breast Mr. Thorpe did not ask permission to call; nor did Miss Tabb, much as she would have liked to do so, ever suggest it. Once or twice she timed her departure from the office to conform with his, in the hope that he might offer to escort her home; but the results were discouraging—a smile, a bow, a pleasant good afternoon, and the young man went on his solitary way. It puzzled her greatly, because she was fully aware of the admiring glances sent in her direction so often during the day—had, in fact, reciprocated them when the object of her attentions was not looking. Why, she asked herself over and over, did Thorpe keep so persistently within his shell?

There was a reason for it, of course; but it remained securely locked in that young gentleman's very self-contained breast. Even had he realized that his feelings were reciprocated, that Virginia, too, was worshiping from afar, he would not have altered his course. Harvey Thorpe had come to the Central Trust Company for a very definite purpose, and one which had nothing to do with either his advancement in the banking business or the making of love to young women secretaries, however charming and desirable they might be; and that purpose he meant to carry out in spite of any attractions to the contrary. But it is nevertheless true that he often pictured to himself, during the course of the day, a certain rustic bench overlooking a lake drenched with moonlight, upon which bench, in his imagination, he was seated with Miss Tabb.

"Virginia," he fancied himself saying, "I love you. Will you be my wife?"

Then the imagined reply: "Yes, Harvey. I love you, too," followed by an ecstasy of silence, her head against his breast.

Such dreams served to relieve the monotony of an existence made up almost entirely of promissory notes and stocks and bonds.

II

"BENTON," said Harvey Thorpe, gazing across the table at his companion with rather somber eyes, "what do you know about Sam Rossman?"

"Rossman? Why, only that he's the most celebrated criminal lawyer in the state. I thought everybody knew that. Not thinking of consulting him, are you?"

Jim Benton swept the wisp of tow-colored hair from his forehead with a characteristic gesture.

"Because if you are — ."

"Never mind the comedy," Thorpe interrupted. "I'm in earnest."

"So am I. Whenever you get tired of working in the bank and decide to grab off a bale of thousand-dollar smackers for yourself don't try to run for it. All the successful crooks nowadays stay at home and hire a good lawyer. I tell you, Thorpe"—he gave a cynical laugh "men of Sam Rossman's type—big criminal lawyers—are the most pernicious influence in our public life today."

Harvey Thorpe's eyes grew even more somber. His lips were set in hard, narrow lines.

(Continued on Page 39)

That Fascinating Thing Called Charm

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It's a broad doored, deep seated personal car—luxury without extravagance—compact enough for an individual car—large enough for four.

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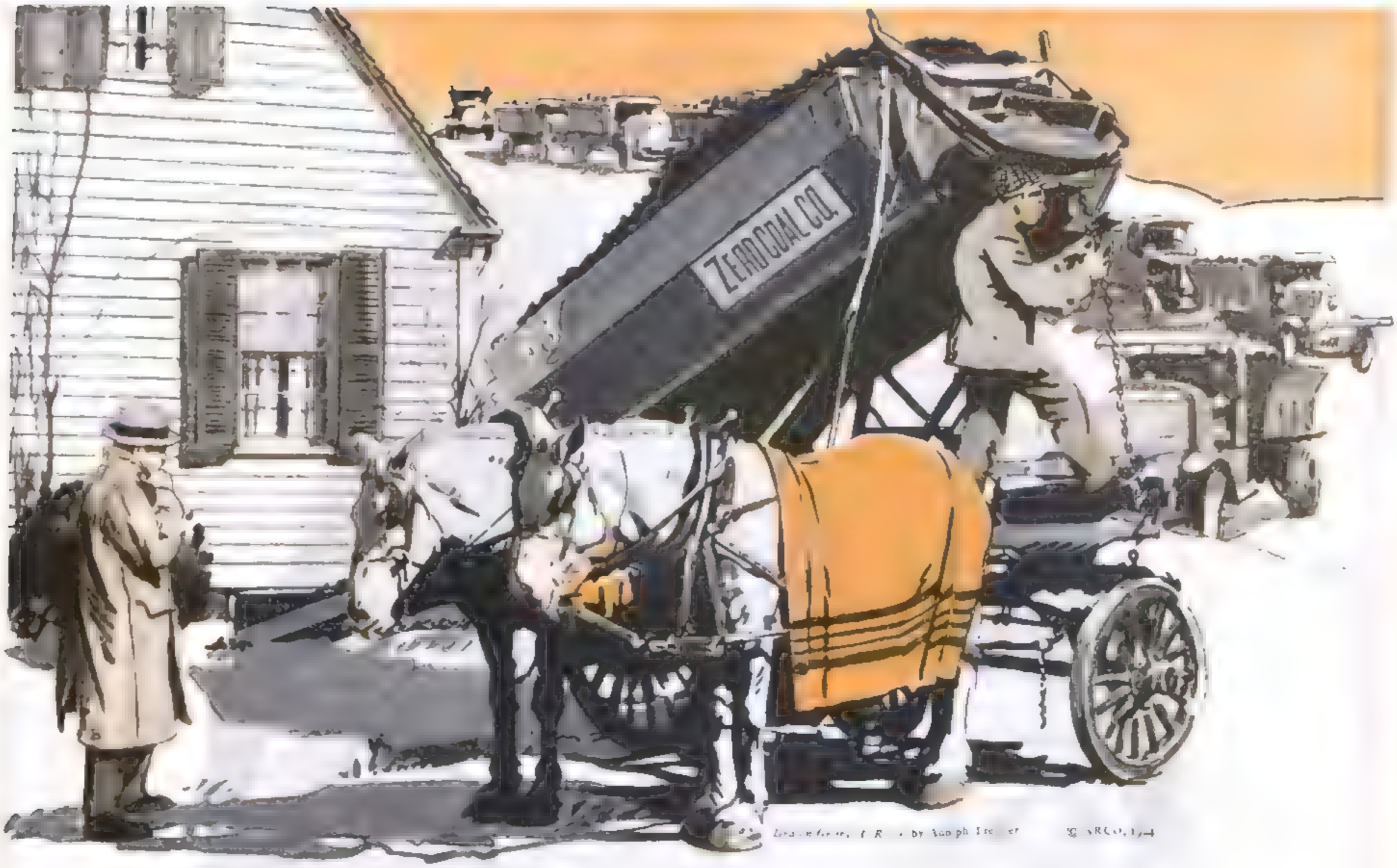

Suppose your coal for the next twenty years were delivered this afternoon!

HOW MUCH would the bill be? Enough to pay for a new boiler several times over. Remember:

THAT the initial cost of even the finest boiler is only a trifle, compared with the coal it will consume in its lifetime.

THAT an IDEAL TYPE A BOILER, saving one-third of your coal, will pay for itself in a few winters and thereafter pay you net dividends each year.

Write on a postal card your name, address, and the number of rooms in your house, whether you are building a new home, or living in a home with old-fashioned heat. We will send a booklet describing the IDEAL TYPE A BOILER and the name of your Heating Contractor who is our representative.

This involves no obligation. It may save you one-third of your coal bill for the next twenty years! Write the postal card and mail it today.

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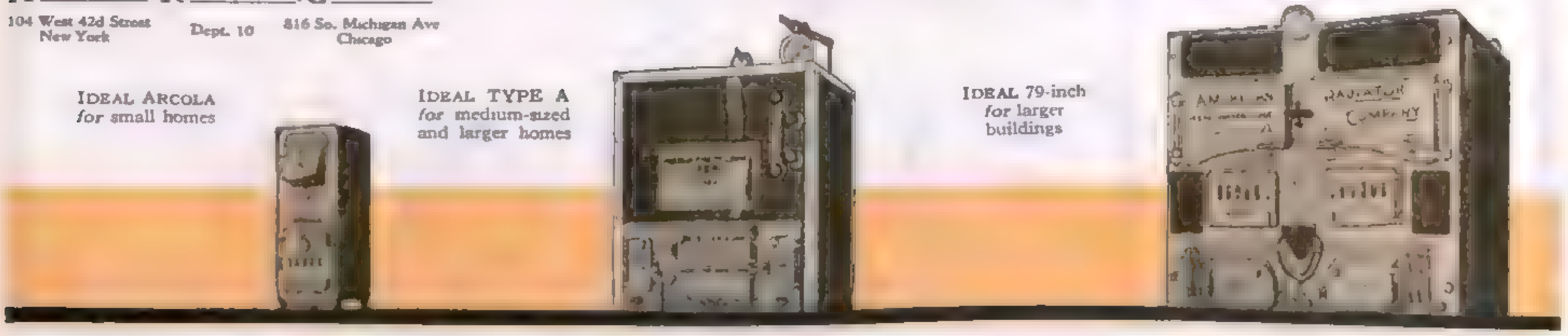

(Continued from Page 36

"Tell me some more," he said. "As a newspaper man, you ought to have a lot of inside dope."

"I have," Benton laughed; "but what do you want with it?"

"Never mind about that now. Just what is Rossman besides being a brilliant and able lawyer?"

"He's a crook; a pig, with his feet in the public trough. Landed here a Polish boy twenty years ago without a ruble in his pocket. Worth a million today. Brains? Hot dog! Wish I had his headpiece! I wouldn't be wasting my sweetness in a newspaper office. There's hardly a lawyer in town who isn't afraid of him, with his savage humor, his biting tongue. He makes monkeys of them in court, and they hate him accordingly. The crowd thinks he's a wonder, and he is, too, in a way. Even got himself elected to Congress a few years ago, although"—Benton laughed with his usual cynicism—"I don't know that that proves anything."

"How did he make his money? Practicing law?"

"That's the question. He gets big fees, of course. Has an enormous practice—bootleggers, burglars, gamblers, crooked politicians, murderers—you'll find them all in his office, and they all swear by him. In the underworld he's the snake's antlers, boy, believe me; and hand in glove with the political bosses, of course. The two things go together everywhere, although the innocent taxpayer never seems to get it through his ivory dome. They say he's made quite a clean-up in the rum trade recently, but he's too slick to let anybody get anything on him. Smooth as a greased eel. The Star's been after his scalp for quite a while."

"Why?"

"Well, why not? For one reason because, as I've just told you, men of Sam Rossman's type are rapidly becoming a serious menace to the health of the community. You know—every thinking man knows—that since the war respect for the law has gone by the board. Seems as though everybody was figuring, not how to obey the laws but how to break them. All along the line, from the big grafters who steal millions down to the little fellows who try to dodge a fifty-dollar income tax. That's where the criminal lawyer comes in. Shows his clients how to keep outside the law, or, if they happen to make a slip, how to escape it. Take Rossman. His influence is enormous. He can pull a hundred wires—venal judges, crooked police officials, packed juries, perjured witnesses, threats from all sorts of underworld sources—to say nothing of his ability as a lawyer. Why, he's built up a regular machine in the interests of crime. Spies and snoopers and scouts in every police station, magistrate's office and court room in town. Officials, I mean, in his pay. He knows the political connections, the financial resources, the religious beliefs of every man summoned for jury duty before he even gets to the court room. If a burglary or a shooting or a hold-up takes place he'll hear about it as soon as the police department does; sooner sometimes—the thing may have been planned in his office. And to look at him you'd think he was a butter-and-egg salesman, or something of the sort. A man of simple tastes, never drinks or plays around, devoted to his wife and family, and thinks nothing of putting in eighteen hours of work a day. That's Rossman. Anything else you'd like to know?"

Harvey Thorpe ground the stub of his cigarette in the ash tray.

"Didn't he defend a man named Hoffner last summer?"

"Yes; fellow who shot Wilmer Tabb. Why?"

"Nothing; only his sister, Virginia Tabb, happens to work at our shop. Secretary to the president, Old Man McMillan."

"Is that so? Never met her. But I knew Wilmer well. He was on the Star. Fine boy. Everybody liked him. And Rossman, you know, got Hoffner off."

"I don't know. That was before I came to your charming burg. Tell me about it."

"Well, it was a bootleggers' row to start with. Some Western crook—the Denver Kid they called him—blew into town and started operations by knocking off a few cases of hooch here and there as the stuff was being delivered. The Kid worked alone, and the local booties didn't pay much attention to him at first; but when he held up a truckload of case goods worth twenty thousand and got away with it single-handed the Big Guy decided to have him bumped off."

"The Big Guy?"

"Yes; Tom Casey. Runs a saloon on Hilton Street, and controls every gallon of bootleg stuff that's sold in town. A big, cool Irishman, with X-ray eyes and a cast-steel conscience. He and Sam Rossman are great pals.

"Casey decided it wouldn't be wise to have this Denver boy bumped off by any of the local talent, because all his regular gunmen are known to the police; so he sends to New York and gets a wop named Joe Scarlatti to do the job. I'm told Scarlatti's figure was two hundred and expenses. Yes, you can buy a murder, same as you can anything else, if you know where to look for it.

"This Scarlatti, it seems, takes a couple of shots of snow on the night of the killing to brace himself up, and shoots the wrong man. It would be funny if it weren't tragic. Hoffner, who is one of Casey's right-hand men, pilots the dago to a joint on the outskirts of town where the Denver Kid is eating supper with a jane, and points him out; but the room is so full of cigarette smoke and Scarlatti is so full of coke that he shoots wild, and poor Wilmer Tabb, who is out gathering some underworld dope for a Sunday story, gets a bullet through his head. Happened to be right in the line of fire. Scarlatti got away, but they caught Hoffner and the grand jury indicted him for murder.

"If the fellow from Denver had been shot there wouldn't have been any trouble; one crook less for the police to bother about. But here was a young fellow of good family shot down in cold blood. The newspapers rode the police department ragged.

"Well, to make a long story short, Sam Rossman, with perjured witnesses, a packed jury and a lot of money, got Hoffner acquitted.

"Actually proved an alibi, when there were a dozen men and women, crooks mostly, sitting in the room who saw Hoffner come to the doorway with Scarlatti and point out his man. But you can bet your boots none of them dared say so.

"Rossman got Hoffner off because he had to. He knew that if he didn't the rat would probably squeal and put the murder up to Big Tom Casey, where it belonged. They say that Casey paid him a fee of fifty thousand dollars, but that may be exaggerated. I tell you, Thorpe, men like Rossman are more dangerous to the community than a thousand ordinary crooks. They're supercriminals."

"I guess you're right," Thorpe said with a slow, unhumorous smile; "but if a fellow happened to be in trouble I should think Rossman might be a very handy person to know."

"Rather!" Benton replied, peering at his companion over his glasses.

It seemed to him that there was something queer about Harvey Thorpe; he wondered why Graham, of the Bulletin, had introduced him at the club.

III

MR. SAMUEL ROSSMAN looked up from the document he had been reading and bent his keen eyes upon the caller his secretary had just ushered in. They were smiling eyes, too; but behind that ready smile lay a brain as cold, a will as inflexible, as a piece of tool steel.

"What can I do for you?" he asked, sweeping the young man before him with a glance having the searching qualities of a vacuum cleaner. Beneath it his visitor seemed nervous, ill at ease.

"My name is Harvey Thorpe," the latter said. "I am employed at the Central Trust Company."

"So I see from your card." Mr. Rossman glanced at the bit of pasteboard his secretary had handed him. "What do you want? I am very busy."

"I want your advice in a legal matter."

"Who sent you to me?"

"No one. I came because you are reputed to be the most able criminal lawyer in the state."

Mr. Rossman puffed thoughtfully on his cigar. It was a fat cigar and somewhat oily looking; which was appropriate enough, since Mr. Rossman, in spite of his too-well-groomed exterior, was fat and somewhat oily looking himself. His body, his face, his lips, even his smile, all possessed that singular quality of oily fatness.

"State the nature of your business, please," he said.

"I'm in trouble," Mr. Thorpe replied, and sank into a chair.

"What sort of trouble?"

"Before I tell you, will you promise to keep it to yourself?"

"It isn't necessary," the lawyer said coldly. "Confidences made by clients are always sacred. Explain your case. If I decide to take it I will ask you for a retainer; if not, I will tell you so, and that will be the end of the matter so far as I am concerned. But be brief."

The young man before him, though well enough dressed, did not impress him as being overprosperous.

"Well," Mr. Thorpe blurted out, "to tell you the truth, I've taken some of the company's money and I want you to help me. I can't pay much of a retainer, but if a hundred dollars will do to start with ——"

He drew a yellow-backed bill from his waistcoat pocket and placed it on the desk. The lawyer glanced at it, but made no comment. Mr. Thorpe hurried on:

"It wasn't much at first—only a five-hundred-dollar Liberty Bond, one of several attached as collateral to a note. In my capacity as assistant note teller I was able to remove the bond from the envelope in which the note and other securities were contained before it was placed in the vaults."

Mr. Rossman nodded without speaking. Among his intimates he was sometimes referred to as Silent Sam.

"Then I took some more. I'd been speculating, you see, and the market went against me. French bonds this time—unregistered. I never took any that weren't. Now I'm in for ten thousand dollars, and no way to make the amount good. The bank examiners are due any day, and that means discovery, of course. What am I going to do?"

"Why ask me?" Mr. Rossman inquired frostily. "If you can't make good you'll have to go to jail."

"But"—the young man made a gesture of despair—"I can't do that. I won't!"

"How do you expect to prevent it?"

"I thought you might figure out some way to get me off."

"Humph!" Mr. Rossman gave a fat and sarcastic grunt. "You're wasting your time, young fellow, and mine too."

He shifted about in his chair so that his caller could see but one heavy fat shoulder.

"Very well" Mr. Thorpe picked up his hundred-dollar bill and rose, a gleam of desperation in his eye—"if you won't help me I'll help myself. I'll take a lot more and beat it. Might as well be hung for a sheep as a lamb."

He went quickly toward the door. Mr. Rossman's head revolved slowly, as though on a well-oiled pivot. Little sparks, luminous yet cold, danced in his eyes.

"Wait a moment," he said softly. "I'd like to ask you a few questions."

"What questions?" Mr. Thorpe hung uncertainly at the door.

"Sit down." The lawyer waved a fat hand, then allowed his gaze to wander speculatively about the room. It possessed no distinctive features, except that, being situated at one end of a long and narrow suite, with windows on two sides and a blank wall on the third, Mr. Rossman's private office was strictly private. Conversations carried on within it were as messages written in sand. He focused his eyes on Mr. Thorpe's troubled face. "You're bonded, of course?"

"Yes; for ten thousand. The bank wouldn't lose anything, but what I want is to keep out of jail."

"How did you dispose of the securities you took?"

"I deposited them with my brokers, Cook & Langley, as margins for the stocks I held. When I was wiped out they were sold to make my account good. Here's the last statement they sent me."

He took a sheet of paper from his pocket and laid it on the desk.

"The bonds were unregistered, you say?" the lawyer asked, glancing at it. "Couldn't they be traced by their numbers?"

"They might if the record of those numbers was correct. It is part of my duties at the bank to keep that record, and I saw to it that it wasn't."

The luminous points in Mr. Rossman's eyes became brighter. He leaned across the desk.

"You say you are going back and take some more?" he whispered.

"I did say that," Mr. Thorpe admitted; "but ——"

"How much more do you think you could get?"

"Why, I don't know. Twenty-five thousand—fifty, maybe." Mr. Thorpe's face showed his surprise.

"Then, young man," the lawyer continued in tones barely audible across the desk, "my advice to you is this: Go back and take all you can get hold of. Then come to me and I'll see what I can do for you."

He swung around in his chair and picked up the document he had been reading.

"But ——" Mr. Thorpe began.

"That's all. If you come bring the bonds with you—and don't forget to change the numbers."

Harvey Thorpe started to speak, thought better of it and went out, his jaws set in hard, unpleasant lines.

IV

IT WAS Fate, and not any intention on Mr. Thorpe's part, that caused him to escort Virginia Tabb home that afternoon—Fate, in the form of a dismal fall of rain. He found the girl poised rather ruefully beneath the trust company's Grecian portico, restrained from venturing into the swimming streets by the hope of a cessation in the downpour. He had almost passed her, when he suddenly realized her predicament.

"Miss Tabb," he stammered, "I—you haven't any umbrella. Can't I put you on your car?"

She smiled in a way that set his blood dancing. For the moment he forgot the reasons that had kept him so aloof from her, from everyone else in the office, and remembered only the bench in the moonlight, the imagined conversation upon it.

"Thanks, Mr. Thorpe," he heard her say. "You're awfully kind. It's only two blocks up, at the corner of Commerce Street." She pointed a toe toward the sidewalk.

Harvey Thorpe looked at the toe, at the fragile suède which covered it, the slender shimmer of silk above. Then his glance wandered to the street, ankle deep along the curb. A taxicab splashed wetly up, spurting fountains of spray. He signaled it, raised his umbrella.

"I'm going to take you home," he said. "Where shall I tell him to drive?"

Miss Tabb supplied the number. In the darkness her eyes were very gay, but Mr. Thorpe was not aware of it. He was gazing out of the window. The suddenly lighted street lamps made long shimmering trails of gold on the wet pavements; they reminded him of the imagined moonlight on his imagined lake.

"I—I'm glad of this opportunity to talk to you, Miss Tabb," he said presently.

The remark struck him at once as being particularly asinine, since up to now he had not uttered a word.

"I'm glad, too. I thought—well, what I mean to say is you have always seemed so—so sort of distant."

"Did you think I didn't want to talk to you?" he asked, remembering his daily adoration.

"Why, naturally. They say"—she gave a little laugh, like silver bells—"they say at the office that you must have had some terrible sorrow in your life, to make you so—well, so unapproachable."

Mr. Thorpe made no reply to this. He was thinking of the interview he had had with Mr. Rossman so short a time before.

"In fact," Miss Tabb went on, "they consider you quite a mystery."

Harvey Thorpe's face clouded. He was far from happy.

"What do you think?" he asked.

"Why, it seemed to me natural that you should be the way you were, coming to a strange city, with strange people and all. I suppose lots of times you wish you were home."

"Home?" He looked at her with a curious gravity, his voice almost plaintively serious. "I haven't any home in the way you mean. No people, that is. I come from New York, but I wasn't born there."

"Then I hope you will like this slow old town well enough to make your home here. It isn't such a bad place, even if it is quiet."

The thought seemed to trouble him. It was quite a few moments before he answered.

"Miss Tabb," he said at length, "there's something I want to tell you; but you must promise not to speak of it, on your honor."

"On my honor." She smiled at him in mock seriousness. "What is the deadly secret?"

"This: I may not be here long. In fact, I may be leaving town very soon—in a day or two. Before I go I want you to know that there isn't anyone—anyone at all—that I shall regret not seeing as I shall regret not seeing you."

"Oh!" Virginia struggled between surprise and disappointment. "Your work at the office has been satisfactory. Mr. McMillan——"

"It isn't that. I can't explain—only don't forget your promise not to say anything."

"Are you going back to New York?" she asked.

"Wherever I go," he whispered, ignoring her question, "I shall wish that you were with me." He reached out and took her hand. "I know you'll think it absurd, but all these weeks, down at the office, I've watched you and imagined what it might be if you and I—if we—oh, well, what's the use!" He dropped her hand and gazed out at the dripping streets. "I shouldn't have told you any of this, but you'll respect my confidence, won't you?"

"Of course I will," she said, greatly confused. "And even if you do have to go away, which I hope you won't, you can write to me."

Harvey Thorpe gave a whimsical, almost boyish laugh.

"Why not go along with me?" he asked. "Would you?"

"I'd go anywhere," Miss Tabb gasped desperately, "with the man I loved."

There was a moment of silence. Then Mr. Thorpe made an encircling motion with his arms. In midair they stopped. He brought his clenched fists down upon his knees just as the cab slowed up before a small and narrow house.

"Some day," he said, "I'm going to remind you of that."

V

HARVEY THORPE was very busy the next day, so busy in fact that he did not look very often in the direction of the little inclosure in which sat Miss Virginia Tabb. It seemed to that young woman that he rather avoided looking at her; and in the state of mind in which she naturally found herself his neglect distressed her beyond measure.

Just what the nature of his trouble was she could not imagine, but that it was very real her intuition told her plainly enough. Was he about to be discharged? It seemed out of the question. Did some frightful disease consume him? A glance at his lean but ruddy cheeks dispelled the idea at once. Or was there some nemesis about to overtake him, some dire punishment for past crimes? Miss Tabb did not pretend to be a psychologist, but she would have staked her last drop of blood upon the honesty of Mr. Harvey Thorpe; which is perhaps only another way of saying that she was head over heels in love with him.

Cool, imperturbable, smiling, Mr. Thorpe plodded through the eventless day, the very epitome of self-possession. He seemed to be without a care in the world, yet when he left the office shortly after banking hours, and considerably earlier than was his habit, there reposed in the pocket of his overcoat an envelope containing forty thousand dollars in unregistered securities.

Mr. Rossman, who was waiting for him, received him at once.

"Well?" he asked, looking up.

Harvey Thorpe took the package of bonds from his pocket and tossed it on the desk.

"Forty thousand," he said laconically.

The lawyer opened the envelope and ran through the bonds, noting their character and amount. Then he replaced them, pushed the package toward his caller.

"You told me to get all I could," Thorpe said, "and then come to you for advice. Here I am."

"Do you want this money," Rossman asked, "or do you want to get off? You could probably run away."

"I want to get off, of course. I told you that; and I don't see how stealing forty thousand more is going to make it any easier."

"Mr. Thorpe," the lawyer remarked, lighting a fresh cigar, "if you went to your people and told them you had stolen ten thousand dollars, and it was all gone, you wouldn't have anything to offer them, would you?"

"Certainly not."

"Well, if you were to go to them now or, rather, if I were to go for you, and say that you have stolen fifty thousand dollars, but are ready to give forty thousand back, provided you are guaranteed immunity from prosecution, you'd be in a position to make terms, wouldn't you? They would rather have the forty thousand now than take chances on having you beat it and maybe getting nothing at all."

"I suppose they would," Mr. Thorpe replied, not without a look of admiration. "How are you going to manage it?"

"I'm going over to see your president, Mr. McMillan, at once." He reached for the telephone

"Will you want these?" Thorpe asked, pushing the package of securities with his finger.

"No, not now. I couldn't afford to have stolen goods in my possession. By the way, I presume you remembered to keep a record of the accounts from which these securities were taken—and the ten thousand you took before?"

"Yes; I hoped, when I began speculating, to be able to put the bonds back, so I made a memorandum in each case of the notes to which they belong."

He drew a slip of paper from his pocket and laid it on the desk. Mr. Rossman took it, rose.

"McMillan's in. I won't be gone long. Suppose you wait here."

"All right." Harvey Thorpe sat down and lit a cigarette.

VI

MR. CYRUS McMILLAN, in the seclusion of his private office, was finishing up the work of the day. It was after banking hours, but the Central's president prided himself upon being the hardest working man in his organization. He glanced up, smiling, as his secretary came in with a card.

"It's Mr. Rossman, the gentleman who just telephoned," Miss Tabb said.

"Show him in; and, Virginia, remain during our interview, please. There may be some dictation."

"Yes, sir."

The girl got pencil and notebook from her desk, opened the swinging gate of the inclosure and followed Mr. Rossman into the private office. The lawyer glanced at her sharply.

"I think it better that we talk in private," he said.

"Miss Tabb has my entire confidence," remarked Mr. McMillan, waving the girl to a seat. "What can I do for you, Mr. Rossman?"

The latter shrugged his shoulders and sank into a chair.

"One of your young men here in the bank," he said, "has stolen some money. He came to me for advice."

"What?" Mr. McMillan's urbanity fell from him like a cloak. "You mean to say one of my employes is a thief?"

"Yes."

"Who is it?"

"Your assistant note teller, Mr. Thorpe."

"Thorpe?" Mr. McMillan demanded, angry and incredulous.

His voice rendered inaudible the gasp of horror which burst from Virginia Tabb's lips.

She shuddered, then sat quite still, the blood draining from her cheeks.

"Yes," Mr. Rossman went on in even tones. "He came to me and confessed."

"Then why did you not have him arrested at once?"

"You forget, Mr. McMillan, that disclosures made by a client to his attorney are sacred. Professional ethics would not permit me to violate them."

"Humph! How much has he taken?"

"Fifty thousand dollars."

"Impossible!" Mr. McMillan roared.

The lawyer drew a slip of paper from his pocket.

"Here is a memorandum he gave me, showing the several accounts from which the securities were taken. They were, I understand, unregistered bonds attached as collateral to certain notes."

Mr. McMillan seized the slip of paper, glanced at his watch, pressed a button on his desk, all in one swift movement.

"This is a terrible shock to me—a terrible shock," he groaned, staring at the memorandum in his hand. Virginia Tabb sat unnoticed, like a figure of wax. A slender, gray-haired man came to the door of the office.

"You sent for me, sir?" he asked.

"Yes, Carter—yes. The vaults are still open. Find out at once whether the securities on this list are missing."

"Missing?" Mr. Carter's face blanched.

"Yes; as quickly as possible, please." He turned to the lawyer as the other man went out. "Where is this fellow Thorpe now?"

"I could not tell you even if I knew. You understand, of course, Mr. McMillan, that I have no desire to protect a criminal from the consequences of his acts. Ordinarily, if a man were to come to me, confess that he was a thief and ask me for advice, I should tell him to leave my office and surrender himself to the authorities at once. As a good citizen that would be my duty. But in this case the circumstances are different. The man is repentant. He desires to make amends. Had I refused to help him he would have left town at once, taking his stealings with him. No doubt he would ultimately be apprehended, but whether the bonds he now has in his possession would be recovered is another matter. Personally, I doubt it. He might not be caught for months. During that period he could readily dispose of the securities or hide them where they might never be found. In his present mood he is ready to compromise."

"You mean to say, then," exclaimed Mr. McMillan with a sigh of relief, "that he still has the stolen bonds in his possession?"

"Some of them; not all. He lost a large sum speculating in the stock market."

"How much has he left?"

"He tells me," Mr. Rossman said slowly, "that he still is in possession of bonds to the amount of twenty-five thousand dollars. These he proposes to surrender to you if you will agree not to prosecute. Otherwise it is his intention to disappear. I advised him to come here and make the proposition himself; but fearing arrest he declined, so I undertook to make it for him. If you agree to his terms he will hand the bonds over to me and I will deliver them to you. If not, I will simply tell him that I have been unsuccessful, and you can proceed as you see fit."

Mr. Rossman puffed nonchalantly at his cigar.

"If I accept your proposition," said Mr. McMillan sternly, "how do you propose to communicate with this man, since you say you do not know where he is?"

"He is to telephone me at five o'clock. If your answer is favorable I will make an appointment to meet him. If not, I will tell him so and he will probably escape. Naturally I do not know where he will telephone from."

"Why not make the appointment and notify me as to the place, so that I can call in the police?"

"I have pointed out before," Mr. Rossman said with quick indignation, "that the relations between a lawyer and his client are confidential. I could under no circumstances be party to a scheme to entrap this man into arrest. I am not a stool pigeon, Mr. McMillan. Thorpe proposes to make restitution at fifty cents on the dollar. I do not advise you one way or the other. I merely bring his offer to your attention. What do you wish to do about it?"

As he finished speaking the door of the office opened. Mr. Carter stood on the threshold, his face twitching.

"The bonds are gone!" he exclaimed. "It must have been Thorpe! Shall I notify the police?"

"No, Carter; not yet. Say nothing to anyone. But check up our other loans, please, and see if any further securities are missing."

When Mr. Carter had gone the banker turned to Rossman.

"Mr. Rossman," he said, "I have decided to accept your proposition. Even by arresting Thorpe we could recover no more than he now offers; and should he escape we run the risk of getting nothing. I shall wait here until six o'clock. If the bonds have not been delivered to me by that hour I shall call in the police."

"They will be delivered," the lawyer said, and went out.

As the door closed behind him Virginia Tabb rose in her chair. The color had returned to her cheeks, the light of battle shone in her eyes.

"I don't believe Mr. Thorpe is a thief!" she exclaimed. "That man Rossman is the one who defended my brother's murderer! He is crooked all through! I don't believe a word he says!"

Mr. McMillan regarded his secretary with a very kindly smile.

"We shall know by six o'clock," he said. "You will wait, of course."

VII

MR. ROSSMAN, returning to his office, found Harvey Thorpe just finishing his third cigarette. The package of bonds lay on the desk where he had left it. The lawyer took it up, thrust it into his pocket.

"Everything is all right," he said. "I'm to return the bonds and McMillan won't prosecute. I guess for the sake of the bank's reputation he'd rather keep the matter dark. Young man, you're getting off easy."

"Thank heaven I won't have to go to jail," Thorpe murmured. "But how am I going to pay you for your services?"

"Haven't you any money?"

"Only enough to get out of town with."

"Very well. I'll charge you a thousand dollars and take your note for it. Pay me when you can. Meanwhile I'll hold the agreement I get from Mr. McMillan not to prosecute, as security." He quickly filled out a blank form and passed it across the desk. "Where have you decided to go?"

"Back to New York, I guess," Thorpe said as he signed the note. "You're sure everything is all right?"

"Absolutely. McMillan gave me his word."

"Then I guess I'll be moving along. Mr. Rossman, you certainly have done me a big service."

"Oh, that's all right," the lawyer assured him. "I never like to see a decent fellow go wrong. Take a fresh start, young man, and keep out of the stock market."

"I will; you can depend on that. You—you're going back to Mr. McMillan's at once, aren't you?"

"Yes. Why?" A gleam of annoyance rose in the lawyer's eyes.

"Well, I wouldn't want there to be any slip-up. There isn't much time, you know. Do you mind if I walk along with you?"

For the fraction of a second the lawyer hesitated. Then he shook his head.

"No," he replied. "But I can't permit you to go in. If Mr. McMillan saw you he might get angry and change his mind."

"I won't go in," Thorpe said hastily. "I'm going home and pack my things. Do you mind if I telephone you in half an hour, to be sure everything is all right?"

"Not a bit. I'll be at the office until six. And now, if you'll excuse me for a few moments, I'll answer these telephone calls"—he indicated some penciled memoranda on his desk—"and be right with you. Take a seat in the outer office."

Mr. Thorpe picked up his hat and went out.

VIII

"VIRGINIA," said Mr. McMillan, putting down the newspaper he had been reading, "do you mind if I ask you a question?"

(Continued on Page 42)

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FISHER BODIES

Continued from Page 40

"No, sir," the girl replied listlessly.

She had been sitting in silence for a long time, contemplating a shattered illusion.

"Are you in love with Harvey Thorpe?"

"Why, Mr. McMillan," the girl crimsoned beneath his kindly eyes—"I—I don't know."

"Please don't mind my asking. You know the interest I've felt in you, especially since your brother's death. But it did not seem to me that the young man has paid you any special attention."

"Oh, he hasn't, Mr. McMillan—he hasn't, really. But I've always admired him. He seemed so—different. I can't believe, now, that he has done anything—anything he shouldn't."

"It must be wonderful," Mr. McMillan said, with a far-off look in his eyes, "to have anyone believe in you like that. Tell me, has he ever said anything to you—about caring I mean?"

"No; at least not until last night, and then only in the vaguest way. He took my hand and seemed to want to tell me something, and then he suddenly stopped and spoke of going away. I didn't know what he meant then, but now ——"

She turned and stared out of the window; and Mr. McMillan, although he could not see her face, knew that she was weeping. He growled something in his throat, looked at his watch.

"After five. I think, my dear, you had better wait outside so as to show him in; and this time I'll see him alone."

Miss Tabb's eyes were openly hostile when, a few minutes later, she ushered Mr. Rossman into the private office. The lawyer wasted no time on formalities. He took an envelope from his pocket.

"Mr. McMillan," he said, "I have here the bonds which Thorpe turned over to me, and which I am to deliver to you on condition that he is to be guaranteed immunity from prosecution on the part of the bank, or of anyone connected with or acting for it—including, of course, the bonding company. In other words, he is to go free. Is that fully understood?"

"Yes." Again the banker nodded. "Even if I have to make good the loss myself."

"Then count these, please"—Rossman handed over the package of bonds—"and let me know if the amount is correct."

Mr. McMillan went through the bundle of securities, one by one, noting the amounts.

"Twenty-five thousand," he presently said. "Very good."

"In that case"—the lawyer drew a slim document from his pocket—"I will ask you to sign this form of release."

He placed the paper in Mr. McMillan's hands and sat down. Unhurriedly the banker opened it and began to read. It was very quiet in the room, and yet, because of the thick plate-glass-and-mahogany door, neither of its occupants heard the gasp of amazement with which Virginia Tabb, glancing up from her desk, greeted Harvey Thorpe.

"Rossman is in there, of course?" he asked, nodding toward the door of the private office.

"Yes," Virginia whispered, big-eyed; "and in spite of what he says, Mr. Thorpe, I'll never believe that you are a thief as long as I live."

Mr. Thorpe gave her a quick, whimsical smile.

"Would you marry me, Virginia," he whispered, "if I were to ask you now?"

"Yes!" There was hot defiance in her eyes. "No matter what anybody says!"

With one arm Harvey Thorpe swept her to him, gave her a kiss that left her gasping. Then he strode to the door of the private office and thrust it open. Mr. McMillan looked up. He was still reading the agreement that Rossman had given him.

"Ah, Thorpe," he said quietly, "so you're here."

The lawyer, galvanized to immediate action, jumped to his feet. The expression on his face, however, was still confident as he stared at Thorpe standing in the open doorway. Behind him Virginia Tabb regarded the scene with amazement.

"Mr. Rossman has returned to me the twenty-five thousand dollars' worth of bonds you gave him," the banker went on.

"Twenty-five thousand?" Thorpe smiled coldly. "I gave him forty."

"Forty!" Mr. McMillan exclaimed. "Mr. Rossman, what have you to say to that?"

"Nothing, except that it's a lie. Mr. Thorpe handed me twenty-five thousand dollars' worth of bonds. I have turned them over to you. If he can prove to the contrary, let him do it. I hardly think the word of a confessed thief would have any weight against mine."

"I suppose you mean, Rossman," said Thorpe quietly, "that since there were no witnesses present when I gave you the bonds you can deny ever having received that extra fifteen thousand and get away with it. Is that the idea?"

"I gave Mr. McMillan what you gave me. That's all I have to say."

"No doubt. But unfortunately for you, Rossman, it isn't all I have to say. If I had been a thief, as you supposed, your little scheme would have worked perfectly. But I'm not. I was put here in the bank by Mr. McMillan, acting with certain other influential men in town, for the express purpose of trapping you, and it looks as though I had succeeded. No, you're not going yet." His automatic checked the lawyer's sudden move toward the door. "First I want to explain about that missing fifteen thousand. The only chance you had to switch it from the package I gave you was during the few moments you were alone in your private office. I knew, of course, that that was why you excused yourself. You weren't taking any chances of having those stolen bonds in your possession, so you slipped them into an envelope, called in your secretary and told him to take the package over to Tom Casey."

"It's a lie!" Rossman shouted, his face the color of dried putty.

"No, it isn't, Rossman. It's the truth. One of my other men—I wasn't working alone, of course—nabbed the boy before he left the building." He drew an envelope from his pocket and laid it on the banker's desk. "He had this in his pocket."

"You can't prove I gave it to him!" the lawyer snarled. "He may have stolen the bonds himself."

"The only weak spot in that theory, Rossman," remarked Thorpe with a smile, "lies in the fact that the envelope is addressed in your own handwriting. And your secretary, not knowing, of course, what was in the package, has already admitted that you gave it to him. Further, every one of the bonds, besides being numbered, carried a private mark placed on it by Mr. McMillan himself. If you can get out of this thing, Rossman, you are better than Houdini. I'll have to ask you to come along with me now. There are two men from headquarters outside—men we know you don't happen to control. They're waiting for you."

"Before you go, Rossman," said Mr. McMillan sternly, "I want to say that in spite of your influence we are going to convict you, if we have to upset the entire city government to do it. We're tired of having this town run by the underworld. Your conviction will be the biggest blow to the criminal element they have received in fifty years.

"Mr. Thorpe, my associates and I owe you a vote of thanks."

"Come along, Rossman."

Thorpe nodded toward the outer office, then followed the lawyer through the little inclosure. As he passed Virginia Tabb he reached out and seized one of her hands.

"I'll be up to see you this evening," he whispered—"that is, if you don't mind marrying a detective."

Miss Tabb's only answer was a very becoming blush.

STEADY AS SHE GOES

(Continued from Page 25)

systemization and governmental encouragement of adequate transportation for the whole country? If this character of alterations is not practicable the law should not be changed at all. Far better let it alone than mangle it. If constructive amendments cannot be made, at least destructive tinkering must not be permitted.

With this understanding, let us consider suggestions that might perhaps be found helpful. Would not a voluntary national incorporation act for railways assist in simplifying the railway tangle? For twenty years I have advocated such a measure for all corporations doing interstate business; certainly it would stop at the source evil practices which the Sherman Law has merely aggravated, and at the same time relieve honest business from present handicaps. Might it not with advantage be applied to interstate railways at least, which surely are national if anything is or can be national? This plan does not necessitate any alteration of the Railway Act of 1920. Since discussion of it requires a great deal of space, only mention of it is here made.

What, if any, changes might be effected in that law itself that would strengthen it? One of the chief obstructions to prompt and sufficient railway service has been the lack of system in the handling of freight cars. They pass from the roads owning them to other roads; and, heretofore, if these roads needed freight cars they simply kept those coming to them in the flow of business as long as they wanted them, instead of promptly returning them to their owners.

For example, a loaded car goes from a Western to an Eastern railway. From the time of receipt until the car is returned the receiving road must pay the sending road one dollar a day—the estimated daily expenses, depreciation and interest on the value of a freight car—for every day that car is kept on the tracks of the receiving road. This expense is supposed to be sufficient inducement to secure the quick return of the car; and so it is—except when the receiving road needs extra cars. In that case the car was formerly kept away from its owner, it being cheaper for the road holding it to pay the daily charge than to do without cars or buy new ones.

Thus roads were sometimes short of their own freight equipment when most needed, and freight congestion on such lines resulted, with heavy loss to shippers. Or there was an overabundance of cars on a road that could use them but did not seriously need them. And throughout this unsystematic, unbusinesslike car shunting and car poaching, ran the grave matter of the repair of cars that got out of order.

The owners of railway securities, who, as we have seen, framed Section 15-A and got it into the law, urged at the same time the adoption of a method of car service which, they claimed, would solve the problem of car shortage, car congestion and car repair. They proposed that Congress charter a corporation, to serve without profit, the directors to be practical railway managers chosen by their fellow railway executives, which corporation would take over all cars belonging to the railways, distribute them among the roads according to traffic needs, and provide standardized repair methods. But the plan was not acceptable to the railway managers and did not become a part of the law. The railway-security owners are now urging it again.

Variety of Duties

If the trouble persists would it not seem that something of the kind should be done? The public must have prompt and ample railway service; and car shortages, freight congestion or anything else cannot be allowed to prevent it. The railways themselves have taken up this vital matter and report great progress. The American Railway Association, a voluntary organization of the railways, has established a car-service division of its own to handle this very problem.

If there is a car shortage anywhere this association wires roads having extra cars to send them forthwith to the place of need. It anticipates movements of commodities and takes measures in advance to meet transportation emergencies. For instance, long before the wheat harvest last year this railway association was busy storing freight cars at available points in the West. The result was an unprecedentedly prompt movement of the wheat crop.

If such provision continues, perhaps the problem of car distribution will be finally solved. But it all depends upon the obedience by individual railways to the requests of the railway association, which is a matter of grace and not compulsion on the part of the railway managers to whom the request is sent.

Might it not be helpful to give the railway association or the agency proposed by the security owners legal authority to order cars to places of car shortage and freight congestion, unless the railways themselves continue fully to perform that function voluntarily, as they insist they are now doing? Of course no new law should be enacted without real and lasting necessity for it; excess legislation is one of the gravest evils of the times, as everybody knows.

What other helpful changes in the law might be made? It is conceded that the Interstate Commerce Commission is overburdened with conflicting duties and inharmonious requirements. The commissioners deserve the praise and gratitude of the public for the doing of excessive labor with notable ability and without complaint. Everything that Congress can think of and cannot or will not do itself is shouldered off on the Interstate Commerce Commission.

It is a legislative body—a congress all by itself over the railways, yet restricted and directed by another Congress sitting in the Capitol. Its regulations have the effect of laws and fill volumes. Rules made by it are pure legislation and are distracting in number and complexity. It passes on millions of rates.

It is a court—it hears and determines cases. Thousands of its judicial decisions are found in eighty-five bulky reports. They include every conceivable controversy that can arise under the extensive and complicated railway statutes—reparations, undue prejudice, discrimination, long and short haul, and all other subjects of dispute. In controversies over long and short haul alone, decisions have been reported in 638 cases, not to mention over 8000 other such decisions not reported. Thousands of cases involving the reparation clause have also been decided. Thousands more controversies under other sections of our voluminous railway statutes have been heard and disposed of.

All this is in addition to the numerous investigations which the commission must conduct. In the last ten years the commission on its own motion has made over 200 investigations. In 1923 twenty-five investigations were instituted. Other varied and crushing labor is required. Taken all together, the demands made by law upon the Interstate Commerce Commission constitute a sum of functions and duties physically and mentally impossible for human beings to perform.

This is shown by the startling fact that, when sitting as a court, commissioners hearing a case are often called to other work, must leave the bench and intrust an examiner to listen to evidence and argument, and make a tentative decision upon which that of the commission is based.

Too Many Burdens

This vast and complicated agency is also the executive arm of the Government in railway affairs. It sees to the enforcement of safety-appliance laws, hours-of-service acts, and many other laws, rules and regulations of a similar nature, all of which call for single-headed administration. Moreover, the law makes the commission a banker—it receives and deposits money, invests it, loans it on interest. It is a merchant, too, and buys and leases cars, locomotives and other railway equipment. Also, it is a master accountant and supervises the bookkeeping of American railways.

Ought not the commission be relieved of all but large matters—such vast and vital subjects as rate regulation, discriminations, long and short haul, security issues, the revolving fund, and the like? Any one of these is in itself a big job, and all of them together are as much as any one body of men can take care of properly.

Rate supervision alone is a prodigious task. In applying the long-and-short-haul provision of the law the commission decides the fate of cities, states and sections—it is an imperial power.

The granting or refusal of issues of railway stock, bonds or other securities controls railway extensions, improvements, betterments and every phase of railway progress; indeed the commission holds in its hands the financial solvency of our railway system.

The administration of the great fund provided by the recapture clause, already described, is a tremendous responsibility and a stupendous task—long adjectives but not too extreme and emphatic to describe

(Continued on Page 44)

for Economical Transportation

CHEVROLET

Superior
Utility Coupé

$640

f. o. b. Flint, Mich.

For The Small Family

The world's lowest priced high-grade closed car exactly meets the requirements of the small family.

Father uses it daily going back and forth to work. Evenings and Sundays it holds the young family comfortably, protects baby from winds, storms and cold in winter, yet has all the airiness of an open car in summer.

The plate glass windows are extra large. The wide doors make it easy for mother to enter or leave with baby in her arms.

Finally, and most important, its low price and low maintenance costs make it feasible for the family of modest income.

Chevrolet Motor Company, Detroit, Michigan

Division of General Motors Corporation

Five United States manufacturing plants, seven assembly plants and two Canadian plants give us the largest production capacity in the world for high-grade cars and make possible our low prices.

Prices f. o. b. Flint, Mich.

Superior Roadster	$490	*Commercial Cars*	
Superior Touring	495	Superior Commercial Chassis	$395
Superior Utility Coupé	640	Superior Light Delivery	495
Superior Sedan	795	Utility Express Truck Chassis	550

Dealers and Service Stations everywhere. Applications will be considered from high-grade dealers only, for territory not adequately covered.

Watch This Column

Reginald Denny in "Sporting Youth"

I cordially recommend to you lovers of thrilling pictures Universal's ***"Sporting Youth,"*** Byron Morgan's fine story of the younger set, starring REGINALD DENNY, whom you will recall as the hero of ***"The Leather Pushers."*** It is a story of love and adventure in which the star plays the part of an automobile race-driver and competes in what I believe to be the most thrilling race-scene ever screened. It is full of romance and beauty.

REGINALD DENNY IN SCENE FROM "SPORTING YOUTH"

William Brandt, President of the Motion Picture Theatre Owners, of New York State, has written me a letter suggesting "a Laemmle Month to give the exhibitors of the country a chance to show their appreciation of the wonderful productions Universal has turned out this year. I have just learned," says Mr. Brandt, "that February marks the 40th anniversary of your arrival in this country and suggest that February be chosen."

"Because you as a producer have always been keenly alive to the needs of theatre owners and the public to which they cater, and are always ready to take up the cudgel in their behalf, I believe this mark of appreciation is appropriate. Such marvelous productions as ***'The Hunchback of Notre Dame,' 'Merry Go Round,' 'The Acquittal,' 'A Lady of Quality'*** are jamming exhibitors' theatres and breaking box-office records."

Mr. Brandt thinks that "Laemmle Month" should be devoted to a general showing of Universal productions, and as long as he feels that way, I am willing. It is a remarkable tribute which I appreciate more than I have words to express. Thank you, Mr. Brandt, and thank you, all exhibitors.

Secretary Hoover says that twenty million people, one-third of the total population of Germany, are on the edge of starvation and are suffering for lack of clothes this Winter. I am gathering together food, clothes and money and am distributing them at my own expense in Germany. Won't you send your contribution—no matter what—anything you can afford?

Carl Laemmle
President

UNIVERSAL PICTURES

"The pleasure is all yours"

1600 Broadway, New York City

(Continued from Page 42)

the labors and duties of the commission in using the immense sums of money to be gathered under this provision of the law for the general benefit of our far-flung railway transportation system.

Does not the careful performance of these weighty, delicate and complicated tasks require that other distracting labors be taken from the commission's shoulders? Could not the administration of the acts concerning boiler inspection, safety appliances, ash pans, hours of service, and the like, better be imposed upon some other agency of the Government?

Also, should commissioners be diverted from essential duties by small and vexatious probings into matters of mere business judgment by railway managers? And should a constant and voluminous stream of reports on trifling matters be required of the railways?

If it is thought unwise to put annoying and purely administrative labors in other hands, is it not clear that at least additional heavy and complicated work should not be superimposed on that with which the commission is already overloaded? For example, should the regulation of the coal industry be required of the commission, as is now proposed? Is it possible for that body to perform so vital a function in addition to the duties which it already must discharge? Are we not likely to break down that already elaborate and extensive machinery?

Railway operation ought to be freed from burdensome legislation that is no longer necessary. Congress might create a joint committee to go over our railway laws and report what parts of them hamper railway service without good results to the public, and then such cumbersome mechanism should be gotten rid of. Is there not greater need of simplification and reduction of railway statutes than there is for the multiplication and complication of them?

The Labor Board was an expedient improvised to meet an emergency. The wisdom of such a device is doubtful, to say the least. It interposes a governmental machine between men and managers and is an invitation and encouragement to both to take their disputes before the board instead of settling them at first hand by personal conference and mutual adjustment. Indeed, the greatest need of both management and employes in practical railway operation is personal contact and face-to-face discussion of mutual grievances.

How They Voted

Moreover, the Labor Board has become a house of strife within itself. That was inevitable from the beginning, because antagonism is inherent in the very constitution of the board. Three members represent the men, three other members the managers, and the remaining three members the public. It is as if, when making up a jury, one-third should be selected by the plaintiff, one-third by the defendant, and one-third by the court from the general and disinterested panel.

See how it has worked out. Here is the official record of the votes of these irreconcilable parts of the Labor Board in all sorts of controversies:

GROUP AND MEMBER	VOTE FAVORABLE TO		TOTAL
	CARRIER	EMPLOYES	
PUBLIC:			
Hooper	301	524	825
Hanger	205	687	892
Barton	413	283	696
EMPLOYES:			
Phillips	7	586	593
Wharton	14	910	924
McMenimen	51	822	873
RAILROAD:			
Higgins	685	206	891
Elliott	830	96	926
Baker	884	17	901

It is an impossible situation—against human nature and economic law alike. It has not mollified antagonisms—it has inflamed them. If, as many think, it should be continued since it is now established, should it not be constituted of harmonious rather than irreconcilable elements?

Do not the votes above given show that only the members representing the public try to be impartial? If so, ought not all members of the board be drawn from the public? Should a court be composed of partisans?

At the very least the Labor Board should be reconstituted immediately. Personally, I should like to see it abolished; the employes, the managers, the public—all would be better off without it. But if it is not practicable to repeal that section of the law, surely it can be amended so as to make the board as impartial as a court or a jury.

And is it good business sense, is it common sense or sense of any kind, for an agency of the Government in Chicago to fix railway wages and another agency of the Government in Washington to fix railway rates, there being no legal connection or relationship whatever between the two agencies? Should not the rate-making functions of the Interstate Commerce Commission and the wage-fixing duties of the Labor Board be coördinated?

Every possible encouragement must be given to, every possible obstacle removed from, personal contact of managers and men. The spirit of mutual interest must be fostered in employes and employers alike. Our lawmakers must refuse to be the tools of or furnish legislative weapons to either; let both be made to understand that it is to the advantage of each to act in harmony instead of hostility, and that the public interest is supreme.

Mutual Helpfulness

Organized labor could work wonders in this vital matter. A promising sign that labor leaders are beginning to see this is the experiment on one great railway system of a union expert working in the shops, to increase efficiency of men and improve output of labor. A thoughtful account in a recent railway periodical by O. S. Beyer, Jr., the union official now engaged in this service, indicates that one tryout of this idea is, thus far, encouraging. And Mr. Beyer's statement is no more than fair that the management, on its part, must "declare its willingness to help labor in the solution of its acute difficulties."

Is not that the true spirit—mutual helpfulness? Why not? Both managers and men are equally interested in the success of the road they both serve. Neither can prosper except as the road prospers. Co-operation! It is the meaning of the times if industrial society is to advance—nay, more, if it is to be saved.

If the public statement of William H. Johnson, president of the International Association of Machinists, that the policy of that organization now is along this line and that "unions and managements in co-operation may, with proper technical advice, discover and apply more efficient methods in a way that would be impossible for management acting alone," represents the changed view of organized labor, the sun of a better day has risen. For the commanding need of the hour is mutual effort by management and men in furnishing transportation to the American people.

But if constructive legislative modifications of our present Transportation Act are not practicable at the present time, let the law alone. Perhaps, all things considered, this course may be best. In the past year—the only year since the war that even approached normal conditions—the railways have moved the greatest volume of traffic in the history of the world. They have far exceeded their best efforts in the past, and this despite the forbidding conditions described.

This achievement of our railways in 1923 is a tribute to and a proof of the energy and resourcefulness of American railway managers. Also, as said, there are indications that the confidence of the investing public is returning. Seemingly railways and investors had expected a period of legislative calm after long years of incessant storms.

Is it not plain that if American business can be assured of stability in railway legislation, if the railways are permitted to earn enough to attract investing capital, the recovery of our transportation system will go forward? But if this assurance is not given, this permission not granted, it is as certain as sunset that railway decline will set in once more and government ownership and operation will result.

Very well! Why not? Many earnest and determined persons think that would be best in any case. As Prof. Frank Haigh Dixon, of Princeton, says, "No special form of organization has any inherent right to existence in a democracy." Private railway ownership and operation is not a divine institution—and neither is government ownership and operation. Each must justify itself, each stand or fall on its own merits.

In such balanced scales let us weigh the claims of government ownership and operation just as, with like fairmindedness, we have examined the evolution of American railways up to the present time. The only thing to be decided, the only thing that matters, is what plan will give all of us the best and cheapest railway service.

I have no horror of government ownership and operation as such—I only think it a very bad thing for the American people. So let us examine justly the reasons for and against it; and, while doing so, let us bear in mind that if the weak roads are not assisted or permitted to earn enough to keep going, government ownership and operation of those lines is unavoidable and imminent. For, of course, the poorer roads cannot be abandoned since the well-being of millions depends upon them.

It is said that if the Government ran the roads exploitation of the public by railway manipulators, such as was perpetrated in former times, would not be possible. True—but beside the point. For nothing of that kind can be done today without committing a crime.

Railway officers, directors, attorneys, persons or concerns selling and everybody taking part in marketing railway securities not approved by the Government are included; heavy fines and long imprisonment await all of them. Even acquiescence in such transactions is made criminal.

So drastic and comprehensive is this provision, so autocratic the powers given the Interstate Commerce Commission over railway securities, that grave doubt is aroused as to the wisdom and prudence of this section of the statute. If applied to other industries would not American business come to a standstill?

However, there the law is and there it will remain. So old-time stock-and-bond manipulation simply cannot be done today and is not attempted. Those who urge government ownership on this ground are behind the times.

An Overworked Charge

Yes, but what of the past? Are we not paying tribute on that? No; the Government's physical valuation of railway property as above described now indicates that the final amount may not be far from the total of all outstanding railway securities. Indeed, it would seem possible that it may be more.

In any case ought we not get the definitive report of the Interstate Commerce Commission upon the value of our railways before taking measures that involve valuation—especially measures based on mere assumptions? Is not that reasonable? We shall not have long to wait.

Is it not possible that this charge of over-capitalization has been somewhat overworked? Compare the capitalization of American railways with those of Europe. Those of Germany are capitalized at nearly twice as much, of France more than twice as much, of England almost four times as much per mile as are American railways. The reasons are solider roadbeds, heavier bridges, reenforced tunnels, and many other similar factors.

Accordingly it costs nearly twice as much to haul freight on German roads, even more on French private roads, still more on French state roads, and over four times as much on English roads as it costs to haul freight on American roads—though the English charges cover door-to-door service.

But discriminations! Are not monoplies built up and maintained by means of them? Are not rival business concerns robbed and ruined? Not unless the law is flagrantly violated and the violation condoned and connived at by the officers of justice. Such practices are also now made criminal, with heavy fines and long imprisonment as punishments, just as is true of the issue and sale of unauthorized railway securities.

If discriminations are now made the law is violated, our officers of justice are negligent, incompetent or culpable.

I have little acquaintance with railway presidents, but Senator Albert B. Cummins, chairman of the Senate committee having charge of railway matters, who has made this subject a life study and whose ability, experience and truthfulness are admitted by all, says in a signed article: "I have had opportunity such as few men have had to

(Continued on Page 46)

7-Passenger Phaeton

5-Passenger Sedan

The Balanced Pencil Proves the Motor's Smoothness

TEST Paige smoothness further. Speed up the idling motor. How steady the pencil stands! Now drive the New Paige. Feel under your own control, the silent, smooth energy of the big 70 horsepower Paige motor. And so quiet that you sometimes wonder whether the motor is running.

Press your foot on the accelerator—and you'll pass others on the road—dash ahead in traffic. Here's the ability to do 70 miles an hour—climb hills in high, swiftly or slowly, where others stall and shift. So flexible that you can drive 2 miles an hour, in high. And high-pressure oiling keeps the motor good—preserves its life.

You'll be delighted with the easy handling of the New Paige. For here is the non-jerking Paige clutch. Quiet, easy gear-shifting. Ball-bearing steering-spindles. Expert and novice alike have perfect control of the New Paige.

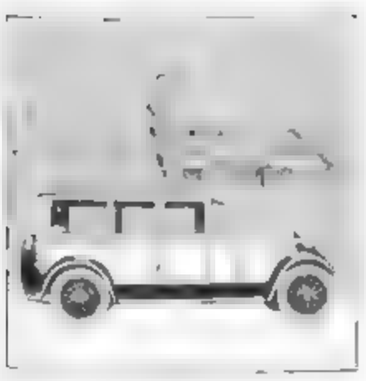
And riding comfort! Bumps are smoothed away under the 131-inch wheelbase and 5-foot rear springs of the New Paige. You'll never give detours and rutty roads a thought. The lines of the New Paige are smarter than ever. And there's only one Paige, one price—no need to explain that you don't drive a smaller, cheaper model.

Here is extraordinary value. Last year the Paige Phaeton sold for $2450. The New Paige—with all its improvements in performance, comfort, appearance—sells for hundreds of dollars less. How can we do it?

In 3 years Paige has grown from 15,000 cars a year to a capacity of 500 cars a day—including the Paige-built Jewett. Naturally, overhead has been cut. The substantial saving is applied to bettering the Paige—and reducing the price. Have the Paige dealer demonstrate the motor's smoothness. Drive it.

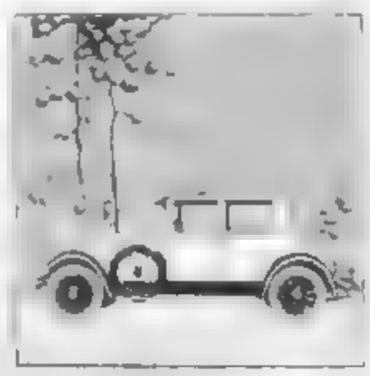
(501)

7-Passenger Sedan



PAIGE

5-Passenger Brougham



THE MOST BEAUTIFUL CAR IN AMERICA

-but he got it!

Over and over and again—it seemed as if his task were endless. For Peter was after just one thing—a blend of milk chocolate that was *perfect*.

And finally he got it!

From scores of varieties of cocoa beans, only six go into *Peter's*—and only the finest grades of these. And the milk is fresh and pure daily—blended into the rich chocolate within 24 hours.

A perfect blend—smooth and rich—a fine, rare flavor that only *Peter's* has.

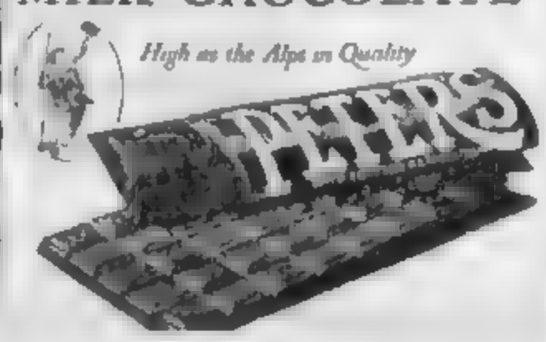
It's a secret process—this *Peter's* blend. Only experienced foremen thoroughly trained in Swiss methods have charge of the work.

Peter's is different—distinctive—*good*. You'll like the fine rare flavor of it.

If unable to obtain Peter's promptly, write to Lamont, Corliss & Company, 133 Hudson St., New York, sole selling agents.

Peter's
MILK CHOCOLATE

High as the Alps in Quality



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observe and study the competency and honesty of our present railway management, and I desire to say that, with here and there an exception, railway managers are as competent as the managers of other great enterprises of which we are so justly proud, and they are just as honest as other men engaged in the laudable effort to make profits for those whom they represent." That would seem to be perfectly obvious.

From personal experience and observation, so eminent and informed an authority as Professor Cunningham denies banker control. In his recent notable book, American Railroads, he testifies that he knows from personal knowledge that no such influence was or is exercised on the typical railroad.

Professor Cunningham is not only a teacher but a practical railway man with years of experience in railway management and intimate personal acquaintance with railway methods and policies. His statement is, therefore, first-hand testimony.

An Irrevocable Step

People having money to invest usually do not buy securities from the concerns issuing them, but from and on the recommendation of favorite banks and brokers. Investors rely on them, rather than on the issuing company directly. This is true of the stock and bonds of even local corporations. Those who object to this process must quarrel with human nature. People simply prefer to make their investments in that manner. It is the age-old fact of the middleman in human transactions.

If none of the above reasons is valid, what other reasons are advanced for government ownership and operation? Would the railways be better run than they now are, the people be more efficiently served, rates be lower, wages higher, transportation more speedy and convenient? If so, by all means let us try the experiment.

But that word "experiment" is the first stumblingblock, for government ownership and operation would not be temporary—it would be permanent. All students of the subject agree on that. Professor Ripley thus states the conclusion of all scholars as to government ownership and operation of American railways: "Once accepted, there can be no withdrawal." That fact is plain to the man in the street or at the plow or in the factory or store.

Who would take the railways off our hands if we did not like the experiment? And even if private capital could again be massed in such quantities as to buy back the railroads, is it not certain that such purchase would only be made at a great loss to the Government? That, of course, would mean a loss to the taxpayers.

At the best we should probably be forced to grant operating concessions to private corporations with absolute guaranties of operating revenues and also profits, to induce those corporations to take off our hands the operation of the roads, just as Italy is now planning to do. Is that an attractive prospect?

Under government ownership who will pay the more than $300,000,000 of taxes which the railways now pay every year to the states and the nation? Somebody must pay that vast sum. The Government will not; it does not tax itself. Who then? The people, of course—all of us. The annual taxes now paid by each citizen would be increased by his proportion of that sum.

Would government ownership and operation give us lower rates? Would not the Government have to buy material just as the railways now buy their material? Could the Government buy more cheaply? Could it make better bargains? Would government purchasing agents have greater incentive for economy?

That has not been the experience of our own or of any other government in the past. Did not the war reveal a deplorable lack of business methods formed during the long years of peace in the purchase of army materials? And is it not the same in other purchasing branches of the Government?

Would the Government reduce rates by cutting the wages of railway employes? Of course not. It is not human nature to expect Congress to do anything of the kind; and we know that Congress would not do it. On the contrary, is it not much more likely that this important part of railway expense would be heavily increased? Was not this done when the Government did run the roads, even though the nation was at war?

If the Government were to make railway rates lower regardless of the expense of running the roads, the result would be, of course, an annual loss. How would this loss be made up? By taxation, of course, and in no other way. So, even if railway rates were arbitrarily reduced, general and individual taxation would be correspondingly increased, would it not?

At this point we face another certain source of railway expense under government ownership: Branch lines would be built, stations erected, and innumerable other things done from political motives instead of from economic necessity. For many years we have seen the working of this system in congressional appropriations for public buildings, river and harbor improvements, and the like.

Expenditures of the public's money for such purposes are, in political campaigns, used as proof that those who have secured such largess from the National Government have been looking out for their particular districts and states.

Would not the same plan work if the Government owned and operated the railways? If not, why not? Would not representatives and senators from districts and states through which an unproductive railway ran insist that it be richly maintained, even at a loss, since the entire American people would have to pay for it? Would not representatives and senators from districts and sections where new branch lines were demanded work to have those lines constructed, even though it were plain that they would lose millions every year?

More Burdensome Taxes

And would not deals and bargains for votes be made with other representatives and senators who wanted votes in return for some similar enterprise requiring an appropriation? If this were done is it not obvious that expenses for railway construction and maintenance would be multiplied? If so would not the mathematical result be the multiplication of taxes—or the multiplication of railway rates?

And still more taxes! The purchase of the railroads by the Government would add at least $20,000,000,000 to our national debt; for how could it buy the railroads for less than the value of the property as determined by the Interstate Commerce Commission? So that would mean, would it not, a doubling of our national taxes before the Government could even take charge?

Would government ownership and operation give us better service? Does it not seem reasonable to suppose that the contrary would happen? A vast government machine, made up of and run by government employes, would then do the work now done by alert, experienced managers who have every incentive to render good service. Would government employes have such incentive? Do they now have such incentive in our departments?

There are many thousand fewer employes under private operation today than there were four years ago. Yet even now there are upwards of 2,000,000 railway employes, and with government ownership and operation this vast army would become government employes by a stroke of the pen; and these 2,000,000 represent a total of not far from 3,000,000 voters.

When these are added to the more than 500,000 employes now on Federal pay rolls, and the 1,000,000 or more votes they represent, we see the extent to which the bureaucratic control of the Government would be increased.

Also, we see another reason why we shall never be able to free ourselves from government ownership, once we have shackled ourselves with it.

We are told that government ownership and operation is a success in foreign countries. What countries? Germany? Yes, but under the most compact and efficient civil service the world has ever seen; and Germany, be it remembered, even before the war, was only about two-thirds as large as Texas, and with nearly 70,000,000 people. Not Canada—at least not yet; or perhaps it is too early to judge the results of Canada's gallant experiment. Not England—British railways are privately owned and run. Not France—most French roads are also privately owned; the government assisted in building and equipping them, they are made monopolies by law and are operated under government guaranty of dividends! Moreover, in England, France and every other country, not only in Europe but the world over, government regulation of private railway management and operation is moderate and simple compared with that of the United States.

Belgium owns and operates about half her railway mileage, Holland more, and Switzerland still more; but these countries are no larger than one of our medium-sized states, are densely populated, and their people trained to habits of thought and conduct quite unlike those of our widely scattered 110,000,000 human beings.

Also, the tendency, even in these little countries as well as larger nations, is away from government ownership and operation. Perhaps these figures may partially explain this recession: In 1921 the French state railways scored a deficit of over $85,000,000, those of Italy more than $200,000,000, and so on.

At this moment Italy is considering plans to get rid of government operation by giving private companies concessions to operate the roads, the government to guarantee to these private companies the receipt of a specified revenue; and all profits over 7 per cent to be divided with the government. As we have seen, that is the very best we could hope to do if our Government took over and ran the roads, failed and tried to get rid of them.

Nevertheless, that is what we are coming to and rapidly, at least so far as feeble and losing roads are concerned—unless they are maintained in some way, whether by consolidation, government aid at the expense of prosperous roads as provided by Section 15-A of the law, more earnings or other sustaining plan, it is well nigh certain that the Government will take and run them.

But if we reject government ownership and operation, what shall we do? Obviously, help to make private ownership and operation successful. We have made legally impossible the old and evil practices that justly aroused public resentment against the railways in the past. That work is done so far as law can do it; and if any of the former misdeeds are now committed our public officials are at fault.

Consistent with the public interest, railway managers must be given such freedom of action as that enjoyed by other business men who direct large industries. The object should be to encourage rather than to discourage the initiative, enterprise and resourcefulness of those in charge of the nation's transportation.

Steady as She Goes

On their part, railway managers have an inviting field of labor, not so dramatic and charged with adventure as that of bygone days, but even bigger, far more delicate and equally important.

Useful and practical consolidation of lines, carefully thought out extension of systems, development of terminals, elimination of waste—matters like these challenge the best efforts and highest constructive ability of railway managers.

Contact with the public, molding the opinions of communities and being molded by them, contact and coöperation with employes in the mass, estimating the future of the regions through which their roads run, arousing and joining in the spirit of productivity—things like these require the address and vision of statesmanship.

When added to the concrete labor of conducting the transportation of the most numerous, active and prosperous people on earth, the formulation of financial and other basic policies required by that mighty service, the domain of effort and achievement opened by the modern conditions described, are rich in attractive possibilities.

I would do away with vindictive laws which serve no good purpose and make difficult the realization of those possibilities by railway managers. I would encourage mutual confidence and helpfulness between them and the communities they serve. I would remove every obstacle in the way of personal contact between them and the men they employ. I would give freer play to human nature, good sense, and the spirit of adjustment, which, in the end, must largely work out our human conflicts, difficulties and problems.

So forward with good will into the new period now at hand, cooperation our watchword, mutual helpfulness our ruling spirit. Thus shall we realize a promising future. All hands to the task, then, and steady she goes.

Editor's Note—This is the second of two articles by Mr. Beveridge dealing with the railroads.

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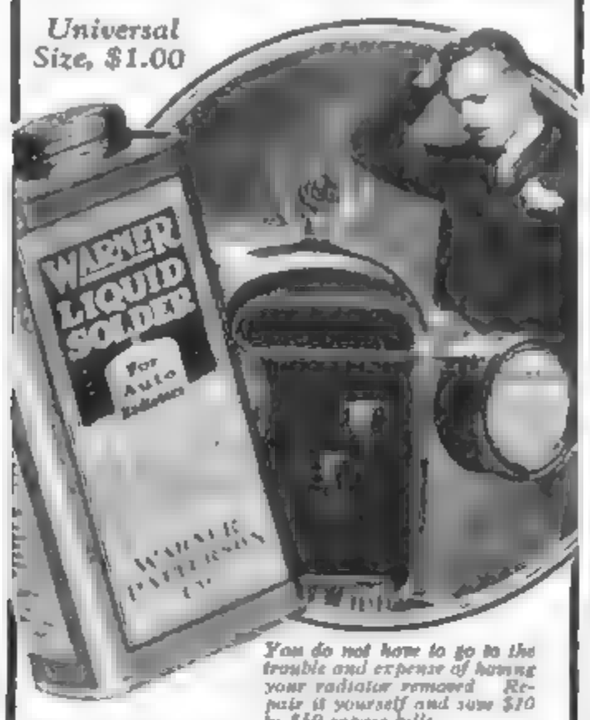

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Enclosed find ... Please send me one can of Warner Penetreen.
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DOLLS

(Continued from Page 23)

Vivien's door to glance in. Brooks was engaged in folding a filmy negligee whose transparency was delicate as mist. The perfume with which Vivien surrounded herself wafted its subtle aroma into the hallway where Edwina stood. When the maid had disposed of the negligee she took up the jewels Vivien apparently had discarded as possibilities of her toilet—a sapphire ring splendid enough for a queen to wear, a pendent ruby lurid as blood, a chain of diamonds that ran through the woman's fingers burningly as fire.

Edwina sighed, then flared with instinctive anger. Any one of these baubles on her mother's dressing table would mean health and life to innumerable children. A picture of her afternoon crossed the retina of her mind—a child, maimed and hideous with disease, brought into the clinic by a mother unable to pay for its treatment. For an instant the child's thin wail was in her ears; for an instant the memory of its hideous wizened face seared her consciousness. Then Brooks, with the jewels, had passed across the angle of her vision and the soft light at her mother's dressing table was extinguished.

Edwina mounted the remaining staircase. When she descended she found Leonard in the small waiting room near the door. He looked at her as if he were seeing her for the first time. Then he held out his arms. But Edwina shook her head, laughed a trifle embarrassedly and drew away.

"But are we really engaged?" she asked with a sudden diffidence.

Leonard came close to her.

"We are," he answered, and across the dark of his eyes darted little tongues of flamelike light.

Edwina regarded the flamelike tongues of light in her lover's eyes and shrugged.

"All right; we are," she said.

His kiss was terrifying in its intensity. She felt bruised and scalded from it; the contact of his mustache left her mouth aching. And there was a look in the eyes so close to hers that surprised her; but before she had released herself he closed his lips on hers again.

When she was free of his arms she turned to the glass above the mantel behind her; her hat was awry, her hair loosened from its impeccable neatness, a red smear stained the vicinity of her mouth. A faint repulsion stirred in her. But her hands, instinctively busy, were putting her hair to rights, straightening the hat, rubbing away the stain about her mouth. She felt bruised and illtreated, and at the same time excited and exhilarated, thrilled. Under cover of her ministrations to the injured coiffure she shot a scrutinizing glance at the man who stood beside her, surveying her with possessive eyes. An instant's memory of Scotson's whimsical love-making assailed her; a recollection of the cool perfection of his ardor sprang like a sudden iceberg against the fire of this.

And immediately against her thought of the other man's love Leonard said. "You like for me to kiss you. Shall I kiss you again?"

Edwina raised instinctive hands against another kiss; but, quite helplessly, she found herself again in her lover's arms.

"Don't!" she heard herself cry after what seemed an eternity of time, helpless in his strong arms, against his fierce lips. When at last she was released she said, "You mustn't, you know. I don't like it."

Leonard laughed softly at her words.

"It's the loveliest mouth in the world," he answered. "Am I to forgo kissing it because you haven't learned yet what kisses mean?"

Edwina regarded her lover with quiet eyes. At this moment there was something in her glance uncannily like her mother; some of the cool appraising of Vivien's inertia against forces she recognized as superior to herself, and so perforce respected.

But Leonard said, "You look like your mother."

Edwina shook off her mother's look.

"We'll never get to dinner at this rate. Come along, lover of mine."

As they descended the outer steps of the house she slipped her hand through his arm, craving a closer contact with the force she feared and admired. Leonard touched the fingers that clasped his arm, patted them, pressed them with some of the prodigious strength for which he was famed. Edwina winced, wrenched them away.

"You're so strong," she complained with mock crossness. "I'm afraid to be affectionate for fear of what you'll do to me."

Leonard fumbled for the hand she had withdrawn, placed it again in position upon his forearm, patted it with affected lightness, laughing into her side-turned eyes.

"I'll teach you love," he began, but the laughter with which he started the speech turned into sudden gloom.

"Oh!" Edwina ejaculated.

He continued, "I'm glad you've told your people. I wouldn't, you know, be put in the position of stealing you."

Edwina said, "I told mother yesterday."

"Yes?" he questioned. Edwina was silent. "Yes?" he asked again. And then, "What did she say?"

Edwina was remembering her mother's perfect poise, the total absence in her bearing of any chagrin, any disappointment, and instinctively she was conscious of an admiration, a respect for the other's completeness of breeding.

"She didn't say anything," she informed him. "But, of course, mother wouldn't. She's always thoroughly passive in all things." It occurred to Edwina, for a rather illuminating instant, that her mother was an experience Leonard had never had before. She jerked herself together as she realized he was speaking.

"—— tomorrow. I made an appointment with your father for 11:30."

Edwina regarded her lover. They had come now to the corner and stood waiting in the sharp air of early spring. Before she could reply a bus hove upon them in the sudden way busses appear out of nothingness, and in the interval of hoisting herself

(Continued on Page 50)

"But You Were Considering an Immediate Marriage Just Last Night——"

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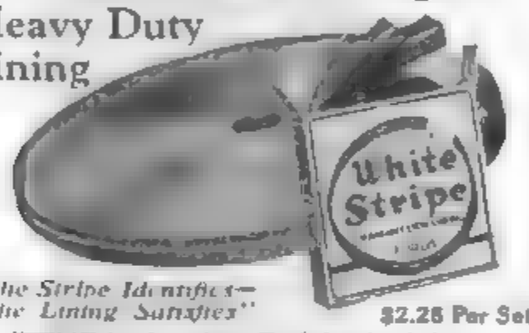

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"Every Product the Best of its Kind"

(Continued from Page 48)

up the tortuous stairway Edwina momentarily forgot the thing of which they had been speaking.

There were not two vacant seats together and Leonard was forced to sit behind Edwina.

But he leaned forward immediately, put his ear close to hers and said, "Damn this crowd! I wanted to hold your hand to Washington Square."

"Hush!" was Edwina's instinctive response. "Someone'll hear you." She glanced at the man who shared the seat with her and blushed crimson at his saying immediately, "Will you allow me to give you this seat?"

Leonard rose at once.

"Thank you," he said easily as he slipped into place beside Edwina and reached for her hand.

Edwina allowed her lover to hold her hand, but the turmoil of her thought prevented any thrill from coursing through her at his touch. And when, two squares further on, Leonard attempted to insinuate his arm about her waist she wrenched herself free. But the tone of voice in which she spoke to him was gentle.

"You mustn't, you know; I can't endure public love-making."

"But what's the difference?" Leonard answered, disregarding her shrinking and boldly folding his arm about her. "What earthly difference does it make?" he repeated.

Edwina thought, "How can I tell him the difference if he doesn't know it?" Aloud she said, "You mustn't be so ardent."

Her gayety encouraged him.

"I want a kiss," he whispered with his lips so close to her face that she trembled for fear he meant to kiss her there on the top of a Fifth Avenue bus.

But he made no move closer to her, and when her terror vanished she found herself wanting a kiss, too, from the lips so near hers. The perfume of tobacco on his breath thrilled her; she was conscious of a delicious tingling.

As they lurched to a stop at Twelfth Street the music from a hurdy-gurdy rose upon the wind. The tune was La Bella Napoli, and Edwina thought that never had she heard so alluring a strain. In it was all the magic of beauty and of love; and here beside her, holding her hand in a grasp so tight as almost to hurt, was her lover. Beyond, the lights of Washington Square twinkled like myriad fireflies, and the soft hum of innumerable voices rose with a magic that was part of the magic of the night.

"Oh, Leonard!" she said, and tears were in her eyes.

He bent closer about her, discerned the tears in her eyes.

"I want to kiss you," he whispered. "I want to kiss you!"

But Edwina winked away the tears, shook her head at him. And then they had come to their corner, and Leonard rose precipitately and fled before her down the tortuous stairs.

On the street again, he insinuated his arm along hers, pressing his iron fingers into her wrist.

"I love you," he whispered. "Tell me you love me, Edwina. Tell me you'll marry me—right away—tomorrow—tonight!"

Edwina laughed at his absurdity and immediately grew grave.

"I wish we could be married right away," she said.

He stopped dead at her side; she was forced to turn round from the step she carried forward.

"Do you?" he demanded. "Do you wish you could marry me tonight?"

The girl nodded slowly, her eyes clinched in his.

"I'm afraid to wait," she said.

"Afraid?"

"Yes," Edwina explained. And then, "Oh, do come on. We can't, you know, stand here in the middle of the pavement and discuss our engagement."

There was a trace of acerbity in her tone. But Leonard remained motionless.

"You're always thinking of what you're doing," he replied as tartly as she had spoken. "Edwina, you've got to forget all that when you're my wife. Remember, you won't be the grand Miss Towers then; nobody'll care where you discuss your engagement, or whether we kiss and hold hands on the tops of busses. When you're my wife you'll be free of all that slavery of appearances."

Edwina said, "Yes."

At her monosyllable Leonard relented from his attitude and moved forward to her side.

"But we mustn't quarrel tonight," he whispered; "the first night of our engagement, really. Edwina, is it true you love me—you—you?"

For answer, she lifted her gloved hand to his cheek, let her fingers stray along its edge in the tenderest of gestures.

"Oh, I love you," she said.

Leonard smiled into her eyes.

"I'm rather a terrible person for you to love." His face grew swiftly grave. "I'm rather a terrible person for you to love," he repeated.

His hand dropped from her arm, the distance widened between their erstwhile close figures. His head drooped forward on its tremendous neck. Edwina said nothing to relieve the depression that had come upon him; a tenderness suffocating in intensity had seized her in its grasp. She was remembering the first time she had met him, when some business of the clinic took her to his office in the hospital, and she had entered to find him bending above a cowering old woman. She remembered his inimitable gentleness to the woman, the kindness of his advice, his voice. And finally, when the woman went, he turned at last to her, with the pain not yet gone out of his eyes. Unconsciously Edwina crossed the little space between them and touched him on the arm.

"I love you," she whispered, overcome with a delicious shyness. "Leonard, I love you." As she spoke she beheld a vision of their marriage, the beauty of a household bare of luxury, filled with the love she would feel for Leonard, the love he would feel for her.

Against the realness of Leonard, her shrinking from him on the bus because he wanted to kiss her in public, her shrinking from him because he put his arm about her, stopping in the middle of the pavement to discuss their engagement seemed the merest trifles, things not to be considered. A mood of abasement came upon her; she wanted to humiliate herself, to ask his pardon.

"Leonard," she said, "forgive me. The bus, you know. It doesn't matter. I'm sorry."

He looked at her, puzzled.

"The bus?" he questioned, unaware of the trend of her thoughts. Edwina swallowed.

"It's my training," she explained explosively. "You'll have to be patient, dearest."

When he understood her, Leonard laughed gently.

"I love it in you," he admitted. "Edwina, I've never known a woman like you—a lady." He was staring at her sulphurously. "A lady," he repeated gloomily.

Edwina burst out laughing at his words.

"Forgive me," she begged with mock humility. "I'll try not to be a lady. Oh, I'll try!"

They had come now to the door of their café; inside innumerable little tables were crowded together, and innumerable people were crowded at the little tables. A thick cloud of cigarette smoke hung in the air, and the aroma of food.

As they seated themselves Leonard bent across the distance of their little table and whispered, "I'd like to kiss you right here."

Edwina smiled at him. She felt comparatively safe in the precincts of this place where she had dined with him innumerable other times, and so she defied him.

"I dare you!" she replied.

For answer he rose deliberately from his chair, crossed the angle of the table, bent above her frozen amazement and kissed her as long and as intently as he had done in her mother's waiting room. When Edwina revived from the trance of her surprise he had resumed his place opposite her and was smiling at the anger and amazement in her face.

"Don't dare me to do anything like that if you don't want me to do it," he told her casually. And then, as the waiter seemed suddenly to have appeared at hand, he asked, "What do you want to eat?"

Edwina said, "Oh, anything."

He was busy for some seconds arranging the order with the waiter; seconds Edwina spent in trying to clear by sheer will power her cheeks of the color that persisted in staining them a bright pink. Across from them three men were dining, and when she dared lift her eyes to their faces one of them grinned at her in quite a friendly fashion. Instinctively she fancied she must know him and was on the point of bowing, when something in his bearing conveyed to her the knowledge that his friendliness was prompted by the spectacle of Leonard's kiss. Again the stinging red mounted to her cheeks; a most intense misery for a moment engulfed her.

Leonard—but Leonard was different. She must realize Leonard was different—different from any other man she had ever known. She must make allowance. His splendid manhood was free of the fringes of cultivation she had accepted hitherto in her friends without thought.

The waiter departed at last and Leonard turned his attention to her. She noted at once that his eyes were humble.

"Forgive me. I was a brute."

His remorse swept away her chagrin.

"You're a dear," she answered. "Why should I care if these people know we're engaged? I only wish everyone knew it. When shall we announce it, dearest?"

"Announce it?" Leonard echoed.

Edwina laughed.

"You old goose!" she said. "Surely you know people announce their engagements—tell the world they intend to marry."

"But why?" Edwina regarded her lover blankly. It occurred to her that he was teasing her. But the gravity of his eyes contradicted her suspicion. "I don't want anyone to know anything about us until we slip away and get a wedding license and put a notice in the papers for the benefit of your friends and my associates. What's the use of all these absurd conventions? I hate them. We're engaged—your mother and father have to know it, because they wouldn't understand my monopoly of you otherwise; but no one else needs to know about it."

Edwina's hand upon the table moved with the slightest suggestion of a shrug.

"The trouble with me is," she said, "I'm still thinking in terms of mother and Fifth Avenue. Do you think I'll ever learn to be a plain citizen of the world instead of a pampered darling carried around on lace-frilled pillows?"

Leonard said, "When you're my wife there'll be no lace-frilled pillows, my dear. I wonder if you know what being married to me will mean?"

"Tell me."

Opposite him, Edwina leaned forward to hear what he would answer. Again she caught the fragrance of tobacco on his breath, felt the thrill of fascination his strength roused in her. Leonard, too, bent forward; their faces were the slightest distance apart.

"It'll mean life," he answered, "struggle and defeat and weariness and work. Children too—many children."

His dark eyes so close to her seemed suddenly aflame with leaping fire.

"Yes," Edwina whispered.

Leonard sank back in his chair; the flames died along his irises. Edwina, too, relaxed from the tenseness of her position. And at that moment the waiter came with a steaming tureen.

When they had finished dinner and innumerable cigarettes Edwina said, "We must be going, dear."

A little sigh was in her voice. Leonard rose at once.

"I want to take you to my apartment," he replied; "let you see how I live, and where."

A strangling surprise gripped Edwina. "Oh!" she ejaculated.

Leonard was occupied selecting a coin with which to tip the waiter. He was an inordinate time about it, it occurred to Edwina. She shrank faintly from the ostentatious way he presented it. And then they were in the passage, had passed through the door, and the cool sweetness of the night air was in her face. Leonard touched her arm, turned her from the way she instinctively took.

"Do you mind walking to the apartment?" he asked. "It's only three short blocks."

"I think I'd better go home," Edwina said lamely.

She was conscious of a tremendous embarrassment; she knew quite definitely that she didn't want to go to Leonard's apartment with him, and also that she didn't want him to know she didn't. He took it entirely for granted, however, that she was going, and suddenly she decided she would.

With the decision made, a sense of relief swept her. After all, she had told her mother of her engagement; she was frankly burning all bridges behind her; she and Leonard would live a life entirely divorced

(Continued on Page 52)

The New ESSEX

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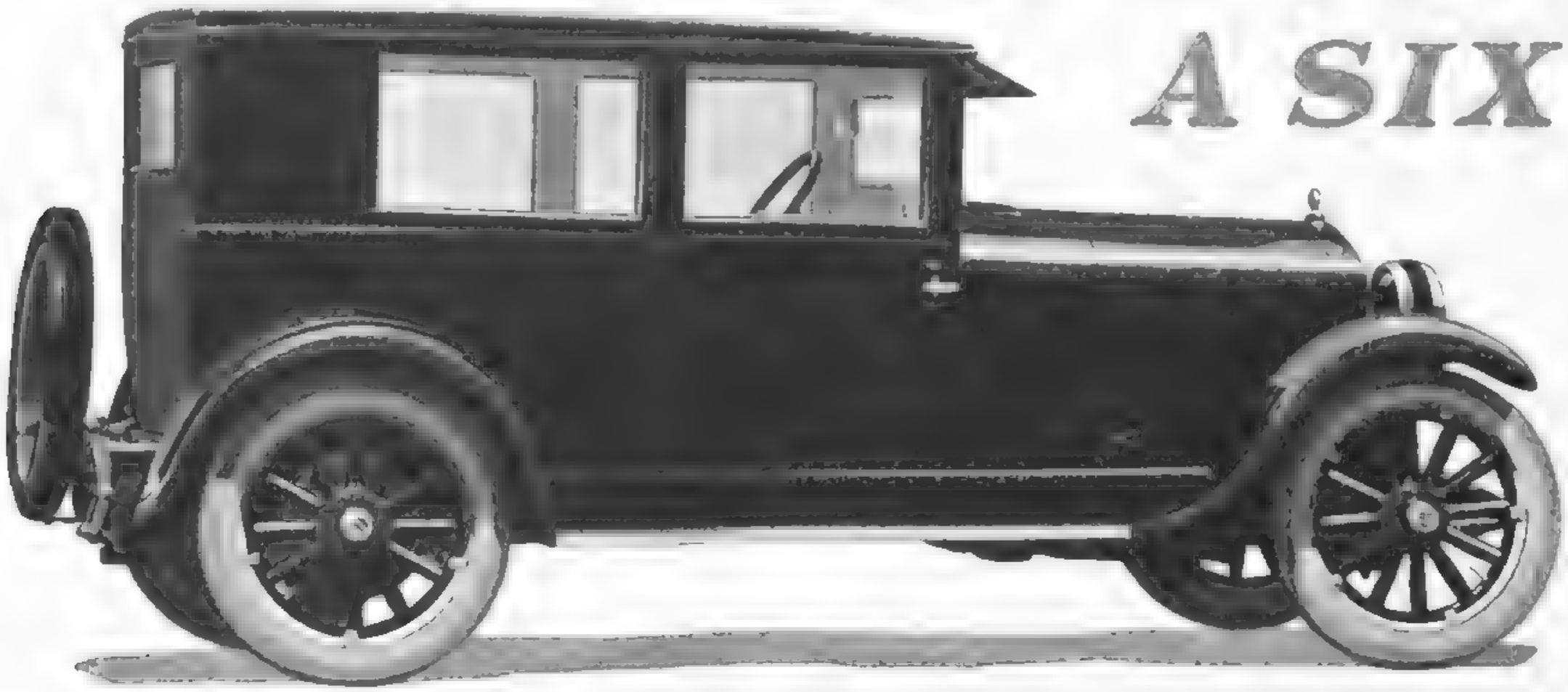

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E W Hammons

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EDUCATIONAL FILM EXCHANGES, INC.
EXECUTIVE OFFICES, NEW YORK
E W Hammons
President

(Continued from Page 50)

from convention and society. How ridiculous to stand on the absurdity of refusing to go to his apartment! She found her hand on his arm, craving the touch of his strength, craving the thrill of his nearness.

When they entered the door of his apartment building he said, "You won't mind a climb, will you? I live on the top floor."

"Oh, no," Edwina answered.

He preceded her up the dim stairway. On each landing a flickering gaslight flared, its flame caught by the vagrant breezes that strayed through the night. The flickering light made Leonard's figure waver uncertainly, grotesquely. Edwina became conscious of an amazed wonder at her presence here on this dimly lighted tenement stair. She was aware of a dreamlike vagueness. Almost she thought this was a dream. Of a sudden the man leading her along this shadowy stair seemed an utter stranger. And then they had come to his locked door and the dreamlike progress ended. Leonard smiled at her as he inserted the key. With a feeling of utter confusion Edwina passed the threshold and found herself in a warm, close darkness.

"I'll turn on the light," Leonard was saying, and she heard him move about.

A flare of light momentarily blinded her. When her eyes focused she crossed into the room, which she noted at once was as sterilely scientific as possible. Beyond a white-curtained surgical screen she suspected the presence of a cotlike bed. At the right was a desk, its papers squared into impeccable piles weighted with weights. There were several comfortable chairs and a table equipped with Bunsen burners and crucibles and beakers, bottles, glass stoppered and mysterious.

The sight of her lover's room filled Edwina with a feeling of tenderness. It was so exactly as she might have expected to find it—so scientific, so sterile, so alive. She crossed to the chemical table, hesitated there an instant, fingering a shining beaker. Leonard followed her. For a wordless interval they stood there together. Then Edwina moved away, seated herself in a great chair drawn up beside Leonard's desk.

"Let me take your hat," he said, following her; and immediately his hands were busy removing it.

He deposited it, with her coat, on the bed beyond the surgical screen and, emerging again into her sight, said, "You don't know how sweet it is to have you here."

Edwina smiled at him from the depths of her great chair.

"You'll do wonderful work, Leonard, when we're married and have me to take charge of things for you." There was a hint of roguishness in her eyes.

Leonard said, "Will you know how to take charge of things? My kitchenette's there." He indicated a closed door.

"I'm awfully ignorant of all the essentials of life, but when we give balls I'll know just what to do."

She laughed at her words, and lifted her eyes to his. Leonard was standing close at her side in a slightly tentative way; but as she spoke he seated himself on the broad arm of her chair, slipped his hands along her shoulders to bend her upturned face to his.

"When you're my wife you'll learn," he said.

She did not answer. And after a pause he began to speak of his work, the experiments that had commanded the notice and the respect of a great scientific research body and forced from them a most flattering and generous offer.

"I've an experiment under way now," he said, and for the instant his eyes became utterly introspective, self-absorbed.

In the preoccupation of his interest Edwina ceased to exist for him. A lightning-like jealousy of his preoccupation smote Edwina; it came to her as she sat there that it was possible for his scientific interest so to occupy him that she could cease to be. The thought opened for her unimagined vistas: she was conscious of a sadness of pain. In it she glimpsed woman's tragedy the realization of her inadequacy to absorb her lover, the inadequacy of love.

Leonard was speaking again. He was telling her that marriage would benefit his work, assure his career.

"You've no idea of the stabilizing power of marriage to a man's senses and emotions. Edwina, the craving for you I'm suffering now -yes, the passion that torments me! Why, these things are death to any scientific progress! In the midst of the most important experiment, when the chemicals are boiling, resolving, exploding, the thought of you assails me. I have all I can do to go on with the thing!"

His arms relaxed their hold of her in the intensity of his thought, his preoccupation carried him to his feet. For a moment he stood before her, glowering at her in fierce anger. Edwina stared at him without speaking. Shadowily across her consciousness swept a wave of resentment that he should think of love, should use love, as a stabilizing influence to further his scientific career—or that he should tell her he did. As she stared at him that last thought assumed tremendous proportions in her mind—that he should tell her he did! And irrelevantly a thought of her mother crossed her mind, a thought of Vivien's consummate skill in veiling the repellent and necessary ugliness of life.

With a quick motion of her head she banished the thought of Vivien; with a definite effort of will she focused on Leonard again. She smiled slowly and spoke.

"Does it occur to you your frankness is offensive to me—that it hurts?" He bent a puzzled, amazed glance upon her, leaned forward to take her hands. But Edwina withdrew from his touch. "Answer me without—that."

"I don't understand. How could I have been offensive to you—hurt you?"

She made a little outward appealing gesture with her hands, then rose to her feet.

"You're too scientific," she complained.

Of a sudden her outbreak seemed to her ridiculous, absurd. Of course it was only natural for him to feel that marriage would be a stabilizing influence. All men felt so; she herself had fancied to be married would be the most comfortable thing in the world. A rage at herself for what she thought of as childishness possessed her. And so a humbleness tinged the quality of the new mood wherewith she reapproached Leonard. He still was standing slightly apart, bending upon her a gaze of mingled puzzlement and disappointment. Edwina took a step to him, held out her hands.

"Forgive my absurdity," she begged. "I'm a vain, shallow thing."

But Leonard held her off from him.

"Let me understand you. You accuse me of hurting you. What could have been in your mind?"

Edwina winced inwardly; this was the first time in her life that an effort of hers at apology had not met with instant acceptance. She found herself before him, hands outstretched, but held off, baffled, put on the defensive. A chagrin smote her; the whole episode was absurd. For an instant anger flared through her; something like a hatred of Leonard stirred in her consciousness. She found herself turning away in the most casual manner.

"We're both ridiculous—and I've got to go home."

Leonard moved at that, and followed her as she crossed the room to hunt behind the screen for her hat and coat. He caught up with her as she touched her hat, took it from her hands, which he held close in both of his, and looked into her eyes.

"I think I know now why you felt I had been offensive to you—hurt you."

"Why?" Edwina asked.

It came to her that she felt equal to Leonard, as detached as he, and entirely mistress of the situation and of herself.

"Because I paid you the compliment of believing you could face the truth of life."

Edwina stared at him without answering.

"I'm a scientist, Edwina, and you're a woman deliberately turning away from the frivolities and insincerities of life ——"

He broke off, to stare at her strangely. As he did so Edwina thought irrelevantly that never had he seemed so strong, so all that she admired and desired.

He had hurt her, who never in all her experience of life had been hurt before by anyone who loved her. Confusingly a feeling of tremendous exaltation stirred in her. The thought of Vivien strayed vanishingly through her mind. She was conscious of a flamelike emotion along her veins; of a swooning happiness and pain. The tension of her emotion held her apart from Leonard.

Then his arms were about her, crushing her.

"Leonard, Leonard!" she whispered, and closed her eyes against the thing she saw in his.

It was as if a tremendous sea submerged her. And then her flame of feeling froze to sudden ice. She wrenched herself free of his embrace and stood away as if caught in the paralysis of a huge surprise.

Leonard, across the space between them, regarded her furtively; he was thinking how lovely she was with her hair fallen loose from restraining pins. He was thinking ——

But Edwina said, "If you'll find me a cab, I won't trouble you to take me home."

He was struck with the likeness of her manner to her mother's.

"Forgive me," he stammered.

She continued to look at him as if caught in the paralysis of a huge surprise. It occurred to him, absurdly, that she was waiting for him to hold her coat. He did so with utmost formality.

"Forgive me," he said again when she had drawn on her gloves, fastened them very deliberately.

She looked at him as if from a great distance and led the way to his door. They descended the stairs in silence and passed into the street.

An extreme coolness filled the air. Edwina buttoned her coat close about her and turned her face toward Sixth Avenue with eyes as cold as the cold night. The fire of the emotion through which she had passed had vanished into a chilling apathy. She shivered imperceptibly. As they reached the corner of the avenue and stopped an instant at the curb she said, quite without knowing what the words would be, quite from the depths of her subconsciousness, "I'm sorry, Leonard—for everything."

Leonard's hand touched her elbow; holding her so, he propelled her across the street, where a convenient cab emerged out of the night.

Edwina thought, "He doesn't realize what I mean." Aloud she repeated, "I'm sorry, Leonard—for everything."

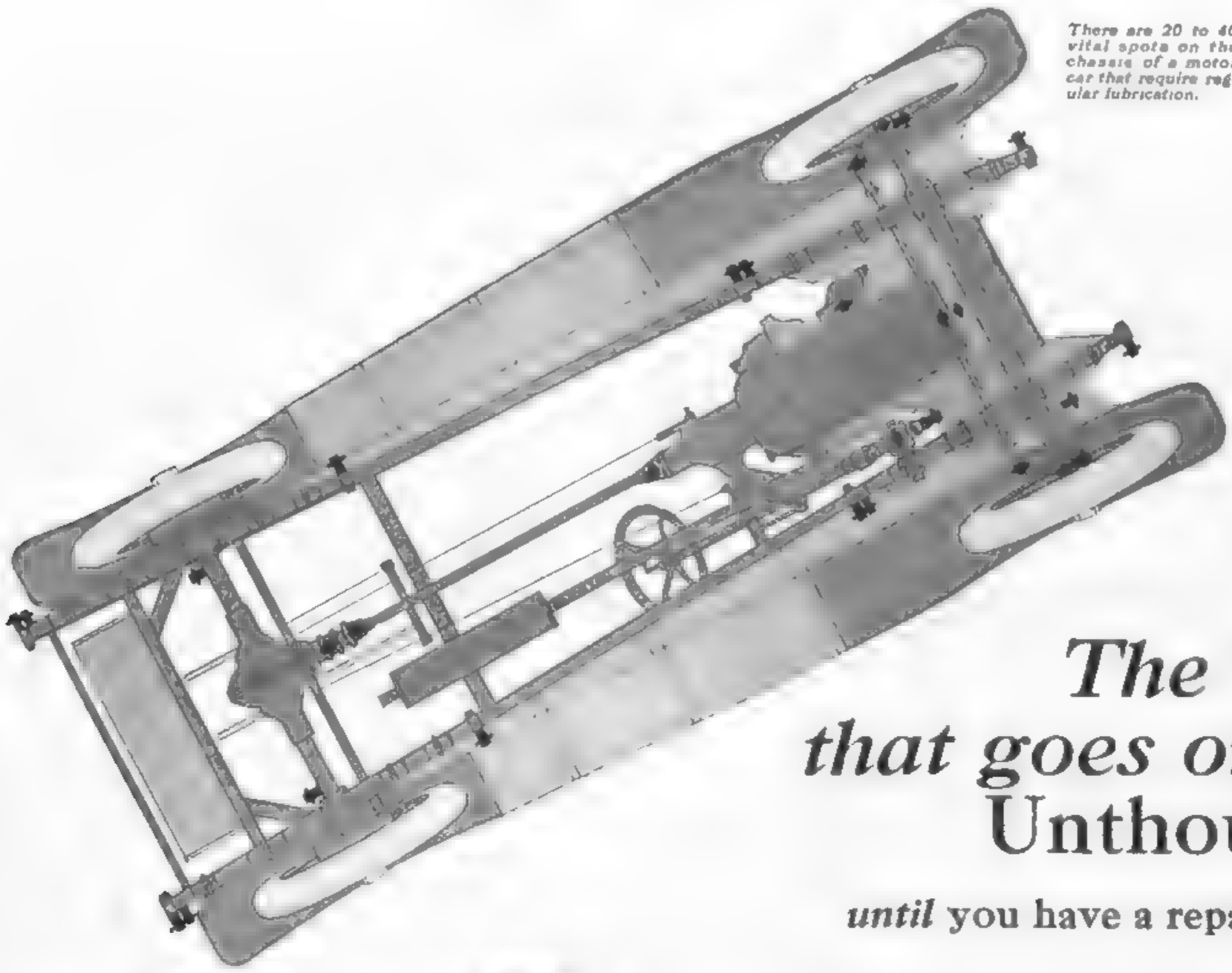
But he had put her in the machine, was climbing in beside her.

When the address was given and the door closed he answered, "You must forgive me, Edwina."

She did not reply. So they reached her door. He opened it for her without further words, except to say good night and that he would call for her tomorrow at the usual time.

As Edwina tiptoed into her bedroom she was conscious of an overpowering fatigue. Drowsiness, like a drug, numbed her senses. She undressed automatically, without volition, without thought, and got into bed. The softness of the pillows was, she realized, a delicious thing. Almost at once a complete slumber touched her eyelids.

(TO BE CONCLUDED)



There are 20 to 40 vital spots on the chassis of a motor car that require regular lubrication.

The WEAR *that goes on* Unseen *and* Unthought of—

until you have a repair bill that staggers you

IT happens every day. A motorist drives his car only about 5,000 miles when he is puzzled to notice a bad rattle develop. Just when the car should be running its sweetest.

He isn't sure just where the rattle lies, but certainly it can't be anything serious. For hasn't he given his car the best of care?

It's about time the car should be looked over anyway, he thinks; so he drives to a repair shop, foreseeing only a mere tightening up of a few bolts.

But when the repair man sees the car from the vantage point of the pit; when he subjects the whole chassis and its parts to his far-seeing inspection, he finds that instead of being in superb condition, as the owner thinks, the car actually is on the verge of becoming a "wreck."

Hidden Wear on Hidden Parts

Shackles worn and loose; universal joint "sloppy"; clutch-bearings friction-ground; brake anchors wobbly—the whole chassis in a worn-out state.

There is only one thing to do, of course—replace the worn bearings and with them, shackles, bolts, bushings, pins, etc. To take out the worn parts and install the new takes hours of labor, and that with the material charges means a walloping bill. And the motorist will say: "I just can't understand it!"

Wholly Unnecessary

Garage men tell us that fully 80% of the repairs made on the moving parts of a motor car are necessary simply because of lack of proper lubrication.

Every year motorists lose millions of dollars in the way of repair bills and rapid depreciation because of neglecting *chassis lubrication*. Yet nothing is simpler to attend to.

With the Alemite High Pressure Lubricating System it is as simple to lubricate your chassis bearings as it is your motor. A few minutes every 500 miles will do it.

Just a turn or two of the Alemite Compressor, and high pressure shoots fresh lubricant into every bearing, the old grease and grit being forced out at the same time.

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Write us if you want to know where to have Alemite installed—$5 to $20 complete, according to make and model of car. (Ford and Chevrolet, $3.99, Overland, $5.67.)

Free Booklet

For full information on this vital subject of chassis lubrication write for our illuminating booklet, "Vital Spots on Your Car to Watch." We send it free.

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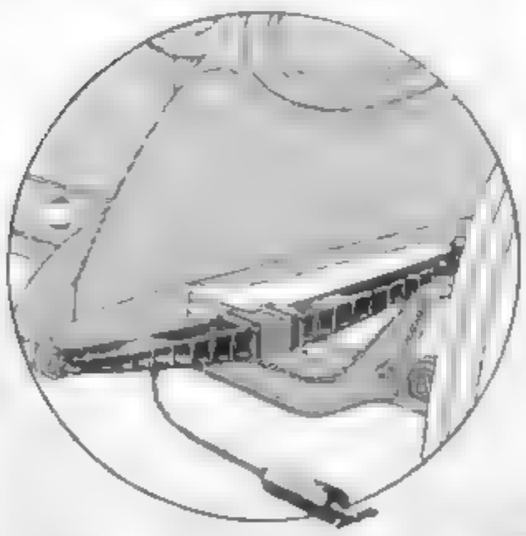
But for best results, we recommend Alemite Lubricant—a pure solidified oil especially adapted for our System—has all the virtues of oil, but is sufficiently solid to "stay put."



Alemite All-Metal Lubricating Spring Covers make any car ride easier.

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EVERWHITE SANI-SEAT *fits any standard size bowl, measuring 8½" from center to center of post holes—16" [illegible] rim of bowl. Porcelain [illegible] even to solid brass hinges. Guaranteed [illegible]*

The *last word* in White Seats

RIGHT in line with the vogue of an all-white bathroom comes the new EVERWHITE SANI-SEAT to fill all needs at a price within the reach of all.

By a special process, Pyralin, the ivory-white material you know in bureau sets, is united with the basic wood, making an immaculate white surface, cleaned in a jiffy with a damp cloth and so tough and elastic that we can safely guarantee it for five years.

Saves you $3 to $5 at Master Plumbers'

Your plumber sells the EVERWHITE SANI-SEAT for only $12—a saving to you of $3 to $5 over like quality to be had elsewhere. Ask him for the EVERWHITE by name. If he hasn't it, send us his name and we will see that you get it. Booklet showing toilet seats for all purposes, at all prices, free on request.

MUSHROOM
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One piece of pure live gum shaped like a mushroom. Fits down into the valve. Permanently stops all trickle and waste from the toilet tank. Guaranteed 3 years—lasts much longer.

$1.25 each
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Ask your plumber

SLOW POISON

Continued from Page 9

citizens of the United States as shown by the census of 1920. The advocates of this scheme point out that there is no reason why this country should give favorable consideration to a lot of immigrants who have come to America for the sole purpose of grabbing money and who have made no attempt to identify themselves with the nation; but that there are many reasons why it should consider the immigrants who have become citizens, and also draw the proper deductions concerning the percentage of citizenship which obtains among the different immigrant nationalities.

They say it seems obviously unfair when 70 per cent of the immigrants of one nationality become American citizens while only 20 per cent of the immigrants of another nationality become American citizens, that both of these nationalities should be allowed to send the same percentage of immigrants to the United States in the future.

Therefore the advocates of an immigration law based on naturalized citizens—and this form of law, as well as a straight percentage law like the Three Per Cent Law, received the approval of President Coolidge in his message to Congress—propose that the annual quota of immigrants shall be determined in something after the following manner:

Whenever the number of naturalized persons of any nationality is 25 per cent or less of the total number of persons of like nationality who were resident in the United States, as shown by the census of 1920, then the annual quota of such nationality shall be limited to 2½ per cent of the number of persons so naturalized.

Whenever the number of naturalized persons of any nationality is more than 25 per cent but less than 50 per cent of the total number of persons of like nationality who were resident in the United States, as shown by the census of 1920, then the annual quota of such nationality shall be limited to 5 per cent of the number of persons so naturalized.

Whenever the number of naturalized persons of any nationality is 50 per cent or more of the total number of persons of like nationality who were resident in the United States, as shown by the census of 1920, then the annual quota of such nationality shall be limited to 10 per cent of the number of persons so naturalized.

If these percentages were retained—and they might more reasonably be placed at 1, 3, and 5 per cent rather than at 2½, 5 and 10 per cent—the quotas of the different European countries, as compared with the quotas which are allowed under the Three Per Cent Law, would be:

	BASED ON [illegible]	UNDER PRESENT THREE PER CENT LAW
GROUP A		
Bulgaria	52	302
Turkey in Europe	28	....
Greece	736	3,294
Albania	10	288
Spain	122	912
Portugal	276	2,520
Total	1,204	7,316
GROUP B		
Belgium	1,837	1,563
Poland	15,980	2,827
Czecho-Slovakia	8,300	14,282
Austria	16,848	7,452
Hungary	3,787	5,638
Jugo-Slavia	2,464	6,426
Russia	28,147	34,284
Lithuania	1,721	
Finland	3,995	3,921
Rumania	2,111	7,419
Italy	222,138	42,057
Other Europe	142	86
Armenia	730	1,380
Palestine	91	56
Syria	730	908
Turkey in Asia	98	656
Other Asia	343	81
Africa	161	122
Australia	258	279
Total	144,448	172,643
GROUP C		
United Kingdom: England, Ireland, Scotland and Wales	140,786	77,342
Norway	23,174	12,202
Sweden	45,756	20,042
Denmark	11,083	5,694
Netherlands	7,377	3,607
Luxemburg	922	92
Switzerland	7,996	3,752
France	8,074	5,729
Germany	122,774	68,059
Pacific Islands	182	26
Total	468,111	196,745
Grand Total	473,763	176,304

Now this scheme would act, just as the Three Per Cent Law acts, as a dam on the flood of immigrants that would pour into America if there were no restrictive laws and this flood, despite rumors to the contrary, would be greater than ever before if the restrictive laws should be broken down.

In Italy, for example, prospective emigrants to America must apply by mail to government offices at the beginning of each emigration year, and the applicants to the limit of the Italian quota are inscribed on the government's books on the principle of first come, first served. The Italian quota under the Three Per Cent Law is 42,000; but the flood of applicants at the opening of the last Italian emigration year was so tremendous that post offices were swamped and tied up for days by the avalanche of letters that poured in on them. The stuffed mail sacks with which the Italian Bureau of Emigration in Rome were congested were estimated to contain 500,000 applications, though the Italians never made public the exact number.

The same thing is true all over Europe. From the Strait of Gibraltar to the Ural Mountains and from the Mediterranean to the Kola Peninsula, millions of Europeans of every race are straining and struggling to reach America, not particularly for religious freedom or for the purpose of hewing a new home out of a wilderness or to free themselves from political oppression, but in order to trade a bad job for a good job or unemployment for any old sort of job.

They aren't attracted by America's institutions, which were set up and protected by men who were willing to undergo any privations and all dangers in order to maintain them. They know no more and care no more about America's institutions than they do about the nebular hypothesis or the Baconian theory. They are attracted by America's free money or easy money, and by little else.

This fact is frequently disputed; but in three trips through European emigration centers since the war, during which I have talked with large numbers of emigrants and prospective emigrants, I have never found one who wasn't making America his goal in order to get a better job or to enjoy the benefits that a better job would bring to close relatives.

The Three Per Cent Law and all other percentage laws are useful as brakes on immigration; but they are of little use in

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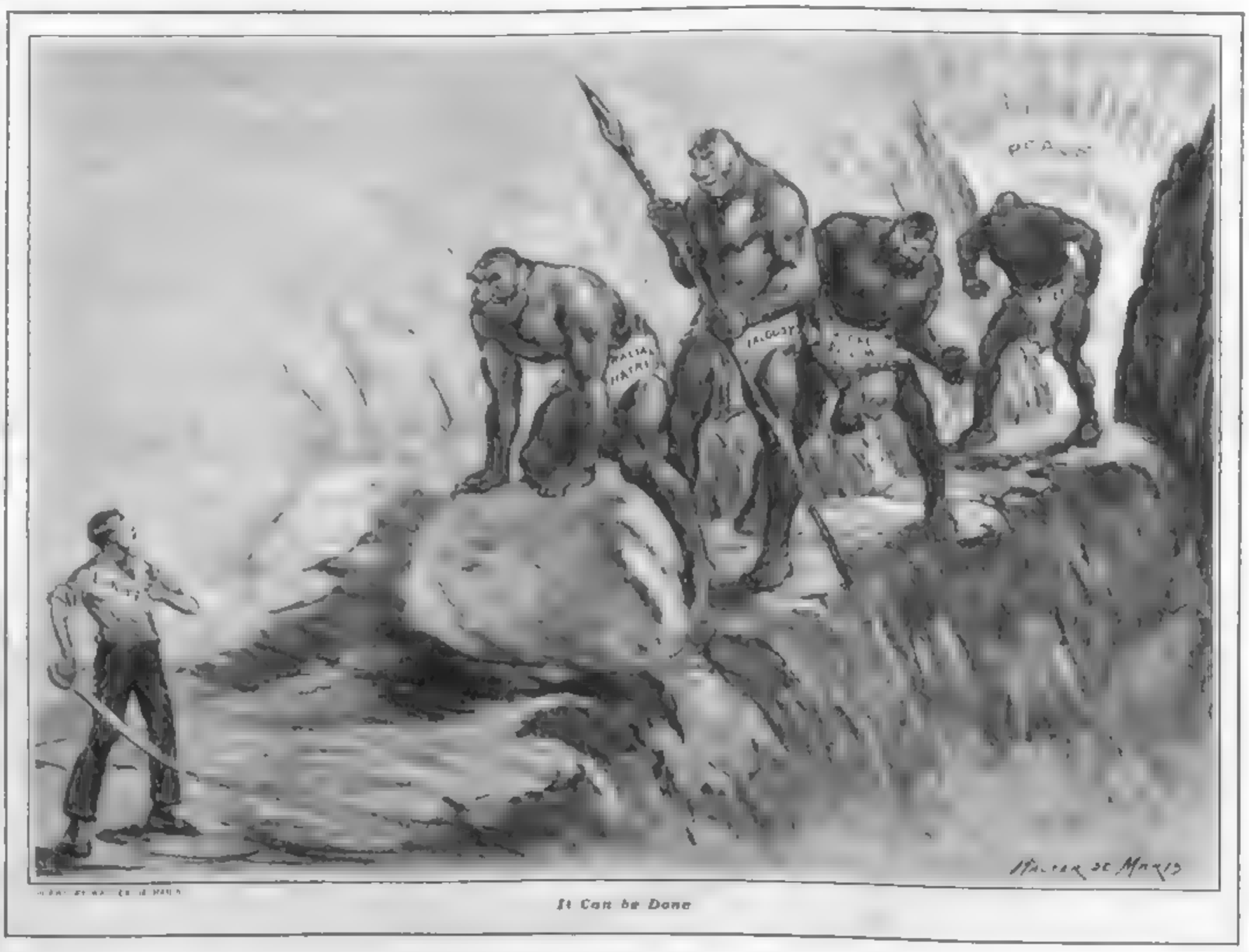
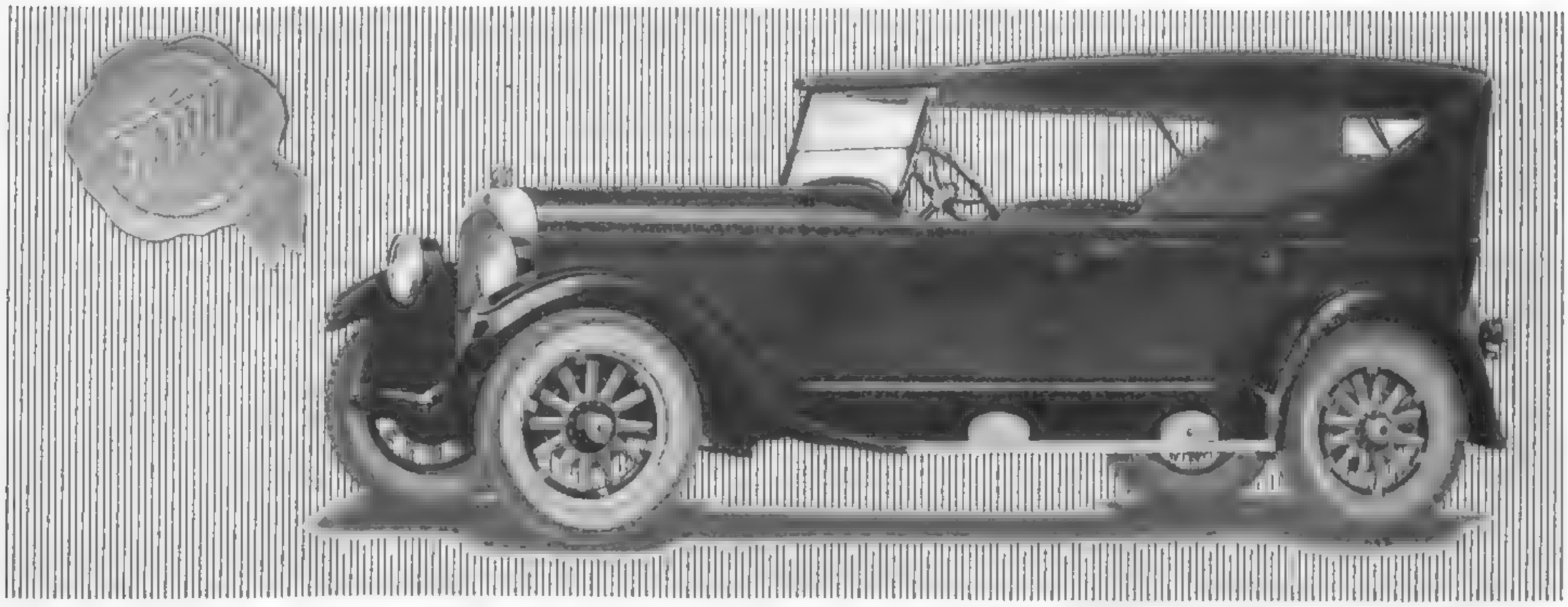


It Can be Done



Power Without Precedent In The New Chrysler Six

It's no trick to build a car that will go 65 or 70 miles an hour if it has a power plant big enough to haul a freight train.

It's a great achievement to get over 70 miles an hour out of a motor of 3-inch bore and 4¾-inch stroke, with a gasoline mileage safely above 20 miles per gallon.

And that's the wonder of the Chrysler Six.

In the Pennsylvania mountains, Chrysler Sixes have been given thousands upon thousands of miles, and months and months of the most heartbreaking tests.

The story of two years of road-testing the Chrysler is a story of human and mechanical adventure as thrilling as the movies.

Repeatedly, on Ligonier Mountain, the Chrysler ran rings around big, expensive, supposedly high-powered cars. It went past them so fast on those murderous grades they looked as though they were tied.

And when they finally pounded their way to the top, in "second" or in "first", the conversation would be something like this:

"Say, what car is that?"

"Sorry, but we can't tell you. It isn't ready for the public yet."

"Well, it's good enough for me. Here's my name and address. Keep it, will you? And when that car is announced, write me. I'm going to have one of those."

That happened not once, but many times.

But prove it for yourself.

Take your own "high-powered" car out on your favorite hill—and we hope it's the fastest car and the steepest hill you know.

Give it all the best of it on Coon Hollow in Seattle, Twin Peaks in Frisco, Ft. George in New York, Lookout Mt. in Denver, Eula Street in Birmingham, Union Town or Ligonier in Pennsylvania, Reservoir Hill in Kansas City, Green or Hall Streets in Portland.

Then do the same job with a fully loaded Chrysler. We know the result now, but we want you to know it.

Such a test is a revelation of what real science in engineering, manufacturing and selecting materials can accomplish.

Of course, you don't want to drive your Chrysler over 70 miles an hour. In fact, you may *never* go that fast.

But there is something you *do* want every minute and at every speed that only a speed-ability of 70 miles an hour can give.

That something is sure, steady power for steepest hill or deepest sand. It is pick-up to flash you out of a traffic tangle before you can say "Jack Robinson." It is sturdy, dogged pull, so you can throttle to five, three or two miles an hour on high without "bucking."

That's Chrysler performance in a nutshell.

Another of the Chrysler wonders is that you feel no strain or tension at 60 or 65 or 70 miles an hour.

The smooth, vibrationless power torque is constant. Never was there such a steadily progressive power curve.

And the riding quality is perfect—no bouncing around the road.

The Chrysler has such a low center of gravity that it seems to flatten down at high speed like a greyhound after a rabbit.

Chrysler pivotal steering, with spindles operating in ball bearings, is also as easy at 70 as at 17. You never find yourself clutching the wheel. You don't have to strain to keep your Chrysler on the road.

For the first time, as far as we know, here is a car whose performance carries no qualifications.

Please read that again—*no qualifications.*

And best of all, you can stop even quicker than you can speed up in a Chrysler.

Chrysler-Lockheed hydraulic 4-wheel brakes give the ultimate degree of safety. They are soft, positive and easy to apply.

They are the final touch of scientific engineering in this wonderful car.

But Chrysler superiority doesn't stop with phenomenal performance. It goes deep into materials and manufacturing. No car is built of finer material; no car is built to finer standards. The result is quality throughout which is as extraordinary as its performance.

You simply must drive the Chrysler. That's the only way you can fully appreciate it.

The Chrysler Six

Monito
SOCKS

Made by Specialists in Men's Hosiery

When an entire organization specializes on the creation of a single product, that product usually is a leader in its particular field. Monito—the product of an organization devoted exclusively to the making of socks for men—is no exception to this general rule.

Thus it is that Monito Socks are as noted for their durability and comfort as for their accurate reflection of the prevailing mode.

Ask for Monito at any good haberdasher's or men's wear counter. Your particular attention is called to Monito No. 303.

Look for the golden Moor's head on each pair

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MOORHEAD KNITTING CO., Inc
HARRISBURG PA
Makers of Mens Socks Exclusively

(Continued from Page 54)

giving America the immigrants that it needs. It is—or ought to be—painfully obvious that if the United States has found from long and unpleasant experience that Southeastern Europeans are undesirable immigrants she doesn't need 150,000 Southeastern Europeans every year, though that's what she has to take because of the Three Per Cent Law.

A country either needs people or doesn't need people; and when one doesn't need a thing he can get along without it. The United States, speaking most conservatively, can get along beautifully without Southeastern Europeans, and yet, because our legislators dare not differentiate between the peoples of Europe by name when making laws, the country, ill at ease with the millions of undigested aliens that are already worrying and fretting it, must accept 150,000 of them every year.

Nowhere else in the world is there an individual or a properly governed nation that fails to exercise control over the job hunters that it doesn't need—and when the air is filled with sobs and hysterical cries over the heartbreaking scenes that take place prior or subsequent to the sale by the immigrant of his dear old cow, it might be well to remember that the present-day immigrant is nothing more nor less than a job hunter.

Let the man who is dissatisfied with his pay in America scrape up enough money to go to England or France in search of a job, and he will promptly find himself in receipt of peremptory orders to get out and go back where he belongs.

Or try to argue the manager of a big hotel or automobile factory into adding to his payroll a large throng of workmen that he doesn't want. He would probably call a taxicab and have you sent to the psychopathic ward for observation.

America doesn't want a lot of the helpless and mentally backward job hunters that spill out on her shores every year; but her legislators apparently lack the courage that is needed to point them out and keep them from entering the country.

Oddly enough, there is scarcely a nation in Europe, especially among those that have devoted any thought to the subject, whose officials don't freely admit not only that America has every right to regulate her immigrants in every way that she sees fit but also that she is guilty of a grave error in not refusing to admit those for whom she has no need.

A Flexible Law

Some of the European officials who argue that the United States should have a more flexible immigration law which would admit immigrants freely when they are needed and bar them entirely when they are not needed are advancing their views because they have a genuine interest in seeing America adopt a common-sense and courageous law framed to benefit the country, instead of a timorous law framed to hurt nobody's feelings.

Others, however, argue for a flexible immigration law because they hope that business interests will be strong enough to prove a shortage of labor when no shortage actually exists, and thus pave the way for increased immigration from countries whose quotas are now low.

This danger would, of course, always exist if a flexible immigration law designed to suit the needs of the country were in force.

The country faces equal dangers with the Supreme Court and the Bureau of the Budget. It is within the bounds of possibility for a President to appoint unfit justices to the Supreme Court, or for a weak President to fail to support the budget director and thus break down the budget system.

The Supreme Court, however, has suffered to no appreciable extent from appointees who were unfaithful to their trust; and only the most pessimistic fear that a President of the United States will ever permit the budget system to be broken down.

Since the future safety and well-being of America are dependent to a large extent on the exclusion of the rag, tag and bobtail of Europe from the millions who will pour across the Atlantic in the next few decades, the nation has reason to believe as well as to demand that a flexible immigration law would be administered by men to whose honesty and sound judgment such vitally important matters as the safety and well-being of America could be intrusted.

The British have an immigration law which is in effect a contract-labor law; and casual aliens who come to England to look for work are not allowed to land. If, however, a British manufacturer or employer of labor needs certain laborers whom he cannot obtain in England, he applies to the minister of labor for permission to import the laborers that he needs. The minister of labor decides whether or not the request is justified; and if in his opinion it is he issues a permit for the admission of the required laborers. This permit is sent to the country from which the laborers are to be imported, and on the strength of it British visas are issued to the proper persons. The British maintain a card index of all aliens who enter and leave Great Britain, and can trace the movements of each alien at all times. The police register them and send the names to a central register, and immigrant officers at the ports of arrival can force all aliens to register.

The official of the British Home Office who has authority to speak on such matters confessed that he was baffled by the whys and wherefores of the American Three Per Cent Law. "What is the use of a law," he asked, "that keeps letting in a lot of useless people when many are out of work, and that keeps on letting in exactly the same number of equally useless people when there is a shortage of labor?" His question, of course, cannot be satisfactorily answered.

Mussolini's Memorandum

When one goes to the office of the Italian Commissioner-General of Emigration in Rome and interviews the official who disseminates the Italian theories on immigration and emigration matters, one is the recipient of a similar but more elaborate point of view.

"Italy, France, England and Germany," the Italian official says, "admit only the people that they need; and we see no reason why America should observe absolute equality of treatment with the peoples that she wants and with the peoples that she doesn't want. If she doesn't want Russians she shouldn't take them.

"Nor do we understand why, if the large American cities have too many foreign colonies, America should let the foreigners stay in the large cities if she doesn't want them there. She should send them where they are needed. If they aren't needed in New York send them to California or Montana. Take them by the ear and make them go!

"We realize that the days of free immigration into America are over, and we are not fighting to get them back again, but we would like to be able to supply America with the people that she needs. We supply France with 200,000 contract laborers each year, mostly to work in the devastated regions. Around Christmas time each year they come back to Italy, their fares being paid by their employers; and in March they go back to their jobs in France again.

"The French system is such that if a French carpet manufacturer is unable to find sufficient carpet makers in France he goes to the labor minister, explains his difficulty, and states that he can get the necessary workmen in a certain Italian province. The labor minister verifies the manufacturer's statements; and if they are correct he sends a contract for, let us say, 400 carpet makers to the office of the commissioner-general of emigration in Rome, and the commissioner-general forwards the contracts to the proper districts where carpet makers may be found.

"By a complete system of records we know how many masons are unemployed in Milan, or how many carpenters are unemployed in Turin, and so on; so whenever we receive a request for any particular sort of labor we know where to find it at once.

"We are always ready to promise that if any of the workmen whom we send out should become public charges we will take them back again at our own expense. If we were sending such laborers to America we would be willing to have them enrolled in unions before they leave Italy so that they wouldn't lower the wages of American workmen.

"We want to send our people only where they are needed and where they will be welcome. Italian emigration is controlled entirely by the government, and consequently it is to the interest of the government to be sure that no bad people are allowed to go. In former times all sorts of Italians could go abroad; but now we control them strictly, and the Italian colonies all over the world are constantly improving."

Italy is the great stumblingblock in the way of so-called selective immigration. She definitely refuses to allow America to select its Italian immigrants in Italy, and says that she is thoroughly competent to select as many as America wants or will take.

When I reached Rome last year I submitted a number of questions to Mussolini.

Mussolini carefully and thoroughly ignored my questions on all other subjects some nine in number but he produced a long typewritten reply to the emigration question. The reply bore what I believe to be unmistakable evidence of having been written for Mussolini in the office of the commissioner-general of emigration; but it ranks as a bona fide interview with Mussolini, since it was approved by him and rested on his desk within arm's length of his Napoleonic frown for a sufficient length of time to grow a full beard.

It forms a highly interesting bit of evidence as to the opinion of Italians concerning the status of Italian groups, how Italy regards New York, and the moral obligations of the United States toward certain immigrants.

"If 100,000 Italians," said Mussolini, "were allowed to enter the United States yearly, at least the most important necessary connections between Italians on both sides of the water could be reëstablished.

"It must be remembered how numerous our colonies in America are, and that New York is still considered one of the largest Italian cities, since nearly 700,000 of its citizens are of Italian origin. Besides, the United States needn't fear an increase of the quota if based on selection; as by such a system they could easily grant admission only to those they could not reject from a moral point of view—wives, children, parents of residents, and so on—and to those workers they actually need.

"But Italy is not urging an increase of her quota.

"As for the participation of American immigration authorities in the selection of Italian emigrants in Italy, let us not forget that, under the present state of things:

"FIRST. The examination of the emigrant is passed by officials of the Italian Government.

"SECOND. These officials examine the prospective emigrant from the American and Italian standpoints, the latter standpoint being rather more restrictive than the former in regard to preventing the sailing of those that are considered undesirable by the countries of destination.

"THIRD. The examination of the Italian officials must be good, since the percentage of Italians rejected at Ellis Island is among the lowest and in some years the lowest of all nations."

Selection at Source

"Were the present United States law changed and the principle of selective immigration accepted, Italy has an organization at her disposal that enables her to send anywhere the kind of labor that happens to be needed by any particular country. She is doing so now with practically every country of the Old World and the New—except, of course, the United States.

"Since both in the case of the preliminary examination of the emigrant before his sailing and in the case of the selection of requested labor the service is fulfilled by the state, no interference on the part of foreign officials could be accepted in national territory. In the same way it is not probable that the American Government would accept the cooperation of Italian authorities in home affairs.

"The fear alluded to by Mr. Roberts" I had stated in my questions that in some quarters the fear had been expressed that the Fascisti would attempt to railroad, among Italian emigrants, some of their socialist enemies—"cannot be felt by anyone acquainted with the facts. It would never do for Italy, an emigration country, to try to get rid of her undesirables. It would be the same as expecting, in the present competitive age, a tradesman to keep his business if he persistently attempted to sell his customers either second-grade or mixed-quality goods. These must be considered out-of-date fears. They cannot at any rate be felt about a country in which emigration is now considered a phenomenon which necessarily involves both the fundamental interests and the dignity of the state."

(Continued on Page 58)

MARMON today offers the finest value in all its history. That is why today, as never before, *the country is coming to Marmon*

Whenever a product of known goodness and established demand enjoys an increased appreciation from one coast to the other, it is evident that it must possess real and unmistakable value which sets it apart from all others in its class. The Marmon, with its sixteen new and distinct refinements now sells for $2785.

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Your Safety at Night

AFTER DARK, you press a switch and two beams of light, merging into one, flood the highway. *Upon this light depends your safety.*

The careful driver is never content with ordinary bulbs. He demands quality—filaments that withstand vibration; glass of uniform strength; bases that are straight; long service.

TUNG-SOL Fixed-Focus bulbs are particularly designed for use with any of the new patented reflectors having a *permanently* set focus requiring no adjustment. The ability to meet this rigid requirement is one of the notable features of TUNG-SOL Fixed-Focus bulb.

It is the accuracy with which the filament is placed exactly at the focal center of the bulb that gives to TUNG-SOL Fixed-Focus bulbs pre-eminent efficiency

TUNG-SOL

The Quality Bulb for Motor Cars

Nothing is quite so important as adequate and *safe* road illumination. TUNG-SOL Fixed-Focus bulbs are officially approved in those states having the most stringent laws governing motor head lamps—an unqualified indorsement of TUNG-SOL precision.

If your car is equipped with the new Flatlite Reflector, be sure you get TUNG-SOL Fixed Focus Bulbs. Look for the name stamped on the base

Your Dealer Sells Them

"Let Tung-Sol Light the Way"

MINIATURE INCANDESCENT LAMP CORPORATION
Newark, N. J.

Licensed Under General Electric Company Incandescent Lamp Patents

Continued from Page 56

It is, of course, perfectly all right for Mussolini and his advisers to raise the cry of "Let us not forget" this, that and the other thing; but America has a few let-us-not-forgets of her own.

It isn't a bad thing, for example, to bear in mind that New York and many other large American cities have become so swamped by aliens that European nations view them as European cities rather than as American cities

An American has to be worse than a sentimentalist to find any nourishment in the fact that the Premier of Italy with the advice of the Italian Commissioner-General of Emigration states openly that New York is considered one of the largest Italian cities. It is true, and it is a stimulative commentary on the boneheadedness and lack of vision that have characterized what the propagandists like to call our traditional immigration policy—unless somebody has an idea that our traditional immigration policy has been the [policy of handing America to Europe on a silver platter

But unless politicians suffer a change of heart America will probably have to get along for many years to come on the immigration laws that she can get rather than on the immigration laws that she needs. She will probably never again be afflicted with the yearly million and a quarter of backward Europeans that inundated her shores under her traditional immigration policy before the war, but she will also probably have to put up with a few hundred thousand backward ones a year for years to come. The poison won't be so rapid or so deadly as it was before the Three Per Cent Law was enacted; but the poison will still be there.

Lack of Team Work

One of the primary features of a flexible immigration law that would give America the immigrants that she needs, instead of a few hundred thousand a year that aren't of any use to the country, is an immigration commission with authority to alter the law in minor details as the necessity might arise, so that changing conditions could be met.

The Three Per Cent Law expires in June, 1924. The House committee has its pet schemes, and the Senate committee has its pet schemes, but the Senate schemes ar[e] the House schemes are quite dissimilar

After the House committee has fought and fought and fought over its schemes, and held hearings at which everyone who wants to be heard is heard, and revamped and revamped its bill, and trotted it out on the floor of the House and voted on it, it must go over to the Senate and be briskly kicked by senators who have spent all their time working along entirely different lines. By that time June will be at hand, and something will have to be passed in a hurry in order that the country may not be left without any immigration law at all.

Never do the Senate and the House committees attempt to work together in framing an immigration law. Both have to agree on one eventually, but their months of preliminary work are done along lines that are as dissimilar as eggs and eggplants.

In this they display the same profound astuteness that would be displayed by two members of an architectural firm that had been commissioned to design a house if one of them designed a Georgian mansion 250 feet long while the other designed a Tudor castle five stories high, and if both architects then united to combine their plans after their initial labors were finished.

The Senate and the House of Representatives, in the spring of 1921, passed the Three Per Cent Law as a hurried and temporary measure designed to slow up the mass of undesirables that were pouring into the country, and the immigration committees of both houses of Congress at that time stated distinctly that the Three Per Cent Law would be supplanted within a year by a comprehensive, scientific and permanent law

The Senate and the House of Representatives, with the Sixty-eighth Congress well under way and with only a comparatively few weeks remaining before the Three Per Cent Law expires once more, is very little nearer a comprehensive and permanent immigration law than it was in May, 1921.

The American people are thoroughly weary of such impotency and delay in a matter that profoundly affects the future of their children and their country. Just as no other nation has ever been able to adopt our form of government with success, so is it impossible to mix all the races of Europe with the people who invented that form of government and expect the mixture to result in anything except disaster. The character of a people can change with tremendous rapidity through alien invasion; and history has repeatedly shown that when aliens of low civilization and backward races are thrown in large numbers among the people of a more highly developed race, the result—to put it mildly—is sudden and calamitous. In some long-haired and so-called progressive circles it is popular to sneer at such statements as being inspired by bigotry, race hatred or narrow provincialism. If these enterprising sneerers care for further facts they might run over to Rome, celebrated some 1920 years ago as mistress of the world; and there they will find an American scientist at the American School Dr. Tenney Frank—who has been working for the past ten years at the task of studying the tombstones of ancient Rome between the first year of the Christian Era, when Rome was proud and mighty, and the year 200 A.D., when Rome was whizzing down the toboggan at a rate to rival any modern airplane record. Doctor Frank's researches show, briefly, that of all the great Roman names that existed in the early years of the reign of Augustus Cæsar, around the years 10 or 15 B.C., only four remained one hundred and fifty years later. The old families had vanished and had been replaced by foreign stock that had been the immigrants of old Rome—the slaves from Asia Minor and the provinces—who corresponded to the Southeastern Europeans that America has brought from Eastern and Southern Europe to develop her mines and toil in her factories and crowd the slums and rabbit warrens of her cities and overwhelm her old stock by sheer weight of numbers. A census of Rome's graveyards shows that at the end of Hadrian's reign, 150 years after the beginning of the reign of Augustus, Rome was inhabited by 10 per cent Roman stock and 90 per cent alien stock.

Time to Do Something

Rome fell with a crash that almost jarred the world to pieces; and though various people blame the fall on many things Doctor Frank and the scientists who have dug deepest into Rome's past say that concomitant with the decay of self-government in Rome there was a disappearance of the old Roman people and a substitution of inferior alien races that had come in from all over the East. And the fall, they say, was due to the change in people.

In spite of the demands of manufacturers for cheaper labor, and in spite of the mournful wails of alien societies in behalf of their blood brothers who want better jobs than Europe is willing to give them, the American people are sick of the yearly influx of hundreds of thousands of unassimilable aliens that pour in on them each year from every section of the world under the present laws. They feel the poison working in the veins of America—a slower poison than that which preceded the Three Per Cent Law, but a poison no less certain.

The American people need and want the comprehensive, scientific and permanent immigration law that the Senate and the House promised to give them by June, 1922. They want a law that will keep out the people who are changing America into an annex of Southeastern Europe—a law that will give America a chance to digest the millions of unassimilated, unwelcome and unwanted aliens that rest so heavily in her.

Hawaii. The Pali Pass Through the Cahu Range—One of the Most Picturesque Places in the Islands of Hawaii

SECOND WIND

To many an athlete there comes a point in the race when he seems to be nearly run out. It is then that the track reels before his shortened stride and his breath brings pain at every gasp. Spectators are seen through a haze, their shoutings heard from a distance. But, suddenly, something overcomes his weariness. Perhaps it is a challenge from a competitor, perhaps his own determination to make his tired legs carry him forward. The result is steadier breathing, renewed strength, fresh courage.

People say, "He's got his second wind." The psychologists explain this phenomenon as the tapping of a new level of energy. The same thing, they explain, may take place in work of any sort—mental or spiritual as well as physical. A new idea, excitement or increased effort is enough to release reservoirs of power undreamed of till the crisis calls them forth.

Too many men are living and working below their normal maximum. Too many businesses are plodding onward at a pace far short of their possibilities.

Businesses, as well as men, often need the lifting impulse of a new ideal. Through advertising many of them have attained higher levels of energy and production. Advertising has revealed untouched markets in territories where their products have long been known. It has widened the scope of their selling to include areas hitherto believed inaccessible.

But often the benefits of advertising have not ceased with increased sales. Its effect has been noticed on owner and executive, now guiding a business whose product is known as theirs before all the world. It has been evident, too, in the attitude of the men and women at bench or loom. No longer are they working on one article in a general class of articles, but are putting their efforts into something that has a reputation to maintain. Its excellence has become their passion!

Through advertising, these businesses have gained "second wind" —have gone forward with new sureness and freshness.

N. W. AYER & SON

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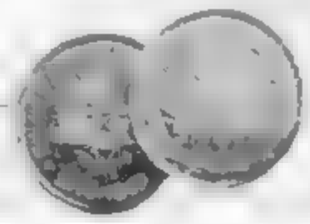
BOSTON NEW YORK PHILADELPHIA CLEVELAND CHICAGO



The Health Towel *of a hundred uses!*

In the home—office—factory—garage—wherever there is need for clean, safe, comfortable towels that *really dry*—ScotTissue Towels do just that because of their soft, white Thirsty Fibres.

Scot Tissue Towels

—have changed the towel habits of the nation.

—have made it easy to have clean hands.

—have made it possible for everybody to afford a fresh, clean, individual towel every time.

—are the only towels that contain these marvelously soft Thirsty Fibres.

—are daily being used in many new ways, because of their extraordinary drying, cleaning and absorbing powers.

150 towels in a dust-proof carton, 40c (in Canada and Rocky Mountain Zone, 50c)
Price per case of 3750 towels (25 cartons) is $6.15 F. O. B. Factory Chester, Pa. Weight 60 lbs. per case. Even lower prices in 5, 10 and 25 case orders
If your dealer cannot supply you, send us your order
Scott Paper Company
Chester, Pa

Try the Handy Pack of 25 towels for 10c

For
Kitchen Bathroom
Automobile
Office Factory

DANGEROUS GAME: MAINLY ABOUT LIONS

(Continued from Page 16)

lion trouble. Furthermore, these men were not frightened, in the usual sense of the word; nor were they affected with buck fever in the usual sense of the phrase. Simple superexcitement normally scattered their coördinations instead of unifying them. And, *per contra*, I have seen men whose target work was atrocious, whose shooting for meat was indifferent, become—and habitually—absolutely deadly in a real emergency. You never can tell until you try.

In spite of some divergence of opinion due to individual personal experiences, and with entire and due consideration for the bunk of the mighty-hunter complex, among African game the lion is a sort of standard, or bogey, against which to measure other dangerous game. He certainly has a higher score than the others. For one thing, he is a predatory beast, which the elephant, rhinoceros and buffalo are not; and so he is adapted to and accustomed to killing things. He is very powerful. A full-size male will weigh upwards of six hundred pounds, and that is the quickest six hundred pounds ever put together. A skinned carcass is beautiful in its overlay of banded muscles. In spite of the smallness of his brain, he is intelligent; capable of trick and stratagem. There is no manner of doubt that he is courageous.

Occasionally somebody afflicted with the mighty-hunter complex in its inversion form—a common phenomenon in any field of psychology—will arise on his hind legs and brand the lion as a coward. This judgment is based on either limited experience or unfair experience. It generally merely means that the lion is not a fool. In a country where he has been much hunted he lies in concealment and he will not seek a fight. Why not? What is there in it for lions? But once he sees something in it for lions—whether in the way of material gain, or vindication of dignity, or even satisfaction of curiosity—his courage is astonishing. I omit self-defense, for anything is bold in self-defense.

Strong on the Finish

For one thing, however reluctant or eager a lion may be to start something, once started he is a great finisher. You can hammer at an elephant or a rhinoceros or a buffalo until he is willing to turn tail. It is the rarest thing in the world for a lion to quit, once he has actually made up his mind to fight. No amount of hammering will discourage him. When he can no longer keep his feet he will try to hitch himself along the ground in the direction of his antagonist; and when he dies it is head to the front. This is, to repeat, after he has made up his mind to fight. What provocation he deems sufficient varies widely, not only with the individual but with the part of the country and the particular circumstances. Occasionally it is sufficient merely to follow him a few hundred yards, or far enough to convince him that he is followed. Again he will go to almost any lengths to avoid trouble. But I doubt very strongly that in the latter case he is less courageous than in the former. He may be lazier, or better-natured, or possessed of more experience or common prudence; but his native courage is unimpaired

Nor must it be forgotten that the lion is naturally nocturnal. The daytime is not his period of normal activity. Several times I have seen him, in broad daylight, walk through a herd of antelope almost unmarked. He paid no attention to them; and they paid little to him, merely moving slightly aside to leave him a clear passage. But after dark that same band of antelope would not have permitted him within a quarter of a mile—if they could have prevented it. And no sane man dreams of venturing at night a hundred feet from his camp fire unless he carries a brand or a lantern. On even the most trivial and brief occasions he so protects himself. No native ever goes abroad by night. If caught out by darkness he climbs a tree and stays there until morning. No one could fairly dispute the lion's title to courage throughout those hours.

Stories—authentic stories—could be multiplied indefinitely in illustration of this point. We have space for but a few.

Persistence Rewarded

Major B and his wife were on *safari*. They occupied cots on opposite sides of a wall tent. As is customary in Africa, the porters' little pup tents were pitched alongside and in a circle to inclose the big protection fire which was kept going by an *askari*, or native soldier, who was also a sort of sentinel. A lion dashed into the segment of the circle occupied by the major's tent, entered it, seized the major by the shoulder and began to drag him from his cot. The immediately ensuing upheaval, however, caused him to drop his prey and depart. It was some time before the camp settled down again. The major's shoulder was badly bitten and had to be dressed and bandaged; the frightened porters had to jabber their excitement out of their systems. Men with torches beat about the outskirts. The fire was built higher. At last everyone settled down again. One thing seemed sure—that the lion must have had as bad a scare as they. Nevertheless, within one hour the beast made a second foray. This time he dragged Major B out of his tent and some yards into the brush, where he killed the man before the rush of the rearoused camp drove him off.

The lions of Tsavo, of course, are classic; but the bare facts of the case will bear repetition here as being peculiarly appropriate. These lions had stopped the construction of the Uganda Railway. Every night or two, in spite of all precaution, they caught and killed a workman, until they had accounted for twenty-eight Hindus and

(Continued on Page 62)

Hunters Entering a Forest in Pursuit of Elephants

This Man

Turned $900 into $12,700 in Nineteen Months Selling Automobiles

IN what other line of business would it be possible to make such a large success in a small town?

Yet this is an actual achievement—and is being duplicated right along. The man pictured is Mr. C. E. Guthier, of Owatonna, Minn., a town of only 7,252 population. Mr. Guthier is typical of thousands of other successful business men who have found their greatest opportunities selling Overland and Willys-Knight motor cars.

Opportunity Beckons You

WHAT C. E. Guthier and the thousands of other prospering Willys-Overland merchants are doing any man can do who has a level head and a modest capital. You don't even have to be in the automobile business at the present time. Merchants in many other lines and men who have worked for others have made wonderful successes under the helpful, liberal terms of the Willys-Overland franchise.

Success Brings Success

1923 was the greatest of all the fifteen years of Willys-Overland history. A 238 per cent increase in Willys-Knight sales! A tremendous gain in Overland sales! Figures speak for themselves. Tell with more emphasis than words the story of Willys-Overland greater values, beauties, comforts and economies.

This year is showing every sign of being an even greater Willys-Overland year. The new Overland and Willys-Knight models are the greatest cars Willys-Overland ever built—greatest in looks, power, action, comfort—and **money's worth!** They bring success to dealers in the very volume of their sales.

No community is too small for a Willys-Overland merchant to achieve success. Joe Barton & Son, dealers in Roscoe, Iowa, a town of only 52 people, sold 26 Willys-Overland cars in 120 days! In Ashland, Kentucky, 9,249 population, the Holmes Motor Car Company sold 101 Willys-Overland cars in 60 days! T. F. Vogt, one of several Willys-Overland dealers in Rochester, N. Y., sold 129 cars in 63 days!

Biggest of Markets

SALES are big because of the quality of the cars, of course; and also because the Willys-Overland franchise covers the richest, widest market of all. Ninety per cent of all automobiles sold list under $2,000. Beginning with the Overland Chassis at $395 and stepping up to the big luxurious 7-passenger Willys-Knight Sedan, Willys-Overland cars cover this vast field from end to end.

You Keep Your Profits

THE Willys-Overland merchant prospers because the cars **stay** sold. Because the cars stand up and deliver utmost satisfaction to owners. Because it is not necessary to spend the profit on each car in service to keep it in condition. The cars keep in condition with a minimum of attention. You keep your profits. Your customers keep coming back to you when they want new cars.

Banking Help

AND all the time, as your business grows—from the very start—you have all the helpful benefits of the amazingly liberal Willys-Overland finance plan. You get banking help as well as selling and advertising. You are treated as a partner in the business. You are backed up by a $100,000,000 organization that is just as much concerned with your success as you are yourself.

The enormous success of Overland and Willys-Knight cars—the increasing demand for the greater value and satisfaction these cars give—means a real need for additional Willys-Overland merchants to help handle this growing business. It means the opportunity of a lifetime to men who have vision enough to act quickly.

Get the Inside Story

SEND for the "Book of Evidence", a collection of success stories that will open your eyes. Don't be discouraged if there is no apparent vacancy for a Willys-Overland merchant in your territory. If you mean business we will place you where you can be happy and prosperous—as near home as possible. Fill out the coupon and get it into the mail—quick. If you are in the automobile business now, be sure we will keep your interest confidential. But remember—success waits for no man. Act now.

WILLYS-OVERLAND, INC., TOLEDO, OHIO

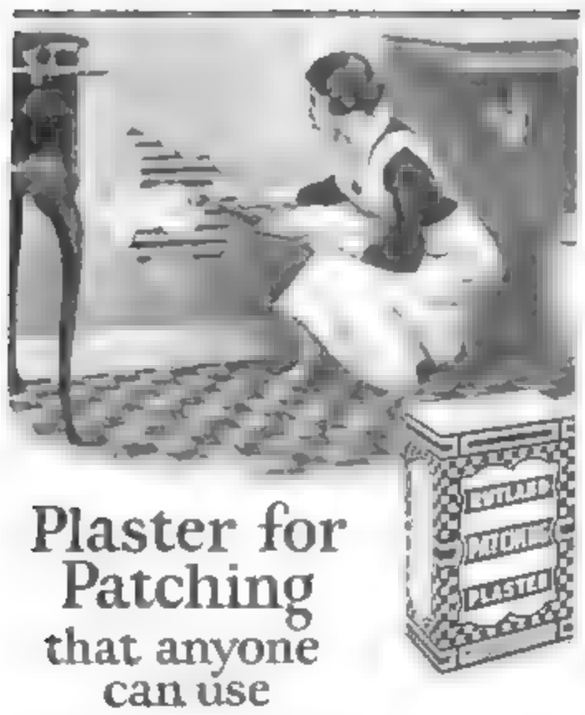
Willys-Overland Sales Co. Ltd., Toronto, Canada

Willys-Overland, Inc.,
Toledo, Ohio.

I want the whole story of the opportunity a newcomer would have in your dealer organization. Send me the "Book of Evidence", without any obligation on my part.

Name _____

Address _____



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Waste Pipe Cleaner

Rutland Patching Plaster

Rutland Fire Clay Co., *Dept. B., Rutland, Vt.*
Send by mail, collect, a 2½ lb. carton Rutland Patching Plaster. I give my dealer's name below.
Name
Address
Dealer's Name
Dealer's Address

A "quick turn" beats a "slow poke" anytime

Ask for shoes with shoe hooks—insist on having what you want.

ERICKSON LEGS

Warranted not to Chafe

Beginners { Get our Test Leg Booklet Free

E. H. ERICKSON CO.
36 Washington Avenue N.
Minneapolis, Minn.

The Beginning (1917)

Continued from Page 60

an unknown number of natives. The rest simply declined to go on with it. Only after white hunters had killed the animals—no quick and easy job, at that did construction proceed. These lions, curiously enough, seemed to care nothing whatever for fire, and therefore the working parties were deprived of the usual protection.

But the most striking example of the occasional pertinacity of these animals whenever their minds are made up was the case of Superintendent of Police Ryall. This lion was a terror to baboos. The Uganda Railway was then—and still is, for all I know—mostly a strategic line connecting the coast with the interior. At least, for the first part of its span a station was really nothing more than a water tank flanked by a small corrugated-iron structure in which dwelt East Indian baboos, alone with their telegraph instruments and their religious thoughts. Only a baboo with religious thoughts could ever have stuck it out. Near one such station, named Kimaa, dwelt a very mean and exploratory lion. He had pretty good luck, from his point of view, for he had bagged several natives, some of them employes of the railroad. Finally he took a chance at the baboo. The latter, like a mud turtle, crawled into his corrugated-iron shell and locked the doors. The lion tried earnestly at all points, even climbing topside and endeavoring to tear off the roof, while the baboo sat below and sent to the traffic manager the following wire:

Lion fighting with station. Send urgent succor.

Whether Ryall was the urgent succor or not I do not remember; but at any rate he and two friends in his private car shortly after sidetracked at Kimaa and went forth to abate Mister Lion. They did not succeed; but Ryall got on the animal's trail and followed it so persistently as to become a nuisance to the jungle autocrat.

A Lion That Was Choosy

In the end compartment of the car occupied by the white men were only two berths. The other end of the car, shut off by a sliding door, was as usual set aside for native servants. One of Ryall's friends was assigned the upper berth, Ryall himself took the lower berth and the other friend spread out on the floor. Soon after they had settled down for the night the lion appeared. He mounted the three steps so quietly that no one was disturbed; he managed to thrust back the sliding door at the end, which must have been partly ajar. Then, ignoring the two other men, he seized Ryall. To do so he actually planted his feet on the man who was sleeping on the floor. It really seemed that he had deliberately marked down the one who had pursued him. In the meantime the sliding door had sprung shut. The lion, carrying his victim, smashed through the windows, breaking and splintering their surrounding woodwork, and disappeared. Ryall's remains were found next morning more than a quarter of a mile away from the car.

These are two of the most spectacular of many such incidents. They must serve to illustrate my point—the completa fearlessness of these animals at their own time, after dark. Fortunately there are two pretty good protections, outside the fact that a lion, even after dark, save for exceptional circumstances, is inclined to attend to his own business. These are fire and thorns. The lion does not like the fire, and he hates to scratch up his tender skin. So your Africander surrounds himself with a *boma*, or corral, of spiky thorn brush, heaped thick, and builds himself a fire. Occasionally he misses his guess; some particular lion does not mind fire, or is an exceptionally good jumper; but not often.

Cuninghame told me of one such beast. He and his men were sitting comfortably around a fire in a thorn corral when it sailed most unexpectedly over the top of the *boma*—a wonderful leap. Probably it had not known of the fire when it started its flight; but it certainly became aware of it in midair. It struck right in the middle of the embers, scattering them in all directions, and without perceptible pause leaped right on out the *boma* on the other side as if it had rebounded like a rubber ball. Everybody was astonished, including the lion.

Pink Magic

One morning very early I was visited by a delegation of Masai who wanted me to come over and do something. I went over to see what the row was about. Contrary to custom, a lion had burst bodily through a thick thorn *boma* in order to get at the cattle. Why he did so I do not know. It could not have been hunger, for there was plenty of game, and to judge by his performance he was still far from senile decay. You know, some people maintain that when a lion gets so old that he cannot catch game he turns to something easy and becomes a man-eater. At any rate, this lion had broken through a thorn *boma* and had seized and carried off a full-size yearling. For the first hundred feet or so the yearling had not touched the ground. After that it had been dragged for a like distance. By this time the entire Masai community had turned out with torches, spears and horrid noises. The lion gave it up.

They wanted me to do something about it. There wasn't much to do. Of course we took a look for the lion, but that astute gentleman had naturally departed. So, in order not to disappoint completely, I made them a nice pink mixture of permanganate and water. This magic, being sprinkled on the cows, would prevent further attack for four days; which was about as scared as I thought that lion was.

But though thus occasionally lions are found scornful of either fire or thorns, such instances are so rare as to be listed as accidental. Indeed, it is possible to sleep with quite reasonable safety without either of these precautions; I have done so weeks on end. In two years' experience I never had a lion in camp. Occasionally they have roared so near at hand as to bring us up all standing; but that was because we were camped near a water hole. Leo was thirsty; and after quietly drinking, he gave us a little scare to pay us off.

Though indignation most often is the inciting motive for attack, mere curiosity is often sufficient. Few realize how very curious a lion is. As to something he thoroughly understands, he may long since have made up his mind that it is not worth fighting or getting into trouble about, and he may take particular pains to avoid it. But anything new and strange enlists his interest at once. If he has never seen one of those things before he is quite likely to try to catch it for purposes of closer examination.

A man I met in Nairobi, whom we will call B, was returning homewards a trifle belated, when he encountered a lion. It was just at sunset; a debatable time when one guess was as good as another as to whether any given lion would consider it night, and therefore legitimate hunting time; or day, and therefore a period of harmless neutrality. B decided to play safe and call it night, whatever opinion the lion might hold. The country was flat and treeless. There were at that point no telegraph poles the gratefully accepted first aid in case of lions so often in use. About the only possible shelter was a section of corrugated-zinc pipe laid alongside a newly completed road and intended eventually as a culvert. It was open at one end. The other rested against a small embankment. This was near at hand and looked reasonable. B retreated step by step, face to the front, until he had reached the pipe. Then he hastily backed down it, like a badger.

Up to this time the lion had stood contemplating him gravely, after the manner of lions. It is extremely probable that if B had stood his ground quietly the animal would shortly have made off. However, no one could criticize him for utilizing a perfectly good zinc culvert. But now the lion's curiosity was aroused. He had probably in his experience seen erect men become prone men and wriggle along the ground; but he could never have seen prone men melt away down a round black hole and disappear from view like the Cheshire cat.

He advanced and took a good smell. Then he, too, tried to enter the hole. To B's relief he was unable to do so. The thing was a fairly close fit for a man, but a lion's large head and shoulders would not go at all. So the lion reached in one tremendous paw, claws hooked, and began to fish blindly for B. Of course he could not reach him. B simply backed down a little farther. Then B had a bright idea. He managed to get his match box out of his pocket, lighted a match and deliberately applied the flame to his pursuer's paw!

Singeing His Paws

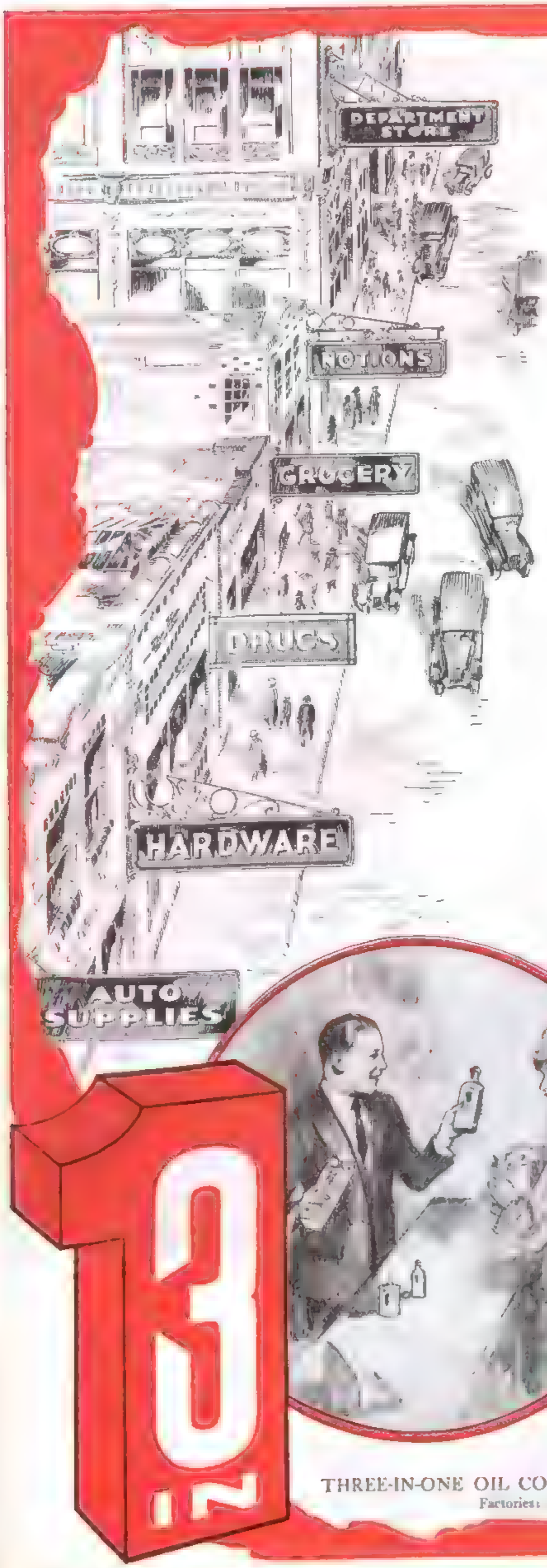
With a wild yowl the lion snatched it away. He had been well burned and was at last really angry. With tooth and claw he attacked the culvert, throwing himself again and again against the pipe, shaking it, rolling it about. B began to wonder whether he had been wise gratuitously to stir up all this row. Then, his confidence returning as the zinc held out, he began to enjoy the situation. The first paroxysm over, the lion again inserted a blindly exploratory foreleg. This time he was feeling with some purpose. B lighted another match.

I forget how long this went on and how many matches B claimed he used. The lion would claw about inside the pipe; B would hold the flame against his paw; the lion would withdraw and sit about outside cursing something scandalous; and then would try it again. At any rate, the circus went on for a long time. It was well into the night before B, convinced that the lion had at length gone to put witch hazel on his injuries, thought it was safe for him to resume his journey.

He made it all right; but personally I think that just then was when he displayed poor judgment. The lion is a particularly pertinacious beast once he makes up his mind to a thing. Remember Cuninghame's lions at Agate's Drift. At one of the stations down the Uganda Railway a sportsman roosted atop the elevated water tank in

Continued on Page 65

An Elephant Camp on the Edge of a Forest



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(Continued from Page 62)

order to get a shot at some lions that had been prowling around the baboo's at night. The lions showed up all right as per expectation, and the sportsman killed one of them. The others bounded away in the darkness and were no more heard from. In hopes that others might appear, or the same ones return, the hunter—according to the testimony of the baboo—waited atop the tower for over three hours. Nothing whatever happened. Wearying of a long and profitless vigil, and probably with a natural desire to examine the beast he had killed, the man at length descended to the ground. He had barely reached the earth when a lioness leaped from the near-by cover and killed him. She had been waiting patiently all this time, close at hand, with just this end in view.

Probably she was the first victim's wife. I believe lions to be monogamous and to possess a very high sense of faithfulness. I once killed a fine maned lion which had apparently attacked me quite unprovoked. So unusual was this that after the battle I back-tracked him to see if I could tell why he should make at me in this wholly gratuitous manner. It was not a case of mutual surprise, of my happening upon him unaware so suddenly that he felt he must defend himself. He had deliberately followed after me, from behind, for nearly a hundred yards. I had heard him coming down the bed of a shallow brushy ravine to my right, and had thought it must be a buffalo or rhinoceros just going somewhere. As the banks of the ravine were at this point straight up and down, I did not pay much attention; no heavy-bodied animal could possibly scale them. So I was considerably startled when, just four yards away, this lion leaped up the miniature cliff right in my face.

His trail led back to a cool and shady thicket, free of smaller underbrush, an ideal leafy bower. To it he had dragged the carcass of a zebra, fresh and untouched except for the marks of its killing. Some of my men, who had been thrown outside as scouts, reported that as I had entered the thicket on one side a lioness had sneaked out on the other. Thus the explanation, though unusual, was clear. The lion had conceived that I was interrupting a love feast and he had taken steps.

Speedy Scavengers

Now here is the real point to this yarn. We skinned the fallen warrior and returned to camp, leaving the carcass to the buzzards and kites and other carrion birds. No description can convey to one who has not seen it anything approaching a full idea of the numbers and prompt efficiency of these birds. One shoots a zebra, say, for the *safari* dinner. Before the echoes of the shot have died, while the zebra yet staggers in his tracks, black dots in the heavens are dropping with folded wings to the spot, and from miles around literally hundreds of others, observing the first, are hastening toward the focus of interest. By the time the men have finished skinning the zebra and cutting out the desirable meat the little group on the plains is surrounded on all sides.

Hundreds of the great birds have gathered on the ground in a close-drawn ring as near as they have dared—sometimes as close as twenty or thirty feet. They hop in ungainly impatience, and they all hold their wings half outspread in readiness. Many hundreds of others, whose judgment of the strategic position so advises them, soar in short circles a few score yards overhead. So many are they that they actually almost obscure the sky, and so crowded that when one pauses to listen one can hear the stiff harsh scrape of pinions as they jostle one another. And from all points of the heavens more are eagerly hastening.

The meat distributed, the little band of men withdraws, leaving a carcass stripped of skin and the best of the meat, to be sure, but still a recognizable dead zebra. Then the birds swoop. They drop like plummets, checking their fall only at the last instant by a spread of the wings; they rise from the circle round about and beat frantically across the little intervening space. The roar of air through the pinion feathers is like a great waterfall. The place where lies the zebra disappears beneath a heaving, fighting brown mass, tossing like tide rips of the sea. A myriad of those just too late shove and crowd and flop and squawk around the periphery. There are generally a few philosophers who realize their tardiness sufficiently to stand one side in disgruntled disappointment.

And then, while one still looks, the tossing and the heaving die down. The great birds draw sullenly to one side or flop heavily to roost on the near-by trees. Where only a few seconds ago a zebra lay on the plains, now are only the bones of a skeleton, cleaned white and smooth. It is incredible. The waiting jackals, venturing in at last, must gain only the satisfaction of smell—and very little of that.

This we had come to look upon as the invariable procedure after a kill. Therefore, when, three days after shooting the lion that was giving a party, we found, on again passing by the scene of the encounter, the carcass still intact and untouched we were much surprised. It was not that it had been undiscovered. The near-by trees all about were laden with carrion birds of all sizes and descriptions. They sat there humped up and disgruntled; but they were making no attempt to draw near. An investigation showed us the place where, close at hand, the lioness had been on guard. All this time she had faithfully protected the body from desecration. I think we all of us, white and black, felt a genuine sorrow for what was evidently a genuine grief. But it could not have been helped. It was his life or mine.

The Lion and the Motorcycle

One more example of curiosity as the leading motive: A certain gentleman of Nairobi had acquired the proud title of the Friend of the Lion. He admired the animal greatly as a noble beast, and he had for some time been earnestly advocating a bag limit on lions within a certain distance of town. By this attitude he had acquired merit in the eyes of the sportsmen and disapproval by ostrich farmers, cattle owners and such, who would have liked to limit the size of the bag only by the size of the strychnine bottle. He had also acquired, proudly, a motorcycle. Now at that time motorcycles were a distinct rarity in East Africa. I am not at all certain that this was not the first of its devilish breed. P had great fun with it, careering about the streets and the few roads of the vicinity, astounding the natives and putting the wild game to precipitate flight.

One evening he, too, like B, was returning belated, just at dusk; and his path, too, crossed that of a lion. The lion took one astonished look. He had never seen anything like that before. It was a totally new kind of beast. Furthermore, it ran away. The lion concluded he would like to collect one of them. He took after P with all the earnestness of a dog after a motor car.

To me there is something comic-strippish in just that picture—P on his motorcycle, turning on the gas as far as he dared on that rough surface, bouncing along over the veldt, steering his darnedest amid the hummocks and chuck holes, praying fervently that he might not come a cropper; while behind, at his best speed, the earnest old lion scratched gravel in a conscientious endeavor to catch this newfangled beast. And he nearly succeeded. It is related that from that day P resented being called the Friend of the Lion.

That brings us to an interesting point: How fast does a lion run? Too fast, anybody who has been charged by a lion will tell you. Contrary to general belief, he does not advance to attack by a series of bounds. His gait is a tearing scramble; very much that of a terrier dog after a thrown ball. He comes so fast that it pretty well pays not to miss him with the first shot if he is within fifty yards. Beyond fifty yards is, as a usual thing, too far to shoot at him charging. By the time the second shot is ready he has closed in too near for safety. On the other hand, a hit, even if it does not stop him, checks him for a moment. The head-on collision with a heavy bullet at high velocity almost brings him to a stand. He will recover and come on again immediately, but the slight pause enables the hunter to pump in and aim another shot. Thus I was once able to get six shots into a lioness that was possessed of great vitality. She started toward me at about forty yards and never really ceased to advance. She could have closed that distance within the compass of two shots had not each of the successive shocks almost stopped her in her tracks.

I said above "within the compass of two shots," and said it with full cognizance of the ubiquitous wizard with the pump gun—or the bolt action, as the case may be—who can keep a continuous stream of fire going by the rapidity of his manipulation. He is exactly the fellow I mean. He is just the chap who is most likely to miss, and so to permit the lion to come too close because unchecked by the first shots. Yes, I know he can put 'em all in so you can cover 'em with your hand, by gosh, and all six within two seconds! I've seen him do it. And I've seen him shoot in the field. He brings in his game, perhaps more game than anyone else; but he throws a lot of lead after it too. That is all right. But when it comes to charging lions the barrage is too uncertain. One aimed shot is better than a half dozen half-aimed shots. So firmly do I believe this that I make it an invariable practice, even in the most pressing circumstances, to lower the butt of my rifle from my shoulder between shots.

The lioness mentioned above absorbed the most punishment of any in my experience. All six were frontal shots and well delivered. Any of them could be called mortal. Yet her remaining vitality was sufficient to keep her coming, and she was finally put out by a center-brain shot at about five yards. There is a great variation in the vitality of these cats. In the majority of cases a single properly aimed bullet will do the trick. But if the first bullet does not do the trick it is impossible to say how many more may be required. I think that in the case of any animal the first bullet delivers all the shock. After that the nervous system is benumbed, and subsequent bullets have no effect whatever in that respect. Their effect is confined to the actual tearing of tissue—unless, of course, they reach a major nerve center like the brain or spinal cord.

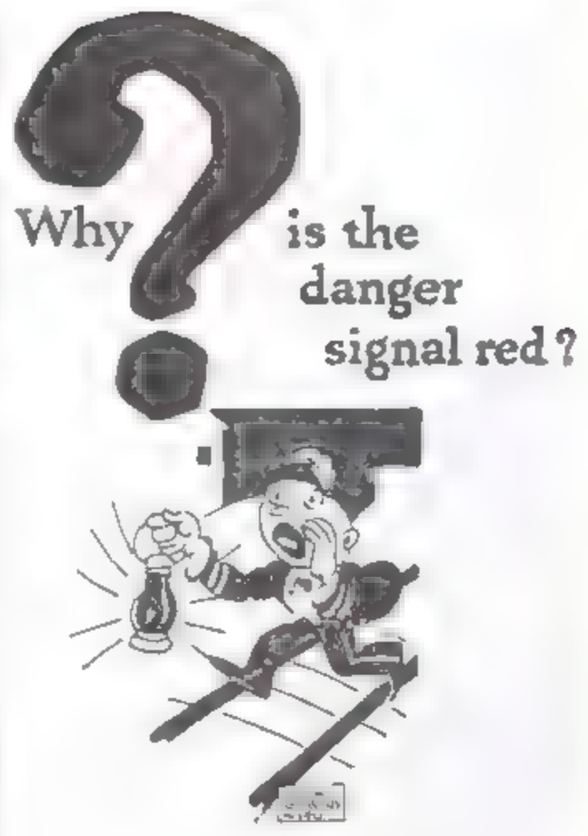
I saw Leslie Tarlton bring in a lion hit squarely in the face by his first bullet. The lead was spattered across the animal's teeth and had been driven in between them like dental fillings. Tarlton said the beast never even shook its head! As might have been expected, it proved a tough one to kill. But on the other hand, a man might visit Africa, kill two or three lions dead in their tracks with a single shot apiece, and go home to write a piece for the papers to the effect that there is nothing to it!

Clocking a Lion

But to say that a lion charges too fast is rather indefinite. We once had the great good luck to get some better statistics than that. I was shooting with a man possessed of a stop watch and an inquiring mind. One afternoon on a flat some two or three hundred yards from a little knoll I was charged by a lion from about a hundred and fifty yards away. Instead of unlimbering his rifle to assist me, my companion became imbued with scientific zeal and unlimbered his stop watch. He timed the beast between a certain bush and a certain rock. After the show was over we measured the distance and counted the time, for convenience, to a rate per hundred yards. The test was quite a decent one, I think. I imagine I have seen them come faster, but of course I can't be sure of that. Between the bush and the rock the animal was not shot at, nor had he been wounded—I was reserving my fire, as always, for the greater certainty of closer quarters. The time, as we made it, was at the rate of a hundred yards in seven seconds. Of course, a man might beat world's records under sufficient encouragement; but we then and there concluded that in case of charging lions it is better to be "brave" than to run away.

So, though the lion is not always dangerous—nor, indeed, is he dangerous in even the majority of cases—we may conclude that he is always potentially so. No other proof of that is really needed than his score in the graveyard at Nairobi. And so he is quite worthy of being the Colonel Bogey of the game. In a subsequent article I shall try to tell you of how—in my limited experience, to be sure—some of the others stand in comparison.

Editor's Note—This is the second of a series of articles by Mr. White. The next will appear in an early issue.



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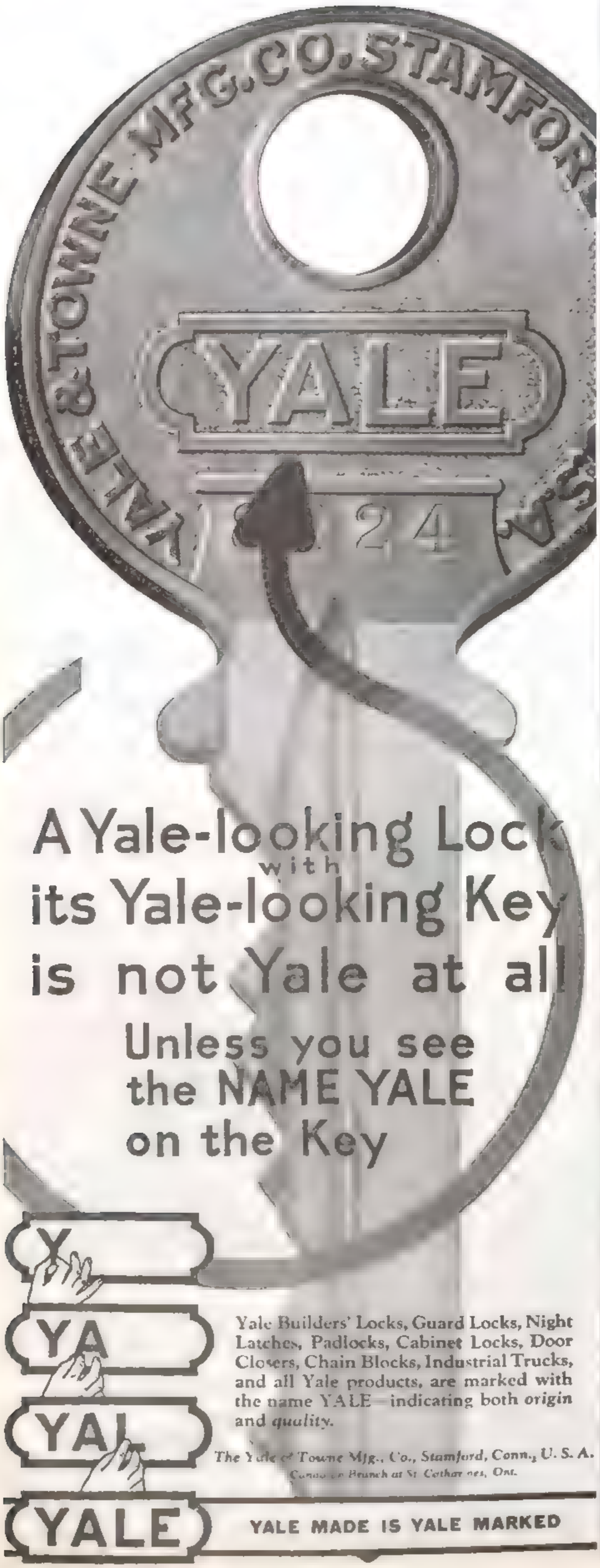
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THE DANGER OF EUROPE

(Continued from Page 32)

are involved. They are under the most sacred obligation to forgive their enemies; they are under a law which forbids them to kill their fellow men; they are told by the Founder of their faith that those who take the sword shall perish by the sword. They are sworn to obey the dictates of an eternal Court of Justice. These people number hundreds of millions. They are the people of the Christian churches. Is it asking too much that these people should get busy to fulfill their vows and prove the sincerity of their faith? Is it not time that they should give a practical demonstration of their creed by applying it to their fellow men, instead of giving lip service to the words of Christ and outraging them by their acts? Can they not get their organization to work for the peace of the world, instead of dividing themselves into national churches, limited by political frontiers, by national hatreds, and by militarist ideals which make a mockery of Christ's message and spit upon His pitiful face?

In the last war the teachers of the Christian churches degraded themselves and were traitors to the spirit of their faith by allying themselves with the war spirit in its narrowest, most violent and most bloody manifestations. They fanned up the passion of hate when the soldiers who fought had very little in their hearts. They claimed God for their own side. They dressed up God in their own national uniform and made Christ the captain of their battalions, their tanks, their machine-gun sections and their poison gas. That kind of thing won't do if Christianity is to survive. It won't do now if civilization is to survive. The people who call themselves Christians must put their ideals into practice by a spiritual uprising passing across the frontiers and not limited by a narrow nationalism. Otherwise they are traitors to Christ.

Patriotism is good. It is a natural instinct of the human heart, just as the cat prefers its own hearth side. It is an impulse which leads to great and heroic devotion beyond the selfish interests of the individual. But as Nurse Cavell said at the moment of death, "Patriotism is not enough." Humanity is greater than one's own people. Sympathy with one's fellow men should be on a wider basis than that of geographical boundaries.

As one wise old gentleman said to me once, "I have been all over the world, in many countries and among many peoples, but I have only met one man and woman."

Good People All

It is only ignorance that leads to misunderstanding and hatred—the fatal inability to put oneself in the other fellow's place. Personally I cannot live five days in any country without liking its folk, whoever they be—French, Germans, Italians, Bulgarians, Serbians, Greeks or Turks, Russians, or any other race. The men there, tilling their fields or serving in shops, love their women and children, have the usual instincts of hunger, the same struggle with life, the ordinary emotions, ambitions, stupidities, weaknesses, courage and comradeship. They answer friendliness with friendliness, courtesy with kindness, ill treatment with ill will. Their women are—women. In their place and in their conditions, we should think and act as they do. Even a Frenchman born and bred in Germany would have German sympathies and see things from the German point of view. Knowledge and understanding and sympathy would reveal the strange and laughable truth that all these peoples who are divided by frontiers of hate believe broadly in the same ideals, respond in exactly the same way to the same natural impulses, desire the same liberty, justice and chance of life. They are men and women, far more than they are Frenchmen or Germans or English or Americans. Only the accidental difference of place, speech, local customs, historical traditions and national jealousy makes them seem different in very being. It is the business of politicians, newspapers and damn fools to emphasize and exaggerate those differences, to prevent understanding between one people and another, to raise great barriers of ignorance behind which hatred is intrenched. It is the business of common-sense people and men and women of good will to break those barriers down and widen the sphere of international friendship.

Perhaps, after all, it is the business men of the world more than the idealists who have the biggest share of responsibility in this work and the greatest chance of success. It is certain that if in the past four years the business leaders of Europe and America had been called to the council table to settle the problems of peace, they could have arranged all these troubles of reparations, exchanges and burdens of armaments in a simple and satisfactory way which already would have changed the aspect of Europe and stabilized peace. That is rather like saying the old nursery rime:

If "ifs" and "an's" were pots and pans
There'd be no work for tinkers.

The politicians took very great care that business men should not have the settlement of their postwar problems. But I think still that the business mind in England, France, Italy, Germany and the United States is going to exercise increasing influence upon the situation of Europe. In France the business man is getting restive with Monsieur Poincaré and his policy. He is beginning to see that in the long run the downfall of Germany is not going to pay France. He is now exerting pressure to make friendly compacts with German industrialists, and to get reparations on a more moderate scale, as well as security in a moral way, by releasing Germany from intolerable conditions which are forcing that people, as they would force any people, into revolt, violence and the lust of revenge. Italy has long ago come to that decision.

If Business Men Worked for Peace

Business will not stand for a new war in Europe, or for crowding the sky with aeroplanes as a preparation for that war. The business man has an immense chance just now because his material interests are closely allied to the ideals of the peacemakers. He has the greatest power. He can command the politicians. He is the real ruler of the world, if he will only cut out politics from his own mind and deal with the world problems as he would with his own trade, seeing how best he can cut his losses, secure new markets, satisfy his customers and cheapen the cost of production. The war debts must be dealt with on that basis. The demobilization of Europe can be achieved only by the business mind realizing the cost and folly of the immense taxation caused by the standing armies. It is for the business men of the world to speak out and tell the truth about the arithmetic of life.

It is of course useless to expect peace in Europe so long as injustice and the sense of injustice burn in the hearts of many peoples, for man does not live by bread alone. As a preliminary to any real hope of peace there must be a certain revision of the Treaty of Versailles, at least as far as an alteration of the present frontiers which put Germans under Poles, Austrians under Italians, Hungarians under Rumanians and Czechs and Serbians. Those people must get their own folk back, liberated from alien rule, before they will have any acceptance of peace. And as a start in the pacification of the world, I, for one, would like to see Great Britain give back German Africa to the German people, who need some kind of outlet for their increasing population, which was one cause of the last war.

"It is all very difficult," as a friend of mine used to say in the days of war, but the perils ahead are so great that there must be men who have the courage and the spiritual faith to face the immense, complicated, tangled difficulties of the European situation without fear, without prejudice, without illusion, and with heroic remedies. I can see no way but some great world-wide appeal to the conscience and common sense of peoples, above the heads of the politicians, in which all men and women of knowledge, all soldiers who know the meaning of war, all Christian churches and folk, all writers and artists and poets, all business men with ideas rather broader than their office desks will coöperate in a great crusade of peace for the killing of those evil forces which are working hard for war.

Editor's Note—This is the eighth of a series of articles by Sir Philip Gibbs. The views of Sir Philip Gibbs should not be confused with the opinions of the editors, which appear from week to week on our editorial page, but we believe that they do reflect the ideas of an important group of Englishmen.

Then, a tug of war— now, a "reel" job

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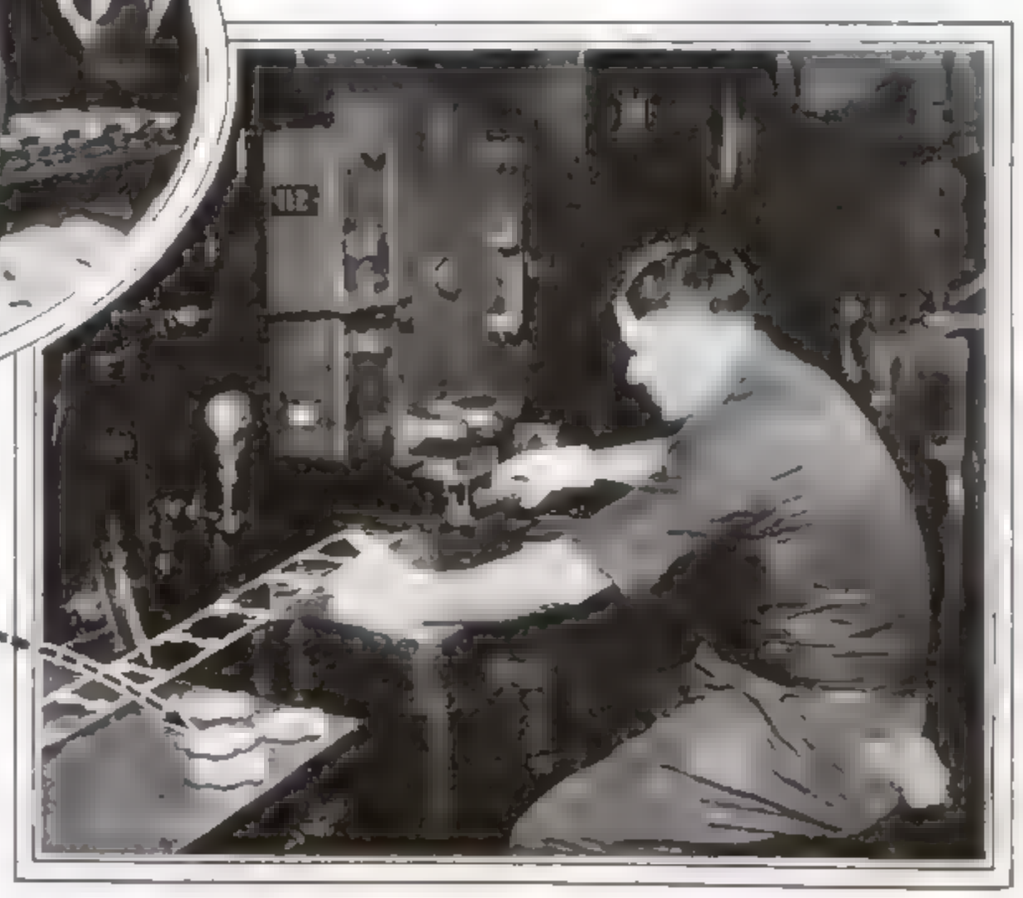

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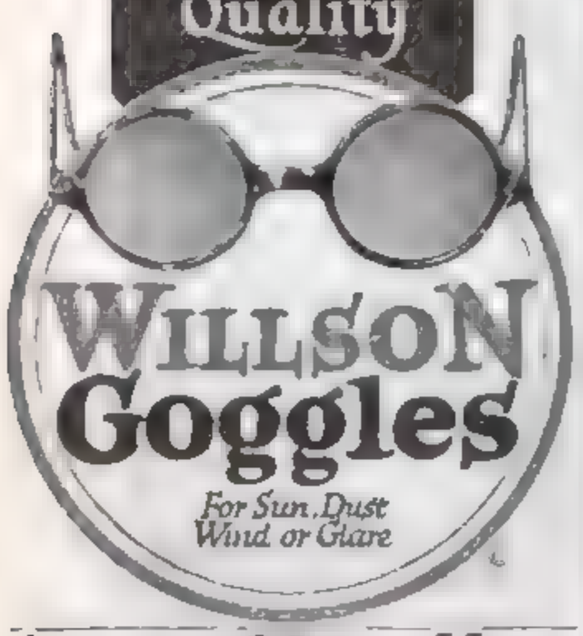

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SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

(Continued from Page 26)

B *is for Bottle, Bootlegger and Booze—*
All of them hard for the country to lose;
While many Best People are down on the Brew,
And perfectly Dry—their poor stomach is too.

C *is for Cash. It's the thing that you give*
For having your inner tube turned to a sieve;
If they offered a drop to your flivver——
My gosh!
Your horrified yell would be heard in Oshkosh.

D *is for Drink. It's a duty you owe*
To yourself as a free-thinking person, you know;
There's poison and filth in the booze that you buy.
But the Principle's there—and you'll drink if you die.

E *is for Easy. It's what they call you*
When you fall for the label they flash for your view;
"Pure Scotch!" and the stuff that is under the stamp
Would put a rock crusher in bed with a cramp.

F *is for Fish. It's the thing that you are*
When you drink that by-product of rubber and tar,
And sulphur and garbage and brewery slime,
And think you are having a whale of a time.

G *is for Growl—when your water bill comes.*
What! Two and a half? The unprincipled bums'
And then, for a gallon of synthetized gin,
Pay ten times as much with a satisfied grin.

H *is for Help-the-Poor-Moonshiner Day;*
(Pete the Gyp has it, just over the way;
Slip him ten bones—it will give him a laugh—
For a quart that has cost him a cent and a half.)

I *is the only shrewd fellow on earth.*
I knows Where to Get It, and What It is Worth;
I sniffs at the label and squints and looks wise—
Then pays twice as much as the ignorant guys.

J *is for Jag—a commodity which*
Is shared by the poor and the overstuffed rich;
The ragged ones weep and the wealthy ones brag,
But the Bootlegger knows that a jag is a jag.

K *is the Kink in your obstinate head*
That makes you take issue with Mr. Volstead;
That limits your sight to the end of your nose,
And your right to paint on it a blooming red rose.

L *is for Law. You're American—sure!*
One Hundred Per Cent! But you cannot endure
That your God-given right shall be laid on the shelf—
To make a respectable crook of yourself!

M *is Mankind. The day is at hand*
When the Strong and the Fit will inherit the land;
If not for yourself, then at least for the Race,
You might keep the creosote out of your face.

N *is for Nut. They have written your name*
On the Yeggs' and the Bootleggers' Tablet of Fame;
The Prominent Sucker of Weisenheim Square
Who'll buy sewer water—if handled with care.

O *is for Ouch —— At this point I awoke*
And handed that Goblin a heluva poke
For using my pen in that scandalous way
And trying to startle the Bootlegger's prey.

O course there was truth in his drivel, but then,
The bootlegger's prey are respectable men,
Obeying the law of their country—except
When—like yeggs and robbers—they find it inept.

Besides, who'd offend the Bootlegger? Not I!
The Bootlegger he is a popular guy.

—Lowell Otus Reese.

PERSHING'S LAST JOB

(Continued from Page 34)

last summer. "Students, laborers, business men, rich and poor, are all put on an even plane, under the same rules and regulations. From this contact each one emerges with a better understanding of the other fellow, his life, his viewpoints and his aims."

"In every camp is a course in citizenship. Under trained instructors the rights and liberties granted by our republic, and the means by which they were secured, are simply taught. The great aim is to teach self-discipline and respect for constituted authority, yet to encourage initiative and give young men confidence in their abilities."

In this nation-wide effort to improve our minds and bodies, President Harding set up the Federal Council of Citizenship Training by executive order in January, 1923. Ten of its twelve members are drawn from the Departments of State, War, Navy, Commerce, and so on. Its job is to study the lessons of the war, the selective-service act, every day social trends here in America, and to make suggestions as to how Uncle Sam may work with all the agencies, public and private, that are trying to train up better men and women. It has no politics, no religion. Its only aim is to help that 50 per cent of bodily unsound, that 25 per cent who can't read and write English.

One of its tools is a community score card. This is so framed as to draw the attention of a town or community to its own moral, mental, physical, sanitary and industrial conditions. By use of this card the council not only rouses interest in citizenship training; it also gets a graphic picture of how people live, think and act at different map spots in America. If it finds patriotism at a low ebb, too many children missing school, or signs of low morals, bad health, or other backward conditions in certain regions, it promotes action to repair such evils.

In one Middle Western town only 37 per cent of the legal voters actually cast their ballots at local elections. Those who failed, it was found, were the lawyers, bankers, preachers, teachers—the more intelligent residents. To cure this, a plan was set afoot to teach boys and girls in the town schools the duty and importance of voting. These children were relied on to carry the message home to their parents. Then a competition was arranged between the school districts in that town. By this means the percentage of voters rose from 37 to 83 per cent, a new municipal government was put in, and the town has taken on new life. Now instead of the voters being hauled to the polls in motors hired by politicians, it is the children who urge their parents to vote.

Fifty per cent of all American men physically unsound—that was a shock when the draft boards announced it. To help correct this is one of General Pershing's constant efforts. In every summer training camp athletic coaching holds a high place in the day's work.

"In one of our camps," General Pershing says, "those applicants who were not totally disabled—and yet who were believed unfit for the intensive work given normal young men—were put in a company alone for experimental training. Results were amazing. They showed marked improvement in posture, mental alertness, smartness of appearance and general physical condition.

"These results surely point to a great field of useful endeavor that can be exploited as a by-product of a sane system of training for national defense. One young man made the statement, 'I owe the Government a debt that I intend to repay for the great good this camp has done me.' It would be appropriate to say that this is a debt that Americans owe themselves and their descendants, to institute a national-defense training that will protect them from the danger of war and also strengthen the national physique."

In the card records of millions of our men, as filed in the War Department, there is yet another lesson of vital interest to every farmer, banker, manufacturer and merchant. These records show, to a startling degree, how short we are on skilled labor, and how unevenly it is distributed over our map. On Armistice Day—though the Army had trained 1,250,000 technicians—it had requisitions for 500,000 more technical specialists which it couldn't fill. It found, too, that probably half those who, when registering with draft boards, had claimed skill in certain kinds of work were really hardly skilled enough to be called apprentices.

This caused the Army to develop a system of job analysis such as many industrial firms now use. So scarce is skilled labor, and so hard does it hit both the Army and industry, that a sort of coöperative agency has been worked out, with the help of the National Research Council at Washington. A National Board of Personnel Classification is set up, composed of seven delegates from the seven major industrial groups in the United States. It is not unlikely that eventually, through community score cards, or even through some agency set up in the summer camps, a census of technicians can be taken and plans worked out to aid in fitting the man to the job.

So much for hopes and good intentions. The other side of the picture—the cutting down and reorganizing of the Regular Army, and our positive achievements under the National Defense Act aren't so rosy.

In brief, we have about 25,000,000 men of military age. There are about 1,000,000 boys in each yearly group, from eighteen to thirty; that is, this procession of growing young men is steadily passing each age-group limit at the rate of 1,000,000 a year.

If the rate of recruiting and discharge in the regulars is 50,000 a year, then on the average the Army will enlist and train some 50,000 out of every possible 1,000,000, or about 5 per cent. In like manner, if 75,000 men should pass through the National Guard each year, then 75,000 men, or 7.5 per cent, out of that 1,000,000 would also receive training. With luck and more funds, another 75,000, or another 7.5 per cent of that same 1,000,000 might find training in the summer camps each year, and enroll in the reserves. The total of all these would then reach 200,000 men, with at least one month's training. At this rate—and it's a very hopeful hypothesis—20 per cent of all our male citizens would eventually pass through the hands of military instructors. In plain English, we still face the future struggle for existence with a national man power 80 per cent of which is unclassified, without even the simplest training for the first duty of citizenship—the duty to bear arms in national defense.

But we haven't the funds to attain even the minimum of military training contemplated by the defense act. Today we can train only one reserve officer in ten.

"We are in danger of discrediting the very defense act which they are endeavoring so earnestly to support," says General Pershing.

September thirteenth next, General Pershing will be sixty-four years old. By law, he is due then to take off his sword and call it a day. Curiously enough, the anniversary of our victory at St.-Mihiel falls on the general's birthday. In honor of the day, then, it is being planned to stage a nation-wide test, to see how ably we might mobilize our peacetime forces to defend the country should a foreign foe suddenly smite us. With no selective-service act now in force, and with no funds for travel, food or equipment, this mimic call to arms will be, indeed, a unique test of peacetime patriotism.

Every reservist, every guardsman will join his own outfit, at his own home town, at his own expense. In the General Staff they tell you the War Plans Division studies how to get men, munitions and material and mobilize them in case of sudden need. It can plan this big mimic mobilization and issue orders; but if when the war cry sounds—Horatio of the Third Kansas, for example, is supposed to hold a certain bridge, he'll simply have to furnish his own bridge, because Uncle Sam has none in stock. It is so with the jawbones of asses. All Samsons must bring their own jawbones.

Home of Mr. Julius H. Barnes, President of the U. S. Chamber of Commerce and of the Barnes-Ames Company, New York. Klearflax linen rugs provide a charming background for the artistic interiors

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An origination of special interest is the new Klearflax Paramount. This fabric is a real achievement in floor coverings; of wonderful richness in color and texture and so luxuriously thick, it gives unequalled wear.

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UNWRITTEN HISTORY

(Continued from Page 17)

round-eyed indignation and his richest lisp, "My good Waller, you may run away with my dear wife, but you may not act in my bee-utiful theater."

Although he was never a great actor, and was, indeed, often unconsciously comic in his most serious rôles, he manufactured a rather striking personality and a perfection of make-up which enabled him to get into the skin of the character that he was representing, though never into its bones and soul. He found it difficult to memorize the lines of his always leading parts, and with the most fertile invention posted prompters under tables, behind rocks, jutting walls or ancient oaks so that the elusive word might be whispered to him as he moved in well-disguised anguish from cache to cache. He had a keen and most artistic eye, reveled in color and pageantry, did everything in the grand manner, was a brilliant though not too patient stage director and had so genuine a love for the stage—"my beloved craft," as he always called his profession—that, in spite of his enunciatory handicap and curious floating methods, not unlike those of ectoplasm, he did much to raise the level of the theater and create His Majesty's into the Mecca of Suburbia. He spent a fortune in building himself into an atmosphere of greatness, and, with his first and second secretaries, valets, lords of the bedchamber, cabinet ministers, secret service, majordomos, ambassadors and favorites, was like nothing so much in private life as a Ruritanian monarch clinging often by the skin of his teeth to a country which existed only in his own imagination.

Supper in the Dome

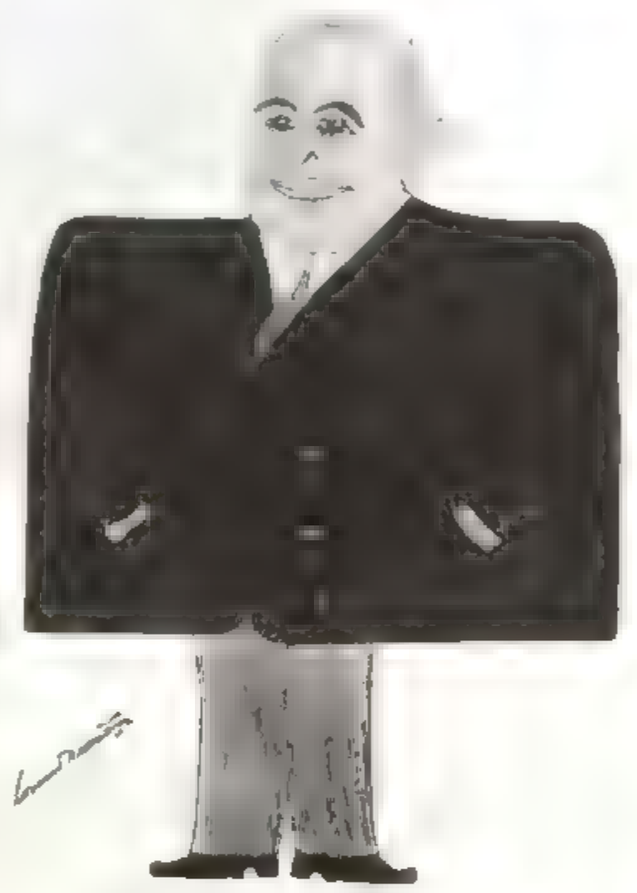
The most exact illustration of his peculiar gift of self-deception and freakish sense of distorted humor can only be drawn by describing a disconcerting episode in which I was the willing victim. He had invited me to see him in a revival of Oscar Wilde's Lady Windermere's Fan—a feeble, fatuous play, I always thought, which, like Hamlet, is full of quotations, though they are not, as Shakspere's are, quite original—in which, resembling a very handsome but rather leggy pouter pigeon, he appeared as the epigrammatic and unscrupulous peer, wearing corsets, a beautiful wavy brown wig and a mustache of long soft hairs. Twice during the course of the play he sent one of his diplomats to my box to inquire as to my comfort, in his characteristically hospitable and gently sarcastic way, and finally issued a royal command for my presence in his disrobing room at the fall of the curtain.

During the intricate process of unpeering, the peeling of the mustache and eyebrows, the lifting of the wig, the disentanglement of the stays, which let down the noble chest to its normal place beneath his lower waistcoat, he invited me to supper in the Viking Hall in the dome of the theater. Under the impression that my inner man was to be refreshed in company perhaps with Comyns Carr, Sir Alfred Fripp, Max Beerbohm, Lily Hanbury, Maxine Elliott, or Arthur Ponsonby, Hugh Spottiswoode, Lord Esher, Rufus Isaacs, now Lord Reading, Marshall Hall, one or two officers of the Guards, and a sprinkling of beautiful women of elastic society, in the usual way, I accepted.

Those suppers in the dome were unique. Arm in arm, we ascended to the room beneath the roof, discussing my idea that he should put on an adaptation of Tartufe in the costumes of the period, though not in the traditional Molière manner—and I found at once that we were to be alone in Ruritania. The disconcerting part of it came in when Tree, placing on the table a large notebook bound in red leather, said, "For our impromptus." It goes without saying that the constant sight of this deadly volume had the effect of putting us both into a state of mental impotence from which we never even partially recovered.

An impromptu is the only thing that cannot be manufactured by machinery, and the self-conscious pages would have remained entirely virginal but for Tree's solemn entries of all the Wilde epigrams which had just been delivered on the stage below as though they were the spontaneous sparks of his flashing supper wit. But that he had a way of saying very neat things on the spur of the moment was never better shown than when, after Arthur Bourchier had deserted his company to put on a rival Shakspere production at the Garrick Theatre, a loud report shook London just at the moment when he stood in the wings in the gorgeous red robes of Cardinal Wolsey, and in answer to the "Good heavens, what's what?" of someone at his side, said, "Bourchier's head."

George Alexander was the complete antithesis of Beerbohm Tree. Very real and sincere, he did everything with cold, businesslike calculation, greatly assisted by his devoted wife. He chose his plays and his companies with the most meticulous care, regarding his extremely good-looking, well-groomed self as the divinely appointed representative of English aristocracy in plays which generally reflected the moods and temperament of high society. The theater in which he reigned so long and so well was conducted with the prim precision and regularity of a smart boarding house or a school for the daughters of gentlemen. He was the chief, aloof, unemotional, irreproachable as well as unapproachable, attending to the business of his theater with the punctuality and calm routine of a bank president, urbane and placid except during the inevitable periods of failure, which affect the stage as well as every other concern depending upon the fickle fancy of the public, when his careful stucco broke and he became the artist, the very human man.



Charles Frohman—From a Caricature by the Author

If he never touched the heights of great acting, he managed often, by dint of much earnestness and on the strength of his charming personality and frequent fat parts, to arrive at the halfway house. He was the matinée idol of London for very many years. I was, I believe, the only writer who was able in those days to persuade him to hide his beauty under the white wig and beard of an old man, and that was when, some little time after the South African squabble, he put on a one-act play of mine called The Fortune of War by accident—I had intended to send him another, but put this one into the envelope in a woolgathering moment—in which he amazed his admirers by appearing as a Chelsea pensioner waiting in the cottage of his daughter-in-law at Aldershot for the return of his son, who never came back.

The Scrub Woman's Criticism

The so-called big moment of the little piece was when his son's regiment marched into the barracks near by, and the news of his death on the transport having been withheld from him—the old ex-sergeant major, decorating the parlor with colored papers, tottered under the bad news, but pulled himself together to fling up a feeble and gallant hand in salute as the band played the national anthem.

At the dress rehearsal, which was watched only by Mrs. Alexander, myself, the manager and the scrub women, he was greatly elated to be told that one of the latter, a soldier's wife, had fainted as the curtain fell. A good criticism, indeed! The piece, delicately and finely acted and produced, went very well to a crowded house on the first performance. There were cries of "Author! Author!" and to my horror and amazement I was dragged from the stalls by the stalwart manager, pushed through the iron door to the stage, gripped by the hand by George Alexander and led trembling to the footlights to take my first call.

"Bow," said Alexander, and I bowed. The applause made my hair stand on end and my collar wilt. "Bow again," he said, and I bowed, seeing only a blur of faces.

"Now what do I do?" I asked hoarsely.

"Get off," he said; "get off."

But how I got off I never really knew.

If the actor-manager system which prevailed in those smooth though unappreciated days was not good for plays, it was a thousand times better than the appalling chaos into which the theater has fallen now. Then, with Tree, Alexander, Charles Hawtrey, Lewis Waller, Cyril Maude, Granville Barker, Frederick Harrison, Fred Terry, Charles Wyndham, H. B. Irving, Martin Harvey, and the rest, each in possession of his own theater and all of them men of responsibility and high standing, which was a very excellent thing for the stage, there was none of the commercialism which has brought about the present system of profit rentals under which it is almost impossible for the independent manager to live.

Syndicates for the most part control the theaters today, and the members of them treat plays as they ought to be treating potatoes. It is very sad and bad and mad. Audiences, too, in London are not the same as they were before the war.

An Idea

The people for whom Pinero wrote Iris and The Notorious Mrs. Ebbsmith; Marshall, The Duke of Killicrankie; Hubert Henry Davies, Cousin Kate; Somerset Maugham, Smith, cannot afford any longer to pay the high price for stalls; and the people who can are—to put it mildly—less intelligent, though not so lamentably lacking in that rather useful commodity as the present theater magnates are inclined to believe.

The reason why the actor-manager system was not good for plays can be explained better perhaps by the relation of the following incident than by a lengthy technical dissertation: One of the men whose name is mentioned in the list above needed a play for the following season. He was adventurous enough to wish to give the young writers a chance, and so he sent for five or six of us to see whether we had anything written, or anything in the back of our heads that was worthy of his gracious consideration. I am unable to say what happened to the others, but what happened to me was this:

Having let it be known that I had a great idea which only he among living actors could possibly bring to life, I was invited to supper at his most appropriate house, one which would have been described in the elephantine language of the house agent as "an elegant family mansion situate in the most desirable and advantageous portion of the West End." I was brought up to his study by a flunky who played his part extremely well, I thought. In fact the whole scene was deftly and charmingly produced and directed, and the tired genius went through the process of recuperation with a thoroughness that was refreshingly and recognizably human.

We talked unkindly and almost wholly about the other actor-managers and their obvious mistakes, and it was not until the first small hours of the morning, by which time my host had got his second wind and fourth whisky and soda, that we came finally to the point. Like the blossom of the tobacco plant, the actor-manager opened up most completely in the middle of the night. With my back to a very perfect Adam mantelpiece, I then told my plot as dramatically as I was able, leading up to each of the three curtains with the pride of a fond parent.

(Continued on Page 73)

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It BEATS ... as it Sweeps as it Cleans

(Continued from Page 70

The effect was all the more electrical because the fourth whisky had less soda than the other three, and almost anything sounds good at that time in the morning. Enthusiasm resulted, but the commission to write the play was deferred until the following night, when, it was decided, we should sup together again for a discussion of greater detail. And so the pleasant process was duly repeated, and it was then that the microbe of actor-managership was inevitably injected into my idea. In other words, my host and would-be producer began to argue about the plot, with the not then too obvious endeavor to bring his part into greater prominence; an endeavor which, as he knew as well as I did, kicked the whole story out of gear, reduced its value almost to nil, and in fact made it something quite different from what it was originally. We argued in the friendliest manner. I conceded one or two points, but clung with what was the most unexpectedly clamlike tenacity to the scheme as I had given it the previous night.

I could see that I was regarded as a swollen-headed young person, curiously and wantonly unimpressed with the epoch-making opportunity of being put on by a footlight favorite of such undoubted eminence. At three o'clock in the morning I left, having stuck to my guns, and the room was filled with smoke. We were to meet again the following night for a final talk. In the meantime I was gravely and earnestly desired to think wisely and deeply and pray for light and humbleness, and return in a less unresilient frame of mind, ready and willing to sacrifice the story that had aroused immediate enthusiasm upon the altar of the great man's egotism. I did pray during the remaining hours of that unusually sunny day, because, after all, my rates and taxes, to say nothing of my butcher's bill, were not likely to be paid by carrying an unproduced idea kangaroolike in my case. Grist would, of course, be added to the mill, even if the play were produced in the state into which it had been twisted by this monarch of the theater.

Banished From Ruritania

I remember walking about the more lonely parts of Hyde Park, where gamin sheep munched the uncountrified grass, with my face to the sky and my soul at the feet of God. But when the third of these strange meetings came, and once more I stood before the actor-manager with my fate in my hands, he threw aside all subterfuge and said that if I were prepared to give him all the best scenes, all the best lines and build the play not round the boy and girl, but all about himself, make him suffer as the boy was to suffer, love as the girl was to love, and, as he was to be a clergyman, undergo a momentary shattering of faith which would give him a first-class opportunity to show how supremely he could touch the tragic note, a check on account of royalties would be paid at once and a contract signed before I made my departure into a street deserted except for a prowling policeman and the nightly area cats.

I am unable to say why I was possessed at that ticklish moment with a spirit of such reckless and foolhardy independence, but the fact remains that, with my back to the wall, I said no without meaning yes, and stuck to it. Either I wrote my own original plot, which he liked so much, or I wrote nothing. There was a queer incredulous silence; a long, penetrating, outraged stare. Lese majesty had been committed. It was unbelievable. It was unthinkable, and, by Jove, it was punishable! Shooting at sunrise was out of date, but an edict of banishment from that Ruritania was certain.

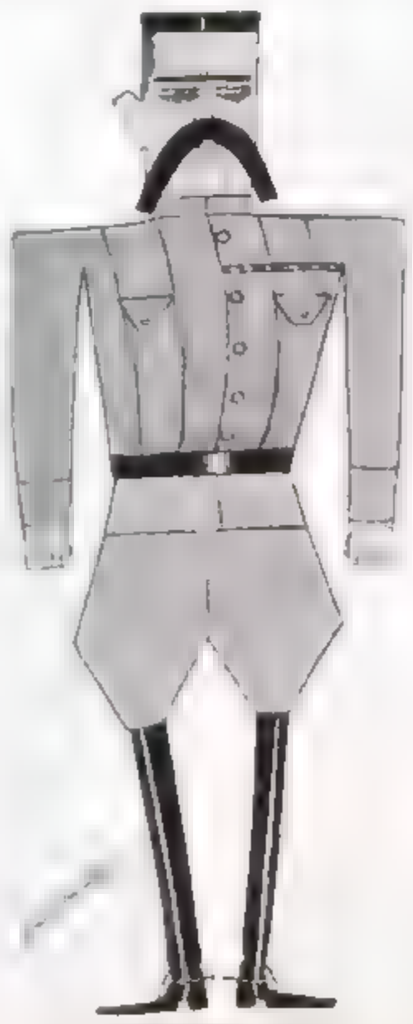
A long finger touched a bell. An icy figure retired into an alcove. An arras parted and fell. The lord of the bedchamber, yawning, led me downstairs. I found myself alone and horrified under the stars. Something that was not quite a laugh sent a bitten-eared tabby into the darkness of a kitchen entrance. I had killed a fine chance and closed the portcullis of that particular autocrat forever against me. When that play was offered to the public in 1911, word for word as I had described it to the man who subsequently forgot my face, it was called The Blindness of Virtue. Can't you imagine how I love to say that it has been running ever since?

Gaston Mayer, who had inherited the impresario mania from a father well known in the operatic world, came over the horizon about this time, and having taken a lease of the little Royalty Theatre in the rather insalubrious and garlic-reeking purlieus of Soho from the shrewd but kind-hearted Kate Santley, was filled with the peculiar theatrical passion which generally takes the form of losing somebody else's money by putting on a play. At what was considered then an enormous salary, he had engaged a very extraordinary man called Harry Fragson to play the leading part in a piece not yet written or discussed, into which the delightful music of La Gran Via was to be injected. For this somewhat vague enterprise a young American singer named May de Sousa, who could touch a higher note than any living girl and remain alive, had also been engaged.

The Meteoric Rise of Harry Fragson

Harry Fragson was extraordinary because he had, it was said, begun his career as an English bricklayer, who, while carrying bricks upon his shoulder in what I think is called a hod, scattered his aitches all about the bottom of the ladder and burned with the ambition to challenge the greatness of Dan Leno in the music halls. A very ugly man, with a long sloping forehead, an enormous nose and eleven strands of oily hair which were plastered singly across a polished dome, he had, he told me, received a shower of carrots at his first and only performance at the hall of his native town. Daunted, but not broken, he shook his fist at merry England, bought a passage to France out of his hard-earned savings and entered Paris not only without a single franc but not one single word of the language. Asterisks. And then one night, some years later, the director of the Folies Bergère, scouting about for talent, paid a blasé visit to a third-rate cabaret in the Latin Quarter, saw and heard this nightmare man with the ugly, immovable white face as he sang a series of his own boulevardier songs at the piano in the argot of the streets, and engaged him as an experiment to sing his audience in.

It is only a picturesque exaggeration to say that on the evening of which the ex-bricklayer had been dreaming every night of his Paris life he sang them out as well. In other words, so immense and immediate was his success on that sophisticated primeval stage that his presence was demanded again and again throughout the evening, and from that rare and wonderful night 'Arri Fragson became the rage of Paris. It was while he was at the height of his fashion there, with a flourishing music-publishing business to keep his spare time occupied, that he sat down one afternoon at one of the little round tables outside the Café de la Paix, and while waiting for his drink read a few bars of music that had been scrawled anonymously on its marble top. Immediately copying them on the back of an envelope, he warmed the cockles of his heart with an old brandy, went home as fast as his long legs would take him, and out of these casual notes elaborated a song that was sung and played all over the world for years. With one round eye on advertisement and the other on justice, Fragson advertised for the composer of the scribble on



Lord Kitchener, From a Caricature by the Author

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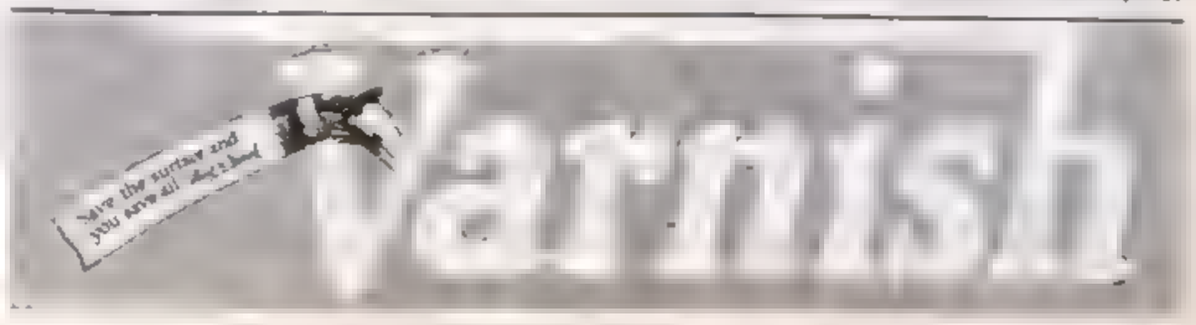

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which this lucky song was based; and although all Paris suddenly developed hidden musical genius and applied for royalties, no one came forward who could prove his claim.

What happened to the man through whose brain that catchy melody floated while he sat outside the restaurant listening to the cantata of the streets remains a most intriguing mystery. Was it jotted down by a man beyond the tyranny of bread, too skeptical for the brief joys of fame, or by one who found his number on a taxicab and was carried to the morgue? Here is a fascinating riddle for a story-writer who can make whatever use of it he likes.

Out of the gold harvest that the song brought in Fragson eventually sent a handsome check to a charitable fund for indigent musicians. Unlike several composers who could be mentioned without an effort, this one possessed a conscience. Then he returned to his native land to star in a Drury Lane pantomime, at once repeated his Paris success and was engaged by Gaston Mayer.

On the strength of the various musical plays that I had written, I was asked to meet Fragson and write the book of the Royalty Theatre venture. I accepted the commission, and the result of my efforts, for the first act of which Fragson himself wrote the music, the second act being filled with the lilting melodies of La Gran Via, became Castles in Spain. Eustace Ponsonby, commonly and inoffensively called Scrobby, was responsible for the lyrics. I need hardly say that Fragson's piano was the principal prop whenever it was possible to use it.

The three of us had a very amusing, strenuous and exciting time. Fragson very quickly became 'Arri to me, and I steadily remained 'Amilton to Fragson, because, although he spoke French like an Apache, his English persisted in being that of the man who had loaded bricks upon a hod. I need hardly say that I wrote him into a character to whom I gave the wine-red name of Beaujolais in order that he might be able to continue to drop his aitches unnoticed.

I remember that when we endeavored to choose an adequate singing chorus from the usual crowd of unsuitable applicants who always appear on these pathetic occasions, 90 per cent of the girls demonstrated their lack of voice by singing "Come h'out, come h'out, ther spring is 'ere," though not, as it happened, as a sympathetic compliment to the star.

Panic-Stricken Backers

All went well and happily until about a week before production, when, with that passion for interference which belongs to managers and their backers, Gaston Mayer and his monied friend sat through a rather chaotic rehearsal and fell into a panic. They were, of course, quite entitled to do that, because one was presenting the play and the other was paying for it. Not content, however, with their *crise de nerfs*, they waited until the weary company had been dismissed, called Fragson, Ponsonby and myself into the office and told us in so ill-chosen a set of phrases that our united efforts pleased them not that we all took umbrage.

In his most fluent French, which Mayer fortunately understood, Fragson allotted both manager and backer to the only place in which it seemed to him they completely deserved to be. Ponsonby was Etonian in his most inciaive way, and I, finding my vocabulary not sufficiently rich, gave orders that these two nervous and unappreciative men were not to be permitted to enter their theater again until they came in with the first-night audience. In this way, high-handed and unprecedented as it was, I started a fashion which ought to have been but wasn't followed by every author ever since. If it had been it would be impossible to say how many admirable plays would have found their way to the footlights without the preposterous doctoring to which almost every play is subjected in America, where it is not considered good form to permit the work of any author, even Shakspere, to pass through the tribulations of rehearsals without putting the second act first, the third act second and the first act last, and after the quite useless tryout to hand it over to a series of play architects who shall inject into it as much as they can remember of a series of recent successes and musical-comedy jokes. The most popular of these men are those with the most retentive memories, the most pachydermatous hides and the largest collection of the comic papers.

Some time after his return to his beloved Paris to reappear at the Folies Bergère poor old 'Arri's meteroic career was brought to a terrible and an untimely end. In the kindness of his most kind and simple heart, he had brought his father over from England to end his days in the comfort of the Paris apartment; but the old man was totally unable to conform to his new surroundings or understand the wisdom and the common sense—one is as good as the other, if they are not twins—of doing in Rome as the Romans do or leaving Rome at once. Live and let live has never really become the golden motto that it deserves to be. If long ago it had been instilled into the educational codes of all the races, the pages of history would now be gloriously free from wars of greed and religion, from censorship and prohibition and from all the expensive failures of fanatics and faddists that the world has suffered from.

Suffice it to say that Fragson Senior so greatly disliked the Parisian way of life that he found his son pursuing so happily and domestically, that one night on 'Arri's return from the theater he shot him through the heart—that most kind and simple heart. With the bricks of his own making, however, Harry Fragson had built himself an everlasting niche in the memory of Paris.

In Quest of Lady Godiva

In the period during which I was working so closely with Charles Frohman it was his invariable habit to spend three or four months in London every year for the purpose mainly of collecting plays, absorbing theaters and creating stars. It was his wont on these flamboyant occasions to take me with him to Paris to see what the City of Bridges had to offer and to buy options on the ebullient output of the well-known French dramatists, who, of course, waited for his coming with that apparently inexhaustible check book with all the eagerness of their British confrères. Usually he would stay with his valet-secretary, a capable and shrewd little man who was generally supposed to have been a prize fighter earlier in his career, at the Grand Hotel, somewhere under the eaves, while he engaged a room less loftily placed for me and other friends.

I remember landing in Paris with him once on the night when the electricians had gone out on a strike and the city, as though time had suddenly played a mischievous and fantastic trick and put back the hands of the clock, was lighted only by gas jets, oil lamps and candles stuck into empty bottles. It was very wonderful, and to me most fascinating and picturesque. The vast foyer of the Grand Hotel, instead of blazing beneath a hundred thousand electric-light bulbs, loomed in shadows made by dozens of candles and one spurting shoot of raw gas. We dressed by candlelight and found the numbers of our rooms with the aid of matches. We dined round a candle and eventually made our way into the dark streets between sudden recrudescences of tallow.

All the theaters were closed; but, being determined to spend a busman's holiday, we felt our way round to the Circus, which was determined to hold its performance by hook or by crook. Here, in a box over the doors which let the performers into the ring, Frohman slept like a tired cherub; while I, in the semidarkness of that bland and childlike building, watched the inevitable lady on the fat white horse with pink nostrils, the clowns with their probably sad faces coated with paint and the acrobats with their teetering feet and the conventional tricks of asking for applause.

The tune that was played by the strong-winded band took me back on a wave of emotion to a tragic afternoon when—aged eight—I was taken to a country circus at home and fell prostrate before the ravishing beauty of a lady in pink tights who rode a horse just as fat and white, with the same pink nostrils and streaming tail. The grand passion of eight led me at the end of the performance into dodging my brothers and nursery governess to hunt about the backs of the dirty tents for the sweet Godiva who had played the first swift havoc with my heart. Undaunted by ropes, tent pegs, swarthy men, cages of blasé lions, insalubrious camels and pessimistic monkeys, I came at last to an open space in the middle

(Continued on Page 76)

Neither romance nor history tells us who made the first pair of stockings. But certain it is that human progress is indicated by the remarkable refinements that have been made in hosiery. Never before this very day have men, women and children been able to own such beautiful and substantial foot-coverings at so low a cost. Phoenix leadership in this advancement has made it the standard hosiery of the world. But neither romance nor history can record the downright satisfaction that has come from the long miles of strenuous and refined travel which this splendid product economically supplies.

PHOENIX
HOSIERY
MILWAUKEE

(Continued from Page 74)

of the caravans, and there to my horror and grief I saw my angel sitting on the knees of the bulbous ringmaster in his shirt sleeves, imbibing stout from a black bottle. I suffered for at least a week from the hatred of life that is always brought about by a shock of disillusionment and the spanking of a parental bedroom slipper.

I don't know whether it was a slight increase in wage or the return of a sense of humor—possibly the latter—which made those Paris electricians function again; but in the middle of the night I was brought into a sudden sitting posture in my bed by the switching on of all the lights in my room.

The city was herself once more, and time, the undefeatable, had recovered from its short and ludicrous setback.

The following morning, as Frohman and I were setting out to one of the oldest restaurants for *déjeuner*, with the vacuum brought about by the scanty breakfast that goes with Continental life, he paused for several minutes in the foyer of the hotel in order to open a large handful of *petits bleus* that had been collected by his valet-secretary. By way of making conversation, I asked Frohman as we went out if he had had good news from America of his numerous enterprises. With his characteristic twinkle he replied, "Yes; every one of my plays is running to a loss."

The only three French words which Frohman ventured to indulge in during his visits to the country were "gassong," "frappay" and "addition." He insisted, however, on sitting through all the plays that he had marked out to see, having, of course, no more inkling of what they were about than was afforded by a hurried glance at a rough translation and my frequent whispers. All the same, I think he was more interested and excited in being persistently puzzled than if he had known everything that was going on. For one thing, there was an element of novelty about it, a pleasant sense of being abroad; and for another, it held his interest to watch the facial expressions and gesticulations of the actors and make bets with himself as to what on earth they meant to convey. He was very often far from the mark and greatly disappointed when he was told precisely what it was all about. Imagination and a too familiar knowledge of plots combined to build up a story that seemed to him to be better than the real thing as it was discovered to him afterwards. In any case, he was kept guessing, and if a play failed to bring about that result he held it to be as dead as mutton. I am inclined to believe that he was right, though I know even less about the matter than he did, or anyone else.

Taken at His Word

He bought the English rights of Chantecler, for which everybody was bidding, more because so many rivals desired it than, I believe, because he wanted it for himself. Be that as it may, we went into the Café de la Paix on the night of his purchase, flushed with victory, and discussed a cast for the American production while he smoked cigar after cigar and drank half a dozen glasses of orangeade, a more dangerous concoction than any of the synthetic or wood-alcoholic life-shorteners that have naturally sprung into being to undermine the Constitution of America since prohibition stole upon its unprepared and incredulous inhabitants. For several hours we talked and talked, arriving at no definite conclusions.

When, finally, he put forward an actor to play the king of the barnyard who seemed to me to be more hopeless than any of his other suggestions—a big, pompous, declamatory person, devoid of humor, and yet endowed with that pathetic sense of self-importance and domestic rectitude which goes with all those masters of harem hen runs being needed—I murmured the magic name of Maude Adams, the ethereal, wistful, delicate little lady who had been born to play the part of the hen, to show the absurdity of his choice. Imagine my amazement and horror when he jumped at my paradoxical suggestion as though it were an inspiration and immediately composed a hundred-word cable appointing that great little artist to play the cock. Thus was I unwittingly responsible for the epoch-making failure of a play which, in any case, was as impossible of translation into English as the raising of a Parisian eyebrow on the forehead of John Bull.

His courage, energy and power to go from one effort to the next in his eager search for success were never better shown than by the following expensive incident: We had both seen and fallen in love with a most ingenious and delightful farce in which Gallipaux gave one of his masterly performances of tragic comedy. I took it home to adapt, leaving the scene in its native atmosphere, and it was mutually decided that the late James Welch should be engaged to bring to life the leading part. His small, trusting and rather pathetic figure was exactly what was wanted. But on the night that the play was delivered a certain actor-manager who had been having a run of failures told his sad story at supper to Frohman, who, believing that the play was a certainty, and being keen to have the opportunity to be connected with an actor of great achievements and the highest reputation, gave him the play to change his luck.

This man, brilliant as he was in the creation of character parts, was totally unsuited to this one. He was utterly lacking in the tragic sense, and looked too well fed and prosperous to gain the belief of the audience in the temptation to which he had succumbed. His methods were hard, too, and unresilient, and he was as unwhimsical as a retired major of the Indian Army with a bad liver and recurring gout. Money was lavished on the production and cast, and everybody was excellent except the leading man.

Arsène Lupin in English

Frohman attended several of the final rehearsals, and without giving an inkling of his disappointment and realization of the mistake that he had made, worked hard and well.

When we left the theater after the dress rehearsal and dodged through all his favorite alleys to the Savoy Hotel, I, who had made no comments either, asked him if he were going to be present at the opening performance.

"No," he said, with the well-known twinkle; "nor are you. We can't afford to waste the time. Spend the evening with me and we'll get to work on something else."

The play died of rapid consumption.

I was not at all keen about adapting plays from the French. It seemed to me then, and I hold the same opinion now, that it was something in the nature of a literary crime to take a play peculiar to its birthplace, whose characters thought and spoke in the idiom of their language, and regarded life from a point of view altogether different from that of English-speaking people, and attempt to make it plausible by a process of elimination and alteration. Just as well attempt to reproduce the lightness and rhythm of a typical French melody by playing it with a fife-and-drum band. Then, too, the sticking of a French beard on an English face never makes an English actor into a Frenchman. The whole proceeding is rather dreadful. Under my unwritten agreement with Charles Frohman, it was understood, however, that I was to adapt a certain number of foreign plays for him; and even if it went against the grain, there was nothing to be said about it. It is true that I was able to make my choice of the innumerable plays by French authors of which he bought an option, and among those upon which I laid a somewhat reluctant hand was Arsène Lupin, a dramatization of one of the famous stories by Maurice Leblanc by the fertile collaborators De Croisset and De Flers.

There was an outburst of crook plays about this time, and it seemed to Frohman that the part so charmingly played by Seymour Hicks of Paris in the original version would be a good one for Gerald du Maurier, who had just come under his management. As a matter of fact, any part became a good one then, as now, in the hands of Du Maurier, an actor who has no equal for the most delightful naturalness, humor, sincerity and strength, and whose acting is so true and delicate and spontaneous that he never seems to act. He is by all odds the finest actor on the English stage, and if he elected to play Hamlet or Iago, David Garrick or Charles Surface, instead of the modern parts that he prefers to appear in, he would attract just as many eager admirers to his theater as he does now, in spite of the apparent desire of present-day theatergoers for what he calls thick-ear plays.

I took the bulky French script to Henley-on-Thames, commandeered my young brother, who was a member of St. John's College, Oxford, and was rowing in his boat, hired a punt which was tied to the boom in the middle of the river and dictated my adaptation to him under a large umbrella, with one eye on the practicing crews. An ideal way, but for the typical absence of the sun, under which to work. I enjoyed that particular job very much, indeed, as it turned out, though it was by no means an easy one; worked about eight hours a day for a fortnight and dined every night, with the necessary frugality of men in training, with my brother's undergraduate friends.

The play completed, I was not able to attend any of the rehearsals under the brilliant direction of Dion Boucicault because I was busily at work on something else. But I was present at the final dress rehearsal, when it was decided, at the last moment, that the bomb with which Arsène held up the police and his bitter enemy the detectives—so well played by Dennis Eadie—should be a large black India-rubber ball. The effect of this bouncing thing, which was supposed to be a deadly instrument of destruction upon both the police and the audience as Arsène escaped in a convenient lift, was electrical, and brought down a thrilling curtain to Homeric laughter.

The play was a great success in England and America, but I remember feeling extremely uncomfortable when I met the great dandy De Croisset and his partner De Flers on the stage and expected to be received with a shower of abuse at the many liberties I had been obliged to take with their play. They were, on the contrary, extremely felicitous, and took back with them to Paris a scene which I had interpolated between Lupin and the detective. My name was not on the program as adapter on the first performance, and I sat with Tubby Turner, Cyril Maude's capable and faithful manager, who hadn't the remotest idea that the hand of his companion was all over the piece. It was most amusing to listen to his comments as act succeeded act, as well as those of the critics who were equally in the dark. And when at the end Turner turned to me and said, "By Jove, we must get hold of the man who did this. I wish I knew his name," and I gave it to him, mine was the final laugh that night.

A Play Sold Short

I am the only author, I think, who ever adapted an American play into an English atmosphere. This curious experiment was made, by the desire of Charles Frohman, upon Thompson Buchanan's A Woman's Way for the exploitation of the young actress who had made a great success in W. J. Locke's dramatic version of The Morals of Marcus. Containing a delightful idea, and being admirably constructed, it was only necessary to transfer the scene from New York to London, to translate the colloquialisms of the former city to those of the latter, to give the characters English names and English natures and the thing was done. With a wonderful company supporting Miss Carlisle, who very bravely went through a rather drastic form of banting during the course of rehearsals, once again under the magic direction of Dion Boucicault, the result was a fair success. Somewhat recently I adopted this plan again with a play of my own called Scandal, the original version of which was laid in an American atmosphere and played by, among others, Charles Cherry and Francine Larrimore, and produced by an unbusinesslike enthusiast who believed so little in its money-making chances before production that he sold 150 per cent of it to his more optimistic friends. Afterwards he enjoyed the Gilbertian satisfaction of paying a dollar and fifty cents to them for every dollar that he received—and he received a good many. Its long run landed him not into an ill-deserved prosperity but into the bankruptcy court.

The English version of this play was produced and acted in by Arthur Bourchier soon after the Armistice. I was unable to be in London at the time to assist at the rehearsals; and when, with great kindness and a gesture of triumph, he sent the manuscript to me across the unnecessary Atlantic it was so amazingly unrecognizable that it took my breath away. I was especially thrilled, if that is the word, to find that he had placed the fourth act on board a yacht instead of leaving it in the house of the heroine's father, in order, presumably, that her dignified aunt might give an unedifying exhibition of *mal de mer* in order to brighten things up a little. Miss Kyrle Bellew played the headstrong heroine in London and, according to the pictures that I saw of her in the ever-merry Tatler, wore fewer clothes in the daytime than she did at night.

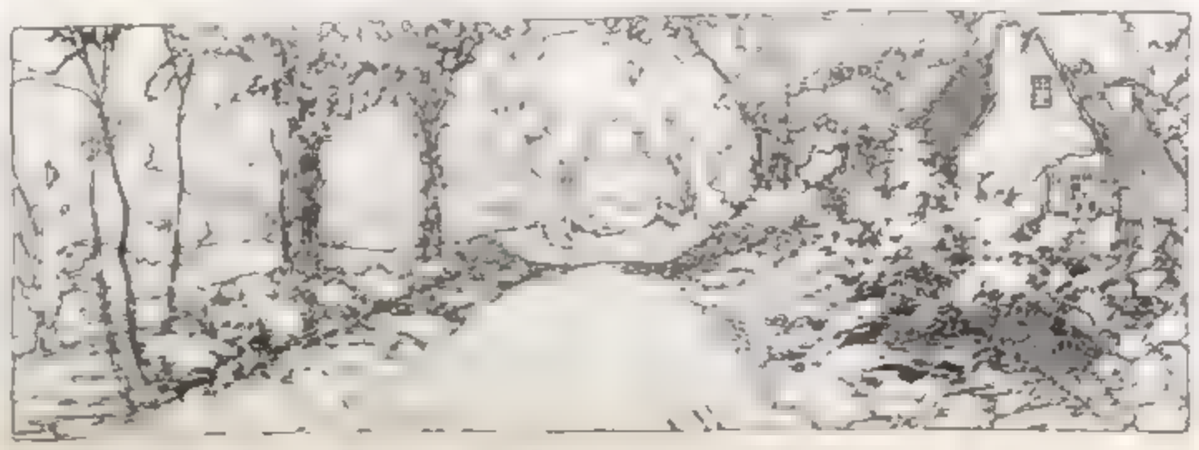
Miss Larrimore's Pluck

The American version was tried out at Washington, with Estelle Winwood and Warburton Gamble in the leading parts, and was under the stage direction of Guthrie McClintic. It was then leased to the Selwyns. It went off like a damp squib. I watched the first three performances with a growing dislike, and after the Wednesday matinée, before which there had been a melancholy gathering of the company and an abortive attempt to pull the play together, I disappeared with a script, went home, cut out one act and half a dozen quite superfluous characters and wrote an entirely new third act. The Selwyns had lost faith in the play, and so presently it was recast and reproduced and rehearsed in the little Belmont Theater before being taken to an outlying city to be tried again on another dog.

It did not seem to me that Francine Larrimore was suited to the part of the young autocrat, and I had the temerity to say so on three separate and rather painful occasions, during the third of which I ventured to suggest that little Miss Larrimore was suffering from adenoids.

There was a great explosion. The manager and all the members of his loving family argued with me at once, and while I sent people to scour New York to find another actress, Miss Larrimore clung to the part with so fine a courage and so clamlike a determination that the atmosphere of the empty theater became charged with emotion. And when—the word "adenoids" having been reluctantly mentioned—she went at once to a throat specialist, was operated upon there and then and returned the next morning to rehearsal, I threw up my hands, flung my hat at her feet and did everything in the world to make her happy in the part.

I never expect to see again such bravery, such loyalty or such a splendid effort as hers, and it was she, with a cloth tied round her Titian head, who dressed the scenes and arranged the draperies on the Sunday of the opening performance in a great barrack of a theater in Chicago until she had almost to be carried to her hotel for dinner and a little rest before going on the stage. Her benefit in herself as the exponent of Beatrix Vanderdyke was more than justified by the extraordinary success that she achieved, and always when I heard her fighting for her life and the resuscitation of her pride in the third act of the play my spine crinkled and my mind went back to the distressing morning in the Belmont Theater when she fought me inch by inch for the retention of the part. With a rare combination of comedy and tragedy, Miss Larrimore is a young actress of genius who will, in a better part than that of the girl in Scandal, jump to the very top of the dramatic tree.



Editor's Note—This is the third of a series of articles by Mr. Hamilton. The next will appear in an early issue.

Saving $126–*and* building a better home

An advertisement based ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ on the personal experience of ★E. E. BRINK, *Contractor*, KANKAKEE, ILL.
[*As reported to the H. P. Gould Company, Engineers*]

The hope of every home-builder is to have maximum comfort and durability in the new home at minimum cost. To spend too much is extravagance. To cheapen construction and lessen investment value is false economy.

The vital need—a sturdy structure *built without waste in expenditure*—is usually the result of three factors: A reputable architect and contractor, dependable material and skilled workmanship.

No one knows better than the reputable contractor the necessity and economy of dependable lumber. The experience of E. E. Brink, a contractor for nearly a quarter of a century at Kankakee, Ill., is a valuable guide.

"The chief material used in any home is lumber," Mr. Brink says. "To a contractor, the difference between good, high grade lumber and an inferior grade means the difference between a good and bad reputation.

"I am firmly sold on Long-Bell lumber, as it is and does everything that a contractor requires of good lumber.

"It effects a positive saving, both in the elimination of waste and in reduced carpenters' time. This is due to its uniform quality, as it all comes cut full length, with ends squarely trimmed, and uniformly graded, so that a minimum of sorting and finishing on the job is required.

"On twelve recent jobs, the average value was $8,000. I figure that I saved 140 hours of carpenter labor on the average"—or, at Mr. Brink's figures, a saving of $126 in carpenter labor on each house.

"The saving to the home owner through the use of Long-Bell lumber is readily apparent, as greater permanence is assured.

"My experience with Long-Bell lumber has proved its superiority—not only to me, but also to my clients and to other local contractors. I prefer it and specify it on all jobs. *It is standard with me.*"

A page from ★Mr. Brink's experience

Savings due to Long-Bell lumber:
(Based on a house costing $8,000.)

Carpenter labor on ordinary lumber, 2,040 hours at 90c per hour	$1,836.00
Carpenter labor on Long-Bell lumber, 1,900 hours at 90c per hour	1,710.00
Saving in labor on one house	$ 126.00

Savings possible to the user of Long-Bell lumber concern three phases of home-building and ownership—the reasonable cost of putting this lumber into construction, minimizing the cost of repairs, and reducing depreciation to a minimum. Mr. Brink's own opinion, as expressed in his statement, is that the home-builder will find definite economy along these lines in the use of Long-Bell lumber. Figures which Mr. Brink uses to illustrate these facts are given in the pamphlet referred to in the coupon below.

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PALM

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The means are simple, as millions will tell you—just soap and water; the balmy lather of palm and olive oils as embodied in Palmolive.

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Use powder and rouge if you wish. *But never leave them on* over night. They clog the pores, often enlarge them. Blackheads and disfigurements often follow. They must be washed away.

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THE GOLF WIDOWER

(Continued from Page 19)

theory. His idea was so to familiarize his hands with the weight and feel of a golf club that, in the end, the handling of it would become perfectly automatic. He had been carrying it half a dozen years, but the automatic feature was not yet fully developed. His foursome date was for 2:30 and he was whiling away the interim by strolling about the neighborhood, and his what the poets call—vagrant feet led him past the Watsons'. Mr. Watson was in the yard, alone, occupied in scrutinizing meticulously the row of spinach. McWhinney paused and leaned over the hedge.

"Afternoon, Watson," he said.

The young man straightened up and nodded in none too cordial a manner, for McWhinney's reputation as a golfer was as well known as his legs.

"How are you?" he grunted.

"Gardening?" asked Mr. McWhinney.

"Just a spectator," said Mr. Watson. "I've got me a seat on the forty-yard line."

"Uh." McWhinney was nonplused. "Then you don't—garden?"

"I don't do anything," said Watson. "I'm not on the team. Like going to the theater," he explained. "I'd rather sit in the eighth row than act the piece, if you get what I mean."

"Don't you care for sports?"

"Love 'em—when the other fellow does the work. Born spectator, that's me! Never saw a game I wouldn't rather watch than play."

"I see," said McWhinney a trifle disdainfully; "but don't you find you need some diversion—some interest in life outside your business?"

"My wife says so," Watson answered. "I think I'll take up making paper flowers. You can do it sitting down."

"Ever try golf?"

"I've heard it talked," said Mr. Watson. "Don't care for the sound of it."

"Not toting around the notion that it's an old man's game?"

"In this family," said Watson, "it isn't a man's game at all. It's feminine. Strictly. My wife puts it on with her stockings in the morning, and generally forgets to take it off with 'em at night. Do men play it?"

"Mrs. Watson," said McWhinney, "is one of our best women players."

"Practice," said Watson, "makes perfect." His tone was grim. "Since she started playing it the only way I can communicate with her is by telegraph. She hasn't heard anything I've said to her in a year. Not my wife. If I was to say to her, 'My dear, are these pants getting shiny behind?' she'd look at me kind of vacant and say, 'You should have seen my griblet shot out of a sand bank on the fifth tee.'"

"Niblick," corrected McWhinney, "not griblet. And we say sand traps, not banks; and there are no hazards on the tees."

"Thank you," said Mr. Watson. And then politely, "Is there anything you would like to know about spinach? I'm up on the terminology of that."

"Golf," said Mr. McWhinney, beginning to bristle at what was no less than sacrilege, "is the greatest game ever developed on earth."

"I knew a man once," said Mr. Watson reflectively, "who thought he was a teakettle. He used to sit out under a tree and whistle through his teeth, and when he begun to boil he'd wabble his hat up and down. I think he had it on you. He was always that way, and you golfers, I understand, are normal three or four hours a day in the office. Is that a golf bat you're lugging?"

"A driver," said McWhinney with dignity.

"Ah. A driver. And what may be its uses?"

"It is to drive the ball off the tee."

"You have to drive the ball off, eh? Must be a nuisance. I remember how we used to have to drive chickens out of our garden when I was a kid. Wouldn't it be easier to coax it off, or to build a low fence around the tees so the balls couldn't stray on?"

"You are not," said McWhinney, "the first man who has come to scoff and remained to ——"

"Play," interrupted Watson. "Not me! Not me! I'm immune. It can't be done. Let's see you swat one. I'm keeping to my line as a spectator."

McWhinney, thus challenged, teed up an old ball on a bunch of clover, took his stance, waggled, came back slowly and hit through. It was a drive. It lifted in a low arc and traveled beautifully for two hundred yards before it came to the ground in the vacant distance. Mac regarded it with esteem.

"There," he said, "if you ever live to sock one like that nothing will ever tear you away from the game."

"Huh," grunted Mr. Watson.

"I'll bet you," said McWhinney, "you can't even hit it."

"Hit it? You mean I can't larrup that whitewashed walnut with that shinny stick? Me? Not hit it at all?"

"Just that," said Mac.

"For how much?"

"One hour's recompense for a carpenter's assistant," said Mac.

"To wit, one dollar?"

"Check," said Mac.

"Hand me the mallet and produce the victim."

McWhinney prepared to sacrifice a second weatherbeaten ball. He teed it fairly and honestly and passed the driver to Watson. "Now let me show you ——" he began.

"Not so. I've heard my wife. There's nothing a golfer loves so much as telling somebody else how to do it—not even playing. Lay off. You liked that one of yours, eh? Well, attach the eye to this."

Mr. Watson grabbed the club in a couple of fists, stood over the ball with a venomous expression on his face, jerked the club back with lightning speed and swatted. There was a clean clear click, and the ball arose on a low, beautiful, carrying arc. It continued on and on and dropped to the ground quite twenty-five yards farther than McWhinney's exhibition drive. Watson peered after it, then he peered down at where it had been, then he peered at the driver, and last of all he peered at McWhinney.

"One bone," he said, "was the price of a ticket to see that!" Nevertheless his face wore a curious expression which was not compounded altogether of astonishment.

"And," said Mac, "you won't hit another one like that for ten years."

"For another iron man?"

"For five, if you say so."

Another ball was teed. Mr. Watson whaled at it, but there was no sweet clean click. He regarded the empty air and then he regarded the ball at his feet where it lay undisturbed, and Mr. McWhinney noted with satisfaction how the red mounted to his ears. He swung again with identical results. A third attempt buried the head of the driver in the soft lawn a foot behind the ball. A fourth barely grazed the top so that it rolled a matter of inches.

"A-whoo-hem!" This was Mr. McWhinney clearing his throat with significance.

In silence Mr. Watson tendered the driver to Mr. McWhinney, then he stooped, picked up the ball and handed that with elaborate courtesy to his visitor. Only after these acts were performed did he speak, and then in a voice which could not truthfully be described as debonair or even jaunty.

"And my wife," he said, "has left me for that!"

III

NO LESS than three days after Mr. McWhinney's casual visit Mrs. Watson came home a half hour after the dinner hour—as usual—but found her husband absent from his post at the vegetable bedside. It was to be remarked, because he had rather made a ritual of it. He was not in the library, nor was he in the dining room. She proceeded to the kitchen.

"Where is Mr. Watson, Aggie?" she asked.

"Attic," said the disgruntled cook; "and this roast dryer'n clover hat."

"What's he doing in the attic?"

"Been there since he come home. Made Mary sweep it out, and that's the last I see of him. Them vegetables ov boiled to jelly."

Mrs. Watson mounted a flight of stairs and called. There was no answer. She climbed to the attic door and called again. Still there was no answer, but from within she could hear movement and sounds which came intermittently—sounds not to be recognized.

"Honey," she called, "dinner's ready."

"I'll be down in a little while," said Mr. Watson.

She tried the door. It was locked.

"What in the world are you doing—locked in there?" she asked.

"Taking your advice," snapped Mr. Watson.

"My advice! Have you gone crazy?"

"I've found an interest in life," said Mr. Watson. "Go away."

"Dinner ll be ruined."

"Huh! New idea to you, isn't it? How late did you get home yourself?"

"What in the world," demanded his wife, "are you doing?"

"Now look here," he said, "do I come banging on your golf course and ask what you're doing? No. I—I stay at home and—keep house and raise spinach. I don't bother you. So you go away and quit bothering me."

"But dinner's on."

"Eat it, then," said Mr. Watson. "That's what you tell me to do."

She withdrew and went to the dining room, determined to eat and have the meal removed—and he could see how he liked that. But in five minutes he appeared.

"What ——" she began.

"The widower," he said, "is consoling himself."

"You're not funny."

"Funny! Anybody who could laugh at me would split his sides at an epidemic of erysipelas."

From that point the meal progressed in silence. Mrs. Watson's silence was of the feminine sort, which is to say the most significant, irritating, skillful silence in the world. She exuded opprobrium. No words could have expressed so eloquently her martyrdom. She was not angry; no, no; she was wounded. It was the kind of silence that makes a man yearn to grab a corner of the tablecloth and with one grand soul-satisfying jerk spray dishes and food to the four corners of the room. All men know this silence, but none can accomplish it. Mr. Watson must content himself with being merely morose.

Next evening Mr. Watson came home with a padlock and hasp, which he fixed ostentatiously to the attic door. Mrs. Watson had investigated the place early that morning, but found it bare of evidence. When she came home from the club her husband was again pursuing his new interest in life. The cook reported that he spent all of Saturday afternoon in the attic and most of Sunday though on that day he came down for air now and then. One good effect it seemed to have: He very seldom upbraided his wife for absence or lateness; and when the month of June passed and July was well spent the thing evolved from a mystery to merely an eccentricity. Any wife can endure an eccentricity so long as it affects neither her social status nor her drawing account, but the woman who can live with a man who affects mysteries would enjoy going to a ball with a boil on her nose.

July passed, and it came to be the accepted thing in that household that Mr. Watson was in the attic. He was thought of as an occupant of attics, and it was difficult to visualize him as anywhere except up beneath the eaves. So quickly may custom be established! The ménage adjusted itself to his third-floor proclivities and went along much the same as before. Mrs. Watson played golf exhaustively and talked it and putted on the rug and swung a driver on the lawn. It did not seem to annoy Mr. Watson. He didn't listen.

"I'm talking to you," Mrs. Watson would say sharply.

"Yes, yes," Mr. Watson would reply, and gaze off into space.

"Am I to sit here evening after evening with never a word spoken to me?"

"Eh? Oh, when did you first notice I was here to talk to?"

It was this evening that he announced his two weeks' vacation—by himself. He was going away alone. The usual vacation procedure had been for the Watsons to go to some resort hotel where there was first-class golf. Then for two weeks Mrs. Watson would play and Mr. Watson's name would be on the register. That was what he got out of it that and a complete rest. He claimed to hold the vacation sitting record for all time. But this year he announced placidly, but inflexibly, that he was going alone and he didn't know just where but would write when he got there.

"Going to take the attic?" Mrs. Watson asked with sarcasm.

"They have one, I believe. Or something just as good. I'm willing to accept a substitute."

So Mrs. Watson went to Manchester, where she won a silver tray and a pair of salt and pepper shakers. Mr. Watson disappeared into his substitute for an attic. On the first of September he returned.

IV

"D'YOU know," said McWhinney to Weevil, "there's something left out of that man Watson. He's a button short."

"What's he done?"

"Nothing. That's the trouble. I took up his case back in May. Stopped in there when he was watching his garden commence to grow, and let him get off his stuff about golf. Then I enticed him to hit a ball; and, of course, he whaled it. Bet him he couldn't do it again and he thrashed up enough air to run a blowtorch. Right there I went away."

"Yes?"

"And haven't seen him since—scarcely. I thought I'd infected him. Never knew it to fail. But he hasn't come down with the first symptom. He must be immune."

Weevil marveled. "Anyhow," he said, "Mrs. Watson's got enough of it for two families. Going to win the championship this year if long hours and patience'll do it."

"I'm afraid she's ruined Watson," said Mac. "She's got him to hate the game. Rotten shame too."

This happened early of a Sunday morning when they were waiting for Wills and Parkes to show up, and the conversation was going on under a tree beside the first green on account of Old Man Arkwright, who had possession of the men's lounge. He had seized upon a new member and was recounting the details of the time a dozen years back when he made a hole in one. It also happened on a Sunday morning just following Mr. Watson's return from his vacation, a Sunday morning when, instead of going to his attic, he went out and got in the little car.

"I'll drive you to the club," he said, and he said it in such a manner that Mrs. Watson deemed it inexpedient to interfere with his project. She wanted the car at the club, where she could get it when she wanted it—but if her husband insisted on taking it for one Sunday of the fifty-two she was too experienced a warrior to protest. The tactics of Joffre before the Marne, as it were.

At the club she got out and ran into the women's locker room. Mr. Watson, instead of turning and speeding home, parked the car and strolled up to the first tee, where he encountered McWhinney and Weevil.

"What!" exclaimed Mac. "Not falling at last?"

"Still in the grand stand," said Watson. "Just thought I'd wait and see my wife drive. It's a spectacle that I've missed so far."

"Here she comes with Mrs. Hyde," said Weevil as Mrs. Watson came up the walk, staring at the unusual phenomenon of a husband of her own in such a place

"Just thought I'd wait to watch you biff it," Watson said casually

"Show him," said Mrs. Hyde. "Your honor."

Mrs. Watson took her stance, waggled and swung. It wasn't her best, but it was good: a hundred and fifty yards down the middle. She glanced at her husband not without satisfaction.

"Is that all there is to it?" said Mr. Watson.

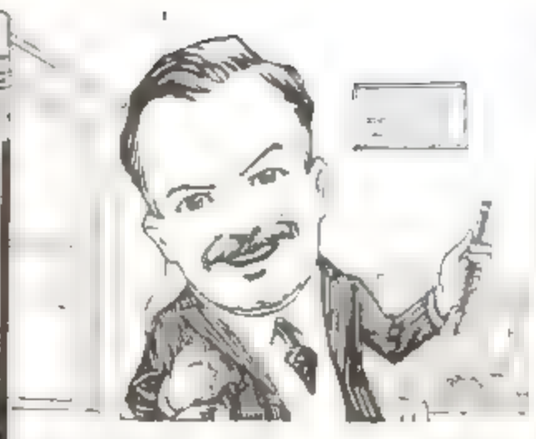
"I'd like to see you do it," snapped Mrs. Watson.

"Make him try," urged Mrs. Hyde, who had both a kind heart and a sense of humor.

McWhinney and Weevil edged nearer. "Yes, Watson, give it a ride," said Weevil

"Huh. Gimme one of those mallets," Watson said, whereupon Mr. McWhinney handed over.

Mrs. Watson, with such a smile on her lips as would have maddened a sponge, watched her husband tee up. He took his stance, slightly open, waggled and swung. There was a sharp clean click. Mr. Watson's arms swept through to finish in a pose which Vardon might have envied; the ball flicked out and on and on and on—a safe two hundred and twenty yards, and came



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to rest in the geometrical middle of the fairway.

"Huh," said Mr. Watson. "Didn't think there was much to it."

Weevil nudged McWhinney. "Notice that finish?" he asked in a whisper. "Let's stick around."

Mrs. Watson came back from the borderland of apoplexy. "You—you can't do it again," she said in a strangled voice; "and—and you got to try. You don't get away from here with that—to nag me with all the rest of my life. You stand right up there and hit another one and be shown you're not so smart."

"Willingly, honey," said Watson; and he repeated; another two-hundred-and-odd-yard wallop. "Anybody," he said, "could stand here and bat 'em out all day like that. There's nothing to it. I tell you what, Mrs. W., after all the noise you've been making about this game of long-distance marbles, and all the time you've spent, and all the hard money you've laid out learning it, I'll just lay you a sweet little bet I can trim you at it as I stand. Name your bet."

"Don't be absurd," said Mrs. Watson in a choked voice.

"Take him on," whispered Mrs. Hyde. "Husbands have to be dropped down a well now and then for the good of their souls. He won't stick it but a hole or two."

"He—he—you don't think you can play this game just because you were lucky enough to hit the first two balls you ever teed up?" she demanded.

"Anybody can play it—who ever played shinny. Name your bet."

"A fur coat," snapped his wife. "I might as well get something out of your making an exhibition of yourself."

"Against what? A bet has two sides to it."

"Whatever you say."

"Um. Make it a ten-dollar hat. I stand a chance of getting it if I win."

McWhinney poked Weevil. "Man," he said, "somethin' comin' off here."

"I'll go borrow a bag of mallets," said Watson, and rushed off to the professional's room, whence he returned with a well-stocked caddie bag. "Now shoot," he challenged.

Mrs. Hyde shot, Mrs. Watson shot, and Mr. Watson laced out another two-hundred-and-twenty-yard screamer. Weevil and McWhinney abandoned their tardy partners and became gallery. Mrs. Hyde took her brassy and did well. Mrs. Watson was fifty yards short of the green with her brassy. Mr. Watson fumbled with his clubs.

"Guess I'll use this manipulator," he said, dragging out the iron.

The ladies smiled. Mr. Watson shot. The ball arose, followed by the merest flick of turf. It arched over the hundred and eighty yards to the green, struck the sward with backspin and stopped ten feet from the pin.

Watson holed out a four to his wife's six and Mrs. Hyde's seven. Mrs. Watson was strangely silent, but Mr. Watson was in good spirits.

On the second hole Mr. Watson gave another sample of his unschooled, child-of-nature drive, and dropped a mashie onto the green—for another four. On the third he took a five. On the fourth a five. Shot after shot he played nonchalantly, naturally, easily.

"Can't see what there is about this game to get you all het up," he said gayly.

Mrs. Watson made no reply. She was dizzy. She was thinking of the years before her through which she must live with this man—whose conversation would date from this day. From the day when he had shown up his wife! She lost her grip and went into a series of sixes and sevens. Mr. Watson finished the nine with a forty-two. McWhinney and Weevil stuck. Either they were witnessing a miracle or something else equally good.

"I can't understand," said Mr. Watson, "why this game should make you late to meals. All you got to do is hit the ball."

"Shut up!" said Mrs. Watson, forgetting the amenities and the audience; and thereafter was heard to speak no word during the round.

Mr. Watson did the second nine in forty-one; for an eighty-three. Mrs. Watson was sixteen down!

"Well," he said with a sigh, "thank heaven that's over. Now I hope we'll hear less golf around our house."

"Jack Watson," said his wife, "if you ever ever once mention this to me—throw it up to me—I'll leave you. It—you—why—Jack Watson," she repeated, "it—it isn't possible!"

"What isn't, honey?"

"For a man to come out and—shoot an eighty-three when he—never touched a golf club before."

"I did it, didn't I?" He shrugged his shoulders. "Maybe it's hard for women. Anyhow, old dear, mealtimes are as follows: Luncheon, 12:30; dinner, 6:30. And I want to hear something talked besides mashers and middle irons and bumpers and things—or I'll come out and play with you every day. That's a promise."

Mrs. Watson, accompanied by Mrs. Hyde, and wearing an expression of such agony and bewilderment and fright and rage as cannot adequately be described in language such as the censors admire, walked unsteadily to the locker room. McWhinney and Weevil seized upon Watson.

"You come with us," they said, and produced liquids.

"Now tell," said McWhinney. "Nature never gave you that follow through. Don't think you can put backspin over on us as a birthmark. Come through, young man, come through."

"Drop over to the house this evening," said Mr. Watson as he climbed into the car beside his waiting wife.

"And visit my husband in the attic," said Mrs. Watson tartly.

"Exactly," said Mr. W.

Through the evening meal Mrs. Watson scrutinized her partner with the eye of gloomy suspicion. "If," she said, "I hadn't known where you've been every minute of your time I'd know you've been taking golf lessons for a year."

"But you can see for yourself ——" said Mr. Watson.

"But—Jack Watson, it isn't possible!"

He made a gesture with hands and shoulders as much as to say, "For one like me it is nothing," and then did say a more irritating thing. "Just because you find it difficult, honey, is no reason at all why I should have any trouble."

"Eighty-three!" Mrs. Watson expelled the words on a sigh.

"Is that very good?" her husband asked without interest.

"Jack Watson—I—I despise you! I—I ——"

"Somebody at the door. Ah, McWhinney and Weevil—and Wills. A trifle impatient, aren't they?" He left his dessert to go into the library. "Come up to the attic," Mrs. Watson heard him say. "That's where I live since I became a widower." After which they mounted the stairs.

At the padlocked attic door Watson halted them. "Word of honor," he said, "never, at no time, nowhere, a word to my wife."

"Never," promised the trio.

He unlocked the door, showed them in, closed and locked it behind them.

McWhinney and Weevil and Wills stared, then they gawped at Watson.

"Is that the answer?" Mac demanded.

"I have spent," said Watson, "close to three months in this oven."

"And I," said McWhinney, "thought the bug hadn't bitten you."

"Next day," Watson grinned, "I bought the whole bag of tricks. Had this installed by the United Sporting Goods people after the first day, when I used a mattress. Got the idea in their shop. Indoor golf school, you know. Pretty nifty!"

There, in that attic, before their eyes, was the complete thing. Every device known to man. Nets, a canvas backstop with pockets to catch the driven balls, coconut mats to represent turf, a great box of sand and at the other end a putting green. There wasn't a shot in golf that couldn't be practiced in that attic!

"Three months," said Watson. "With a lesson in town every day at noon. Ninety lessons at five a throw! Never played a ball outdoors till my vacation three weeks ago. Sneaked off then and played thirty-six holes a day for two weeks—just to get the feel of the outside. Talk about intensive! Say, I've about given up my business to put this over. Dog-gone it, I've worked at it eight hours a day."

"Um." It was unorthodox, to say the least.

"I read in Vardon's book," said Watson, "that a man shouldn't attempt to play golf for months after he starts—just practice and lessons. It's a good system."

"Vardon!"

"My library," said Watson, waving his hand to well-filled shelves. There was Vardon, Braid, Jim Barnes, every authority since the game began, in type and in instructive picture. "I know more about golf," said Watson, "than any other man in the world. I've read it all. I've even got charts that you stand on and follow dotted lines. Gentlemen, I've studied this game."

"I'll say you have," said Weevil. "And now what?"

"Now," said Watson, "I'm in a position to outplay, and Lord knows, with the stuff I've read, to outtalk any bird in the locker house. And I get an even break with my wife. I clean this stuff out of the house tomorrow. If a word ever leaks out, have a card in your pocket telling where to send the remains."

"And I thought," Wills said to Weevil, "that I was a nut."

"Watson," said Weevil, "you're elected a permanent member of the foursome. Tomorrow afternoon?"

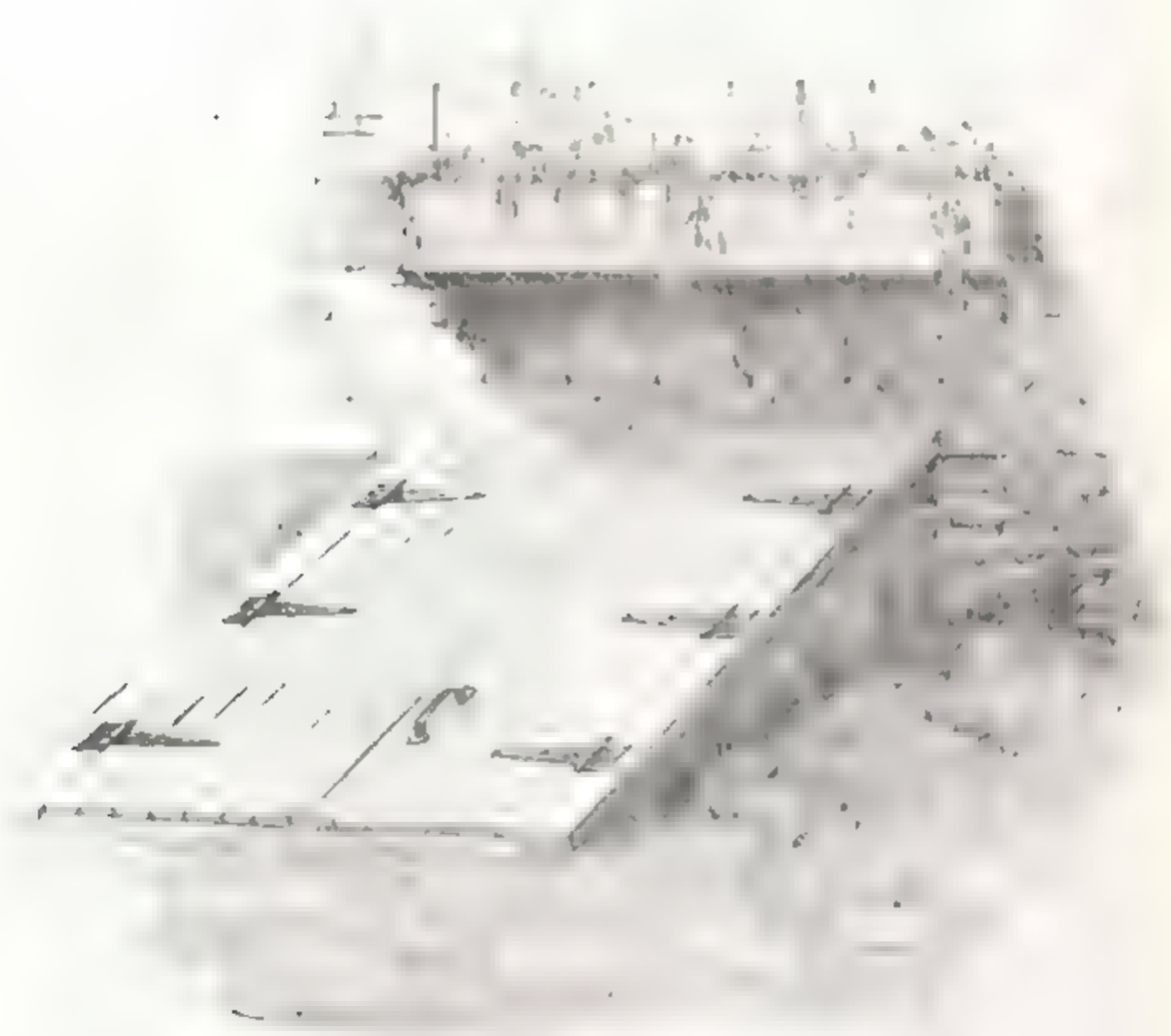
"You bet—*d bas* home ties, down with mealtimes. I'm going to show you boys what a golf widow looks like. From now on."

In Florida that winter—for Mr. Watson found himself able to separate himself from his business for three months of golf—just after he won the January tournament Mrs. Watson was heard to say repeatedly, "My husband is a remarkable golfer, I assure you. Never took a lesson, and will you believe me, my dear, the first time he ever played a course he shot it in eighty-three. Of course I see little of him—but we're really tremendously happy. So much in common, you know. A great natural golfer, my dears, if I do say it—born with perfect form. Never had to labor a moment to get it. Oh, yes, I'm quite reconciled to being a golf widow. A bit hard to keep a cook on account of his irregularity at meals, but we hardly need one. No, we almost live at the club."

The question remaining to be solved, like the one in Mr. Stockton's The Lady or the Tiger, is, did Mr. Watson or Mrs. Watson come out ahead?

Among builders -

They are serving you well when they use Stanley hardware and tools. This is one reason why Stanley continues to be a notable name among carpenters and builders.



For example, where weather and hard usage will be encountered good builders look to Stanley for hinges and other hardware.

STANLEY

STANLEY SW Butts and Hinges — Carpenters Tools STANLEY TOOLS

NEW BRITAIN, CONNECTICUT

GARAGE HARDWARE—DOOR BUTTS HINGES AND BOLTS—CARPENTERS AND HOUSEHOLD TOOLS

OUR $3,500,000,000 NUCLEUS

Continued from Page 4

out to sea and sink them. Then we have 800, of which roughly half are in service and half idle for want of cargo. Haven't we some very fine ships here? Everybody has thought so. The Leviathan, the finest and fastest ship in the world, if not the very largest. The George Washington, the whole line of President ships, the ——"

"You are talking about a few passenger boats," says the chairman.

"No, we are talking about 800 available ships."

"It's true," he says, "that we have some very fine ships. Let's say it is true we have 800 available ships, some of them fine, all the rest good to fair. Still, you haven't a merchant marine. You have a very large fleet, but no merchant marine. It's an unbalanced, accidental, lopsided, Washington-made fleet. The Leviathan, and nothing to run with her. Too many slow cargo boats; not enough fast ones. No ships conceived for a special trade purpose. A proper merchant marine represents a symmetrical growth according to needs. Its parts must fit the separate trades. If the English need a ship for the Australian trade they build a ship for the Australian trade. If they need a ship for the North Atlantic trade they build a North Atlantic ship, and so on."

"As Rossbottom said when he was operating the United States Lines. He had been telling Congress why he couldn't make any money, and he said he had a horse, a mule and a jackass team. That was before the Leviathan was added. He might say now that he had a horse, a mule, a jackass and a stallion. Is that it?"

"Somewhat that way," says the chairman. "Moreover, it isn't a matter of ships only. You might almost say a ship was the last of all things pertaining to a merchant marine. Skill in trade, knowledge of the world, experience offshore, continuity of effort, name, prestige, organization, shipmindedness—all that. Lacking those requisites, you might have half the ships in the world and still no merchant marine; and if you have them, it is easy enough to get ships. You can buy ships."

When Ships are Liabilities

"We take it provisionally," we say, "that there is no American merchant marine; nothing whatever of that name that we can sell. Now let's go back—all the way back to the nucleus. We can't sell a nucleus, either. Such a thing never was heard of. Yet somewhere there must be the complete idea of a proper merchant marine. That could be sold. Let's get at it. For example, what would you do with the nucleus?"

"Build on it," says the chairman.

"Build what?"

"Ships; build the ships we need to round out the fleet and enable it to compete for trade. My idea would be to build two sister ships for the Leviathan, speed twenty-two knots or better, in order to have a weekly sailing from each side. Then, say, fourteen fast passenger ships of twenty knots or better, and 200 cargo liners of fourteen to sixteen knots' speed."

"What would all that cost?"

"Oh, say, $350,000,000," he answers.

"That will be difficult," I said.

"What will be difficult?"

"To sell the revelation that after having already spent $3,500,000,000 in the name of ships, that after having built since the Armistice nearly 800 ships from the keel line up expressly to create a merchant marine, that with nearly 1000 ships tied up in salt-water creeks now—beginning now—we shall have to build 200-odd new ships in order to have a merchant marine."

"There's no other way," says the chairman. "You have, as I say, the nucleus, only the nucleus—and that is wearing out."

"And this now is the Shipping Board's program?"

"No, it is my idea," says the chairman. "I mean to sell it to the Shipping Board."

There the conversation ends, not because it cannot go on, but for another reason. The idea seems somehow incomplete. Is not the chairman—this chairman—thinking of a merchant marine as a business in itself? He has that kind of mind. What he seems to see is a shipping machine designed to capture a large share of the world's carrying trade, and to see this as an end, whereas there must be that other view which contemplates a merchant marine as a means, a forethought, a writ of security, a sword with destiny.

Suppose the chairman could get all those new boats by wishing and already had them. There would still be the problem of what to do with them. The Government does not know what to do with the boats it has. It cannot sell them to private persons, as was and is intended, for the reason that private persons will not buy them; and private persons will not buy them because, first, certain conditions are attached as a matter of public policy, and because, secondly, the shipping business is in a slough of despond.

A ship is a liability.

Under the conditions, one of which is that ships shall be operated in specified routes under the American flag for a number of years, whether they pay or not—under the conditions, it is not certain that the Government could give its ships away. And on the other horn, the Government itself cannot operate them profitably for two reasons. One is a reason that belongs to the nature of government. The other is a reason inherent in the case.

For Business or Policy?

It is the intent of the Government, the intent of every law on the subject, that the American merchant marine shall ultimately rest wholly upon private capital. Therefore everything the Government does with ships must be temporary and tentative, having always in view that time to come when private enterprise may be ready and able to buy it out. Fancy trying to organize and conduct the largest shipping business in the world on a temporary footing, when, as everyone knows, stability of purpose and continuity of service are as the two pillars thereof.

The United States Shipping Board handles its boats through the Emergency Fleet Corporation—a war name for a war thing that survives like a curse. On the lintel of every Shipping Board office, in Washington, in Europe, in Asia, Africa and South America—in the telephone books for people to see who mean to do business with American boats, on the stationery for those to read who are doing business with them—there it is, the word "emergency"—the United States Shipping Board Emergency Fleet Corporation.

Returning to where we left the chairman: Suppose he had his two twenty-two-knot sisters to the Leviathan, his fourteen new twenty-knot passenger ships of the second line and his 200 sixteen-knot cargo liners. Would he have anything else? And is the American merchant marine to be treated as a business in itself? You may push that question further. Is a merchant marine primarily a business at all? You are bound to ask when you see, even now, with one ship in five through the whole world laid up for want of cargo, that all the principal countries of the world—notably Great Britain, France, Italy, Germany, Holland, Japan, Australia, Canada, Sweden, Norway and Brazil—continue for reasons of national policy to foster shipping and shipbuilding. They do it by every imaginable means, such as construction, and navigation bounties, grants of aid to ship lines and shipbuilders, postal and admiralty subsidies and subventions, guaranties, preferential treatment and direct government operation.

Evidently there is much more in a ship than her cargo. Shipping perhaps is an activity in the guise of business that has other and deeper bearings, both economic and political. Surely all this has been considered in relation to an American merchant marine. We have been thinking and talking of ships for a long time. There must be a large literature on the subject. Before we start any more conversations let us search it.

First, what is the law?

Until June 5, 1920, all this affair of ships was conducted under emergency wartime laws. Then Congress enacted the great Merchant Marine Act, called the Jones Bill. This now is the radical law of the American merchant marine. It begins with a declaration of policy, thus:

> That it is necessary for the national defense and for the proper growth of its foreign and domestic commerce that the United States shall have a merchant marine . . . to carry the greater portion of its commerce and serve as a naval or military auxiliary in time of war or national emergency, ultimately to be owned and operated privately by citizens of the United States.

It is a law with organs, plenty of red blood corpuscles and teeth. Two sections have become notorious. One is Section 28, which provides for preferential railroad rates to and from seaboard on goods transported in American ships. The other is Section 34, which asserts the principle that the United States Government has the right to discriminate in favor of American shipping just as it has the right to discriminate in favor of American steel, American wheat, American textiles or any other American commodity, against all foreign things of the same kind, by tariff rebates, port charges or in any way it sees fit. Furthermore, it directs the President to cancel or reconstruct any and all treaties with foreign governments in the letter of which we have hitherto surrendered that right as to our own ships.

These sections are meant to provide indirect aid for American shipping. Section 28 means that goods transported in American ships would move over American railways at lower rates than goods imported or exported in foreign ships; and the tendency of this, of course, would be to fill American ships with cargo. Section 34 means, among other things, that an importer bringing dutiable goods from abroad in American ships would pay less duty at the customs house than one who imported his goods in a foreign ship; and the tendency again is to fill American ships with cargo.

Neither of these aids to American shipping has been invoked. One reason why they have not been invoked is that the Government is afraid of trouble. Foreign nations with which we have treaties saying that nobody's ships shall be discriminated against in the ports of another country have protested. Great Britain has most vehemently protested. She holds that preferential railroad rates or tariff rebates, one or both, would constitute flag discrimination and threatens us with retaliation.

There is another indirect aid in Section 21. It provides that the coastwise shipping laws of the United States shall be extended to the Philippines, as they were long since extended to Porto Rico. This means that foreign vessels would be excluded from the trade between the United States and the Philippines as they are now excluded from the trade between New York and San Francisco, or between any two American ports, unless one of them is a port in the Philippines. This aid likewise is in limbo. It has never been invoked. And again it is Great Britain that most loudly protests, threatening that if we exclude British ships from the trade between the United States and the Philippines she will exclude American vessels from British intercolonial trade, as, of course, she has a perfect right to do and has done before. By intercolonial trade is meant trade between any two British Empire ports; as, for example, between a port of Canada and a port of Australia.

The Big Idea

Nevertheless, there is the law. It contains a mandate, "That it is necessary for the national defense and for the proper growth of its foreign and domestic commerce that the United States shall have a merchant marine . . . to carry the greater portion of its commerce and serve as a naval or military auxiliary in time of war or national emergency. . . ." And that "the United States Shipping Board shall . . . keep always in view this purpose and object as the primary end to be attained."

Three and a half years have elapsed. Almost for certain, you would think, there had crystallized by this time the complete idea of an American merchant marine. It will be an idea, when we come to it, that looks beyond ships, beyond shipping as a business in itself, to the naval and military needs of a people whose line of defense runs from Maine, around Porto Rico, through the Panama Canal, to the Philippines and back to Alaska; an idea that comprehends the unique uses and special intentions of our trade; one that shapes itself to some pattern of economic projection; briefly, an idea that we can sell to the imagination of the American people.

Where is that idea?

It must exist in the literature of the subject, which is enormous. We have not touched it really. We have looked only at the law. There is, for example, the record of Joint Hearings Before the Committee on Commerce, U. S. Senate, and Committee on the Merchant Marine, House of Representatives, Sixty-seventh Congress, Second Session, on the Bills S. 3217 and H. R. 10644—2500 pages of text in two large volumes. It takes all that clumsy title to mean, Hearings on the Ship Subsidy Bill, Year 1922.

The United States Shipping Board at that time was trying to sell a certain notion to Congress. The notion was that private persons could never operate American ships profitably without direct cash aid from the United States Treasury. If private persons could not operate them profitably they would not operate them at all. Therefore, unless the Government gave a direct cash subsidy at a variable figure of so much a mile, according to the speed of the ship, private enterprise could never be persuaded to take over the merchant marine. Ergo, either the subsidy or the Government itself would have to stay in the shipping business for the rest of time at a loss running to $50,000,000 a year.

Mark here the distinction between indirect aids such as are provided for in the Merchant Marine Act and the direct aid, or subsidy, proposed three and a half years later by the Shipping Board. Indirect aids such as low railroad rates and tariff rebates on goods transported in American vessels run not to the shipowner but to the shipper, who has therein an incentive to prefer American ships; as he prefers them, the shipowner is benefited. His ships are filled with cargo, and that is what he needs. But direct aid, such as a cash subsidy, goes straight to the shipowner. He gets it in lieu of paying cargo.

Puzzling Evidence in Scraps

The British, who know all there is to be known about shipping, make this difference clear. They would hate to see us give direct subsidies, but they would not say much about it if we did. They concede our right to subsidize shipowners in order that they may run American ships around the world in ballast. A cash subsidy may keep ships running with or without cargo; it does not touch the traffic to deflect its course. But with indirect aids, meaning preferential railroad rates and tariff rebates, it is different—very different. They do affect traffic. They cause it to seek American ships in preference to foreign ships; and that, the British say, would be flag discrimination, which is a very serious matter—a diplomatic matter, in fact.

Well, the Shipping Board did not sell its subsidy notion to the Congress. It failed to do so notwithstanding the Congress had already declared it to be "the policy of the United States to do whatever may be necessary to develop and encourage the maintenance of a merchant marine." It said this in the Merchant Marine Act of 1920 and had never unsaid it; nor to this day has it unsaid it. Nevertheless, after hearings that ran through many weeks and exhausted nearly all the expert opinion there was, it put aside the Subsidy Bill, which the Shipping Board said was vital to the merchant marine—put it aside in weariness and disgust and took up the Oleomargarine Bill instead.

Why?

Because there was no complete idea—nothing that anybody could lay hand upon or surround with his mind, saying, "There it is."

To understand what happened to Congress, imagine that you were at that time a senator. You were anxiously interested in the merchant marine. You understood how important those hearings were and would have sat through them from end to end if that had been possible; only it was not possible. You had many other things to do besides. You were a member of three or four other committees. The best you could do was to come in for an hour each day. Now take before you these two enormous volumes that contain the hearings and begin to open them at random, just as the leaves fall. As you read, now here, now there—that is, as you would have heard the matter in the person of the senator

(Continued on Page 89)

Is there a greater war story than this?

What is the great story of the War? Is it the story of Joffre at the first Marne or of Foch at the second? Or the story of "They shall not pass" at Verdun? Is it the story of the first gas attack at Ypres? Or of Belleau Wood? Or of the Lost Battalion? These are all great stories of super-achievements on the field of battle.

But a different sort of story stands comparison with these. It concerns a side of the war the public knows little about. It is the story of a fight by the soldiers that the science of medicine called to the colors against a countless and implacable foe. The winning of that fight saved hundreds of thousands of wounded from torture and death during the period of the war alone. Since the end of the war it has saved uncounted thousands in addition. Its total saving of lives in homes, factories, hospitals throughout the civilized world will, as the years go on, amount to millions more.

TO tell the story properly it is necessary to go back more than half a century to that wizard of the microscope and test tube, Louis Pasteur. In 1852 Pasteur discovered germs and subsequently proved that contagious diseases and the infection of wounds are caused by malignant bacteria.

From then on medical science did its utmost to guard mankind from germ attack. During the next sixty years the new school of preventive medicine was born. Sanitation was developed. Hospitals were kept spotlessly clean. Instruments were sterilized. Rubber gloves were worn during operations. All known microbes were studied and classified. By 1914 the medical profession felt that modern surgical methods could cope with and prevent infection of wounds.

A Grim Disillusionment

Then war engulfed the world, and oh, what a grim disillusionment followed! Early in that war—the greatest war in history—it became appallingly clear that the goal pointed out by Pasteur had not yet been reached; that man was still helpless before the savage, invisible, all-conquering germ.

The wounded poured into the Allied hospitals in overwhelming streams. Never in the history of warfare had there been so many or such wounds. The hospitals were thoroughly aseptic, no microbes could get in—the surgeons had seen to that—but the soldiers were covered with the indescribable dirt of the trenches. A bullet, a shell fragment, a bayonet thrust would gather bacteria as it passed through the clothing and deposit them deep within the vital parts of the body, there to breed galloping putrefaction while the wounded man lay on the field or in a shell hole waiting to be picked up. A simple scratch from a barbed wire barricade in the morning developed into a pus pocket by evening and amputation or death frequently followed within the week.

The Surgeons' Problem

The surgeons turned to antiseptics. They found little or no help from what they had or knew about. In the years since Pasteur's discovery, only two types of antiseptics had been developed. One was the mild non-poisonous type. All it did was to make the surface of a wound an unpleasant resting place for the wandering microbe. If the microbe had already started raising his myriad family, it could do no more to prevent it than so much rainwater. The other type was the poisonous burning disinfectant. Though it would kill germs, it would also destroy flesh and tissue. If introduced into gaping wounds at sufficient strength to destroy germs, it would eat through cells and membranes and create conditions as bad as the infection itself. In mild permissible dilutions these poisons were not powerful enough to check infection.

The army surgeons were in despair. If it was a wounded limb, all they could do to stop the infection was to amputate. If it was an abdominal wound, death provided the only relief from the terrible agony of pus poisoning. Seventy per cent of all wounded were dying—not from the wounds themselves, but from infection produced by the billions of germs that a wound contained.

A Fearful Crisis

In this crisis the Allied surgeons appealed to the scientific world. Back from the war hospitals through all branches of the medical profession came the cry: "Find, oh find us something that will check this fearful horror! We are helpless before such infection; we must have something to check it!"

Among those who heard the call was the Franco-American surgeon, Dr. Alexis Carrel, who in 1912 had received the Nobel Prize for medicine. Dr. Carrel, who was then serving with the French armies, secured the assistance of the famous English chemist, H. K. Dakin. Backed with money and equipment provided by a great American philanthropic institution, the two scientists went to work in an effort to find a new antiseptic. They experimented day and night, for every hour was precious, at first at Beaujon Hospital, Paris, and later at Military Hospital 21, Compiègne. They applied every available chemical to every known microbe that had shown itself in the war hospitals. They tried thousands and thousands of combinations. In an incredibly short time, when the magnitude of their task is considered, the two scientists made an announcement: "We think we have what you want", they said, "Try it and see".

The Turning Point

The surgeons of the Allied armies tried it and saw. They saw the fulfillment of the teachings of Pasteur. Here was the ideal antiseptic. It was non-poisonous and non-irritating. It could be used constantly in the deepest wounds without harm, yet it would destroy bacteria with an effectiveness undreamed of heretofore. Man had beaten the germ at last!

They named the new antiseptic the Carrel-Dakin Solution, in honor of its co-discoverers and put it to work in all the Allied hospitals. Its triumph was complete. It drove the horror and agony of suppurating wounds from those hospitals as sunlight dispels shadows. Where seventy per cent of the wounded had been dying from infection, now less than one per cent died from that cause. Hundreds of thousands of men alive and whole today would be hopeless cripples or under the soil of France if the Carrel-Dakin Solution had not been found.

Is there a greater war story than this?

SEQUEL

After the extraordinary success of the Carrel-Dakin Solution in the war zone, it was quickly adapted for hospital use throughout the civilized world. It has performed the same miracles for surgical and civil wounds that it accomplished in the wounds of war. But it is limited to hospital and professional use for the following reason: The Carrel-Dakin Solution is unstable, it will not "keep". It has to be freshly made by experts every day and the mass of humanity has been denied its protection.

Ever since its discovery, however, chemists in all parts of the world have been trying to stabilize the Carrel-Dakin Solution, and American chemists finally succeeded in doing so. This meant that Zonite, as the improved Carrel-Dakin Solution is called, would keep indefinitely and could be put up in containers ready for household use.

Zonite has been distributed to druggists throughout the United States as rapidly as possible. It has already supplanted the old-fashioned disinfectants or ineffective antiseptics in more than two million homes. It is also supplanting the Carrel-Dakin Solution in the greatest hospitals and industrial first-aid stations of the country.

Placed on the market little more than a year ago, Zonite is now guarding close to ten million people from infection and disease.

Facts About Zonite

Zonite is a colorless liquid that leaves no permanent odor. It is absolutely non-poisonous and non-irritating. At dilutions of great germicidal strength it may be used on the most delicate membranes and tissues of the human body without harm.

By scientific laboratory tests Zonite has far greater germ-killing power than *pure carbolic acid!* It has more than 700 times the germ-killing power of Dobell's Solution, which is the standard strength at which carbolic acid is used on the membranes of the body. Zonite may be used in a scratch or cut absolutely pure.

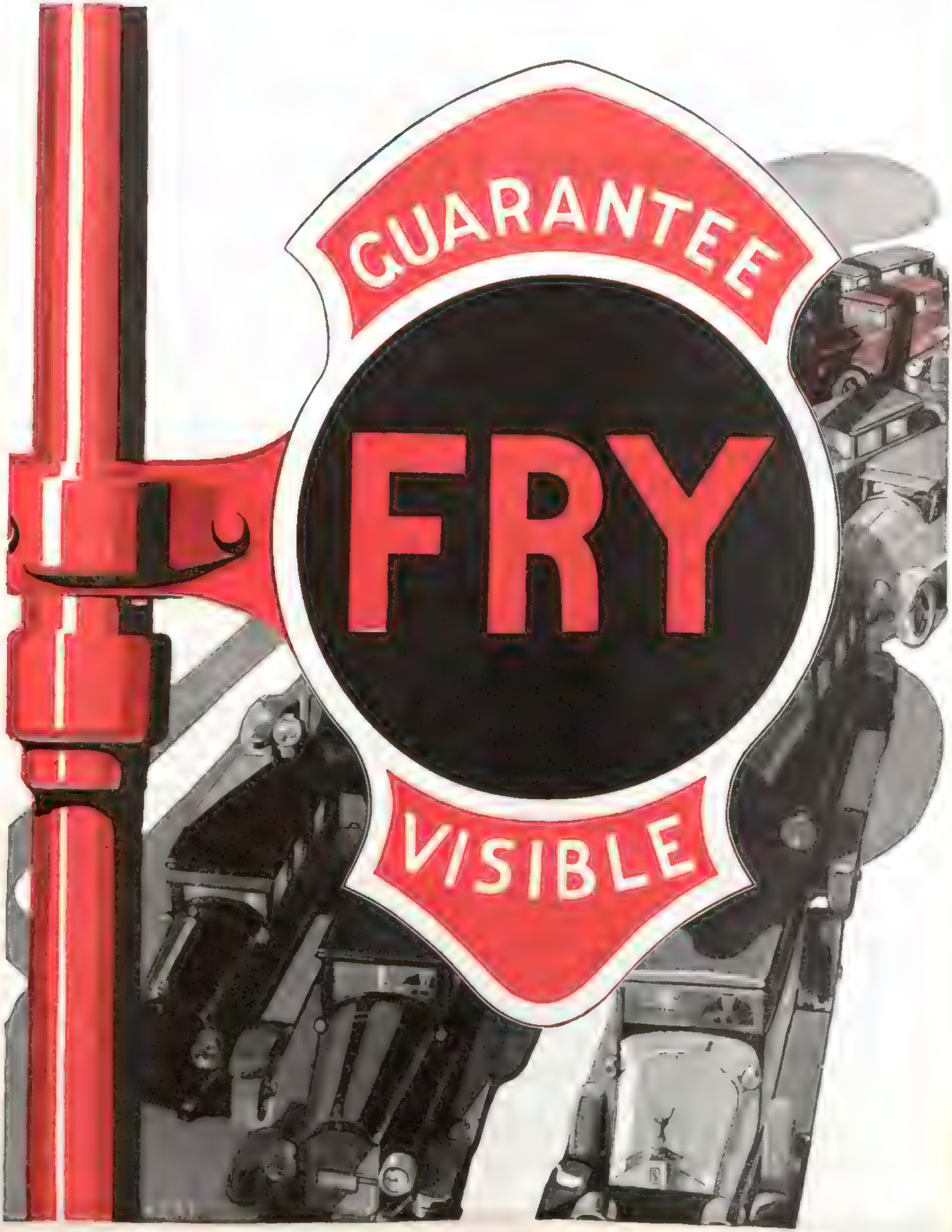
By scientific laboratory tests, one bottle of Zonite has more germ-killing power than *ten gallons of peroxide!*

Leading surgeons unqualifiedly approve of the use of Zonite for wounds and burns as the most modern and effective preventive of infection and first aid measure.

Physicians and health authorities are urging the use of Zonite as a mouth wash, throat and nasal spray as a preventive of colds and more serious contagious diseases.

Dental authorities say that the use of Zonite as a mouth wash is the most effective home preventive of gum diseases, trench mouth and other oral infections known to dental science.

The protection which this great war discovery brings to humanity, together with the latest approved methods of preventive medicine made possible by this new form of antiseptic, is described in "The Zonite Handbook on the Use of Antiseptics in the Home". A copy of this book will be mailed free of charge upon request. Address Division "D", Zonite Products Company, 342 Madison Ave., New York.


GUARANTEE
FRY
VISIBLE

Buy From A Fry

Now—wherever you find motor cars—you find successful gasoline stations equipped with the famous Fry Visible Pump.

The exclusive Fry "overflow" measuring feature, plus public demand, has brought about this new condition.

Today the Fry Visible Pump has overwhelming public preference.

People seldom used to bother about how or where they bought gasoline.

A pump was a pump—that is all there was to it.

But the introduction of the Fry Visible Pump swiftly changed all this.

For the public soon discovered there was a vast difference in both the manner and methods of pump operations.

And as a result millions of motorists now buy their gasoline only from a Fry Visible.

Fry pioneered the Visible Pump. Fry was the first to advocate visibility—the first to make and market visibility. Now all other makers are preparing to follow suit.

The Fry Visible Pump measures accurately each gallon of gasoline delivered.

Furthermore, it measures accurately regardless of the grade of fuel, climatic conditions, or length of lift.

The Fry patented "overflow" principle is the reason.

Large buyers of pumps realize the practical advantages of Fry features. They are aware of the fact that the Fry Pump makes money for the operator and saves money for the motorist.

Whenever you see a Visible Pump—think of Fry.

Buy from a Fry—millions do!

Guarantee Liquid Measure Company
Rochester, Pennsylvania

PHILIP GIES FOUNDRY
Canadian Manufacturers and Distributors
KITCHENER, ONTARIO

FRY
Visible Pump
"Always Accurate"

Why drive a shabby car?

Photo by N. Lazarnick, N. Y.

Drive a "Show Car" all the time!

At every Show since automobiles were invented most of the beautiful gleaming models shown were finished with Valentine's Automobile Varnishes.

"That's all very well," you observe, "but how can I get a finish like that on my shabby old car?"

The answer is simple—any good Automobile Painter in your town can do a "show job" too and his choice of varnishes is probably the same as that of the great majority of famous Automobile builders.

A coat of Valentine's Varnish now on the car you bought *last* summer will protect the many coats of paint underneath and prevent *next* summer's sun and wear from destroying the whole finish and making a complete repaint job necessary.

A couple of days in the paint shop now will save a couple of weeks later on. Every dollar spent in re-varnishing now will save at least five spent on repainting later on.

Go to the professional automobile painter near you and ask him about refinishing your car. Once it's done, you will again enjoy the thrill of pride you experienced the first day you drove the car home.

VALENTINE & COMPANY

Largest Manufacturers of High Grade Varnishes in the World—Established 1832

New York Chicago Boston Toronto London Paris Amsterdam

W. P. Fuller & Co., Pacific Coast

VALENTINE'S Automobile VARNISHES

Postscript

If there is no professional automobile painter near you — or you wish to finish your own car use Valspar-Enamel, of course. They are heat-proof, waterproof, weather-proof and easy to apply.

(Continued from Page 84)

whom you imagine yourself to be, stopping in each day for an hour at the committee room. And what do you hear?

The subject today is cost comparison—how much more it costs to operate an American ship than a foreign vessel. There is first the Seamen's Act, called the La Follette Law, which causes American wages to be higher and requires also a much higher standard of sustenance and comfort for sailors on shipboard. Then, besides the cost of manning a ship, there is the cost of building her in the first place, and the cost of mending her, and the cost of keeping her. Everything that touches an American ship is dear. Take it in any way you like, with or without the details, it will be five dollars a ton more to operate an American ship than a British ship. The figures are produced. They are very impressive. Moreover, lest you distrust figures, these are supported by the opinions of experts and the testimony of experience. The case is made. You are convinced, and it is a very strong argument for subsidies—that we have on the sea, as we have on the land, a high standard of living and must be willing to pay for it. You put a significant fact away in your mind. . . . But several days later you are there again when a statement by P. A. S. Franklin is read into the record. Mr. Franklin is head of the great International Mercantile Marine. He is the highest practical authority in the country on North Atlantic shipping. Everyone concedes it. He is the only man who operated American passenger ships across the Atlantic before the war. He says:

"Simply as an example I would like to say that we have for some years past operated one of our most important passenger services—the Red Star Line between New York and Antwerp—with a fleet in which there are steamers of American, British and Belgian registry. These ships have run side by side year in and year out, without discrimination of any kind. We have done it successfully for years and can do it even more successfully on a larger scale."

A Man Who Ought to Know

There goes the significant fact. Here is a man saying he can do and does do what yesterday was proved to be impossible. The explanation may be that this man is talking about passenger ships, whereas they had been talking about cargo ships. No, that doesn't stand, since it is admitted that passenger ships will get much more of the subsidy than cargo ships. Well, then it must be that they talk of one thing and think of another, or think of one thing and talk of another. Thus, passenger liners, cargo liners, combination ships and tramps get all mixed up. You cannot hear any more. You have to go. Besides, the more you hear the less you know.

Again you open the pages at random—that is to say, as a senator you stop in for an hour the next day. The subject is ships as such. The fleet is under analysis. Authoritative opinion on this type of ship and that one is at no point unanimous until it comes to the wooden ships. At the mention of them everybody groans. All minds run together. The wooden ships are worthless—long-legged, short-legged, bow-legged things. The sooner they can be sold for junk the better. That is settled. No voice to the contrary. On one point, at least, there is full agreement, and it seems very reasonable. You put wooden ships aside as war stuff that ought to be scrapped.

Then several days later there appears a seafaring man with a strong briny smell. He speaks of wooden ships. He believes in them. What? Yes, he believes in them. He thinks them better than steel ships for tramping about north of the equator. Everybody is astonished, even a little scandalized. Is he talking of wooden ships in general or these Shipping Board things? He answers that he likes even the Shipping Board's wooden boats. But who is he to like them? What does he know about ships? He answers:

"I live on an old place down in Maine that has been in our family 160 years, and five generations of shipmasters are buried there, and they have never—they used to be in the whaling and fishery business, and since Betsy Ross first hoisted the American flag—they never owned, managed, operated or controlled a dollar in anything that was not under the American flag."

Very good. But who is he to speak of present matters? He answers that he operates vessels—now. Where? In all trades, wherever wind and water go. How many boats? As many, he says, as 100—perhaps more; he would have to count them. And does he really believe these wooden boats, numbered among the defunct assets of the Shipping Board, have some value? He does. Some of them are the best wooden boats that were ever built, all diagonally steel-strapped. He has just bought five of them. He has it on his mind to buy more of them, finding he can operate them at a profit. In his opinion it would be a criminal act to scrap them.

You have to do with this what you may. Nobody answers the man. He goes silently away and the Shipping Board is of the same opinion still. Possibly he is just mad enough to do what no one else can. Whimsical survivor of a New England whaling line with a fancy for wooden ships—a ghost, perhaps. However, you cannot forget him and you are never quite sure again about the wooden ships.

The hearings go on. You are still opening the book at random. The subject of subsidies is at last attacked directly. Do subsidies make or assist a merchant marine? There is much history on this point—Old World and New World history. We have had some experience with subsidies ourselves, and subsidies in foreign countries are almost as old as ships. First, it appears to be proved by sound historical deduction that never was a great merchant marine evolved except by government aid in the form of subsidies; and you are satisfied. Second, it is deduced from historical evidence, in a report sponsored by the Shipping Board itself before it brought the subsidy notion to Congress, that subsidies are of no use at all to a merchant marine; and you are mad.

You wonder if anybody knows for sure what he is talking about. You begin to see that a generalization about ships is hazardous in principle. A ship has no fixed character; neither has trade; and the way of nations with one another is continually modified by fluid necessity.

Almost, one might have lived to see a ship change her character twice. Romantically, she was the symbol of lustful war, adventure, piracy and conquest. Then she became a trading outpost—a floating commercial enterprise. She made her trade as she went along. The captain combined in himself the functions of shipmaster, owner, trader, speculator, capitalist, exporter, importer and exchange operator. And now a ship is in her third character—namely, that of common carrier, defenseless, requiring the protection of navies. And in this general character of common carrier she has various characteristics. As you pass her on the sea you cannot tell whether she is a tramp or a cargo liner; yet these two rôles are very different. She may be in one today and in another tomorrow.

A Self-Contained Nation

The tramp goes where the trade is and keeps no orbit. The cargo liner goes between certain ports on regular schedule, taking what cargo there happens to be. The tramp still carries above 60 per cent of the ocean-going commerce of the world, but her share now is falling and that of the cargo liner is rising, because the needs of business increasingly demand swifter and more regular transportation. Above the cargo liner is the combination cargo and passenger ship, which is faster still; and above all in theatrical value is the passenger liner, which, besides mail, carries almost no freight at all. The great Leviathan made a successful voyage last autumn, westbound, with a manifest as follows: Item, private household effects; item, one case of commercial papers; item, one case of cat skins; item, one case of fox skins; item, one box of live puppy. What she earned in freight would not have washed her linen. The money was in the passengers.

And you have not only these different kinds of ships in different kinds of work; there are great geographical divisions of trade. You have the North Atlantic trade, the Pacific trade, the South American trade, the Australian trade, the Mediterranean trade, and so on, each one governed by conditions peculiar to itself.

Now certain reflections rise. If you are thinking of a merchant marine as a business in itself—that is to say, of a shipping machine that shall capture a large share of the world's carrying trade for what that may be worth—then, of course, you need every kind of ship for every kind of trade. But that is not what we are thinking of, really. Or if it is, there is much sound argument against it; one can think of many ways more profitable in which to employ our national capital. No; what we are trying to think of is a merchant marine that shall be responsive to our national needs in all circumstances. These needs lie under two heads—namely, defense and trade.

Thinking now only of our trade's need, it is a living, changing need, never static. Therefore it must be considered deeply in its present terms, facing the future. In the space of one century our trade has had three phases, each one radically different.

For a long time it was a country that exported only food and raw materials and imported manufactures. So long as it was that kind of country it had ships and the ships were of the right kind, evolved by necessity.

That phase ended and we became in a unique sense the most nearly self-contained great nation on earth. We had learned to work our own raw materials, build our own machines, produce our own manufactures, and the domestic trade was so enormous that we cared very little about foreign trade. We still exported a surplus of food and occasionally spilled an excess of manufactures into other people's markets, but our whole foreign trade was only 4 or 5 per cent of our internal trade and we could be indifferent about it. In this phase of development we let go of ships. Those who sold goods to us brought them here; foreigners who bought our goods came and got them, cash and carry.

Some Questions Answered

Now that phase is passing; it has almost passed. The time is not far off when we shall eat all our own food. Already we are importing raw materials to supply our machines, many of which otherwise could not be supplied at all, notably the rubber-working machines. And having in our industries carried the principle of progressive mass production further than any other people in the world, either we shall have to stop it at the point of domestic saturation, which is already visible—stop it with consequences no one can foresee—or widen the base of demand by the world's dimension.

It is patent to average common sense that if we are thinking of a merchant marine as a national instrument, not as a business in itself, then it must be considered in relation to our true economic tendencies.

What are those tendencies?

What classes of goods shall we need to increase the sales abroad in order to sustain our mass production?

Where do our best markets lie?

What raw materials should we conserve for our own use instead of forcing them away in ships, merely to fill the ships in order that ships may pay?

Having got an answer to these questions we shall know what trade routes to foster and why we are doing it and what types of ship to develop. Almost nothing of this nature is found in the hearings. People there are talking only of ships. Trade is mentioned incidentally, by large assumptions, with no analysis, no scientific projection, no imagination.

Suddenly you remember that we have a Department of Commerce. Why is it not represented in hearings on a proposal to subsidize ships for the sake of trade? The more you think of this discrepancy the more astonishing it seems. You will go yourself and find out. Therefore you come to the Department of Commerce and ask why the point of view of commerce has not been represented at the ship-subsidy hearings.

Answer: Commerce has not been asked to present its point of view.

You ask if it has anything to say on the subject.

Answer: Not publicly. To a senator certain things may be said privately.

Why privately?

Because it is not seemly for one department of the Government to appear on the hill in opposition to a notion that some other department of the Government is trying to sell to Congress—not unless it is asked.

Then is the Department of Commerce opposed to ship subsidies?

No; not to subsidies as such. It is opposed to the pending subsidy bill.

Why?

For the reason that in the opinion of the Department of Commerce the subsidies proposed to be given would not promote commerce. If the purpose is to promote commerce, then the money would be thrown away. It would go mainly to a few large passenger steamers, and that is not the kind of boat that would promote the kind of trade in which the country is increasingly concerned.

Has the Department of Commerce, perhaps, a view of the trade's future and an idea of the kind of merchant marine that will be necessary to realize it?

The Department of Commerce has. That is where it lives. The productive power of the country has been analyzed. The tendencies of trade have been plotted in curves. The potential markets of the world have been surveyed in relation to those curves, and the kind of merchant marine suitable to promote the kind of foreign commerce that will be most profitable to the country has been visualized.

You ask, "Has the Shipping Board got that picture?"

Probably not. There is no record of the Shipping Board having ever wanted it or asked for it.

Here is matter outside the literature of the subject. This is stuff that has not been written. Chuck the literature. If the senator you imagine yourself to be is a belligerent person, as he ought to be, now what do you do? You go over to the Shipping Board, again beat your fist on the chairman's desk in the well-known senatorial manner and say, "The merchant marine you are asking us to vote a subsidy for is to promote commerce, is it?"

"Yes," says the chairman.

"Then why don't you collaborate with the Department of Commerce? Why don't you get its picture of what our trade is and will be and ought to be, of how and where it will most easily expand, of the kind of merchant marine it needs?"

The chairman answers heavily, wearily, "That's Hoover. Is he trying to grab ships? Does he want everything there is?"

Seven Men, Seven Minds

Hoover does not want the ship job. If you wished him to take it you would have to hand it to him in his sleep. The difficulty is that as Secretary of Commerce he cannot contribute essential matter to the thought of ships without jamming the works. The Shipping Board undertakes to have all the wisdom there is about ships. So it went to the Congress with a ship-subsidy bill for a merchant marine that was to serve the nation's trade without having consulted that department of the Government which would be supposed to know what manner of service the trade needs. The Department of Commerce had to read the bill after it was published and form its opinion in private.

Do you begin to see why there is neither a merchant marine nor the complete idea of one? Why we are no nearer to a merchant marine than we were when the Merchant Marine Act was passed three and a half years ago, but much further away in fact, since the ships are wearing out? Why the Shipping Board was unable to sell its subsidy bill to Congress? Why it has been unable to sell the idea of a merchant marine to the imagination of the public?

It has tried to sell it on the ground of our trade's necessity without knowing what the trade requires. It has tried to sell it on the ground of national defense, saying a merchant marine was the left arm of the Navy, and yet it has had no inkling of what that left arm is.

Meanwhile it has been trying to operate ships; but it has no way with ships. To operate ships there was created the United States Shipping Board Emergency Fleet Corporation. This is technically a private corporation. The Shipping Board owns all its stock and devours its spirit. It has no power, so the board has resolved, except such as the board breathes into it; and the board is most particular not to breathe any of its own power away. It is the Shipping Board that operates ships. It touches everything, down to the personnel. The Emergency Fleet Corporation merely goes the errand. With an organization covering the whole world, it cannot hire a man at more than sixty dollars a week without a majority vote of the board.

Consider it. The Shipping Board is composed of seven men—seven men of seven minds—representing the great geographical divisions of the country. One was formerly president of the longshoremen, one is a retired admiral, one is a Southern newspaper

Corns

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publisher, one is a very good ship trader, three are lawyers, one of whom also is literary, author of Tercentennial of City of Bath, sea stories and poems. Seven men of equal power.

The board is responsible only to Congress; it has no necessary relation to any other department of the Government. It is torn by suspicion and self-incapacitated by a ceaseless struggle between those on one hand who disbelieve in government ownership and are therefore resolved to get the Government out of ships, and those on the other hand who believe in government ownership and are determined to keep the Government in ships. Every question from fuel oil to policy is considered, consciously or otherwise, in relation to this fundamental bias. So you are never sure when the vote is aye on a certain course of action that the majority really believes such action will facilitate resting the merchant marine on private capital. It is always possible that the majority consists of those who honestly believe it will, plus those who secretly believe it will work the other way. Merely a difference of opinion as to whether a given thing will work or fail.

If it works, so much toward private operation; if it fails, so much toward government ownership.

A Preposterous Set-Up

This bitter confusion runs through everything. A majority of the board votes for a new plan of operation. One of the minority, evidently thinking it might work and that if it worked it would tend to keep the Government in the business, thereupon attacks the legality of the plan and moves it to the attorney general for an opinion. The attorney general holds it to be illegal on the ground, among others, that the United States is not a citizen of the United States within the meaning of the Merchant Marine Act. Yes, literally. There is a spectacle. One member of the board gratuitously attacking the legality of a thing which a majority has voted for the good of the merchant marine; one department of the Government ruling that an act proposed to be committed by another department of the Government is illegal.

Then the board votes to adopt a modified change of policy. It is announced. The chairman goes abroad to survey the ground for the change. He is gone six weeks. On returning he is confronted by the fact that the board has changed its mind.

This is likely to happen at any time, without notice. Chairman Lasker sat for two years in Washington, afraid to leave his chair for a day. What was he afraid of? That if he left it, with four or more commissioners in town, the board would change its mind.

The situation is fantastically impossible.

At the instant of being seized with this conviction we happen to be passing one of the seven doors and bolt in. The commissioner is there. We state the thought bluntly:

"Don't you see it can't be done? The whole set-up of this thing is preposterous. Seven men, seven minds, all soequal, trying to run ships from Washington—trying to run ships at all. Seven men couldn't run a peanut stand. There is no head. A board cannot have a head. A business must have one. This is a business. The Shipping Board ought to be a judicial body. It ought not to touch ships physically, any more than the Interstate Commerce Commission touches railroads physically. When the Government took over the railroads to operate them, did it give them to the Interstate Commerce Commission? No; it gave the job to a separate body and gave that body a dictatorial head. Isn't that a clear lesson? Why shouldn't the Shipping Board confine itself to judicial functions? Why shouldn't it be content to lay down the principles and delegate the method to one free and powerful head. If the head doesn't suit, cut it off and try another. Otherwise let it alone. You never will do anything with ships in the way you are going."

He has been making notes A, B, C -on a pencil pad. Now he looks up.

"The trouble is you don't know," he says. "I will answer your questions in order. First, as to what a board is and what a board can do. It is the natural instrument through which the Government acts. There is no other way in our system. And there is no business a board cannot transact. Second, as to a board delegating its executive power – I take it that is what you mean. There is a law which controls that. We cannot delegate our responsibility, can we?"

"Senator Jones, who wrote the law, says you can delegate executive power. He says the board could and should delegate the power to operate ships."

"Well," says the commissioner, "that may be a matter of interpretation. I might myself be willing to go somewhat further than we have gone in that direction, provided we could find the right head. But we should have to watch him, no matter who he was. If you only knew some of our experiences you would understand."

His mind moves to point C on the pencil pad, and suddenly from there it moves to its true region. His zeal for a merchant marine is religious. He would fight the world for it. And he knows how powerful, how insidious, how subtle are the influences working against it.

"Here is something," he says—"a resolution—and I'm going to put it through the board."

"What is it?"

"A resolution to invoke Section 28."

"You mean that section of the Merchant Marine Act which provides for preferential railroad rates on goods transported in American vessels?"

"That's it. The law is clear. It is mandatory. Section 28 was to come into effect so soon as we had adequate tonnage to move our own trade. All this time it has been suspended on the ground that we hadn't adequate tonnage. How anybody can say, with all the ships this Government has idle, that our own tonnage is inadequate I can't imagine. Well, we shall see. I'm going to see."

"That's very interesting," we say. "Our thesis is proved by you."

"How is that?" he asks.

"You undertake to make the board invoke Section 28, because you think that will help the merchant marine."

"More than any other one thing," he says. "It will fill our own ships with our own freight."

"Yes. Only this, that down the hall is another commissioner, coequal, who undertakes to prove that Section 28, if invoked, will involve our trade in magnificent disaster. You are for government ownership; he is against it. There you are."

But Something Happened

"Yes," he says, "I know what you mean. Pooh!"

So! But we like this commissioner. He may not be practically ship-minded. Few of us are. It comes gradually, if ever. He is ship-hearted and for that we love him. We leave him pleasantly, though with an absent manner that he cannot understand; for we are trying to remember something. What is it? After a long time we get it back. It is what we set out in the beginning to do. That was to sell the American merchant marine to the imagination of its owner.

We cannot find it. There is no such thing. There is only $3,500,000,000 nucleus of one, and that we cannot sell.

Then was the thought of selling the idea of a merchant marine. We cannot find that, either, and we cannot sell what cannot be found. Nevertheless, there is a vague pervading sense that something of great importance has happened.

A few minutes ago we said the situation was fantastically impossible. That may be so. The situation is not the thing. It is but the immediate aspect of the thing. Put the situation aside. What is the thing that has happened?

In 1900 an officer of the United States Treasury reported:

"In the trade between the United States and Europe this year not one American vessel went or came from Germany, Russia, Sweden and Norway, Denmark, the Netherlands, Italy, Hungary, Greece or Turkey. Two small American vessels came to the United States from France, one in ballast. One American sailing vessel came from Belgium in ballast, and one vessel cleared for Spain. . . . The American flag was never such a rarity on the North Atlantic."

Today the American flag is no rarity on the North Atlantic, nor on any sea there is. From the foreign shipowners' point of view it is a very common nuisance wherever ships can go.

Addressing the Pan-American Congress on May 24, 1914—that was before the war—President Wilson said: "If other nations go to war and seek to hamper each other's commerce, our merchants will be at their mercy, for we have no ships of our own and cannot control our own commerce."

Only a few weeks later other nations did go to war and did seek to hamper one another's commerce and our merchants were at their mercy. We remember it well.

But if other nations should go to war tomorrow our merchants would not be at their mercy. There would not be that dilemma. Why? Because we have our own ships; because we have ships enough to carry our own commerce; because in that emergency we did what was thought impossible—we fabricated ships. We turned them out of our one-piece molds so fast that in three years we had more ships than any other nation in the world, Great Britain alone excepted. Seeing this the foreigners said, "Yes, but you cannot operate ships. You have no sailors." They watched us lead them down to sea, watched us sail them up and down the world, saw our flag break out in every trade route there was. Then they said, "But they are not good boats. Those Hog Island things—they have no shape. They will pound themselves to pieces." But those same Hog Island ships have steamed more than 9,000,000 miles and nothing has befallen them yet. They are fine ships; the figure is a matter of taste.

A Tree Without Roots

All of that has momentarily occurred. We willed it. Effort brought it to pass. And yet so little do people in general seem to concern themselves about it that one might suppose it had happened to them in a miraculous manner.

There is more in this $3,500,000,000 nucleus than may be set down in tables of figures. Let us look at it again.

Ten years ago we were off the sea, except in the coastwise trade, which is closed to foreign ships.

Today, under the American flag, for use in foreign trade, we have two great fleets. One is privately owned, the other is government-owned. In the privately owned fleet are sixty-three passenger ships, nearly all of them bought from the Government; 230 general cargo vessels and 128 tankers running in the oil trade, measuring in one lot, 1,726,000 gross tons. To this extent the merchant marine has begun to rest on private capital.

The government-owned fleet is three times as large. It contains forty-five passenger ships of 620,000 gross tons and 1238 cargo vessels of 5,722,000 gross tons.

Of the cargo vessels, two in every three are idle—that is to say, tied up for want of cargo, with much more than half the goods we buy and sell abroad still moving in foreign ships.

Of the Government's idle ships, every other one bears a red indication, meaning economically useless, unfit to compete, a voyage presently to the ship breaker. If we were at war again, or if other nations were at war, or if ship tonnage for any reason became suddenly scarce, if only it should happen that the whole world were minded to go hard at work once more, those marks would change. However, expert opinion must be right about something. Give selection its merciless way. Let all those ships go. We have still above 800 good, and that is the second largest merchant fleet on the sea, with the superb Leviathan at the top of it, six other ships in the North Atlantic ferry where ten years ago the American flag was a rarity, an express line to South America five days faster than any service that was there before, two transpacific ferries of five ships each, and cargo liners in every direct trade route.

This is not a merchant marine. It runs at a terrible loss. It is a tree that grew suddenly to enormous size from one taproot, which was war. That root was lopped off. Now the tree is potted—temporarily potted—in the United States Treasury. The intention is to transplant it limb by limb to the soil of private enterprise. But the paying limbs have already been sold off. What remains is a liability. The tree cannot live in this condition. It is already dying, imperceptibly. The ships are wearing out. Meanwhile our competitors, especially the British, are evolving a new type of ship which can be made to pay even in this weather—the big motor ship—which may supplant the steamship as the iron ship supplanted the wooden ship, and sweep us off the sea again.

Editor's Note—This is the first of a series of articles by Mr. Garrett. The next will appear in an early issue.

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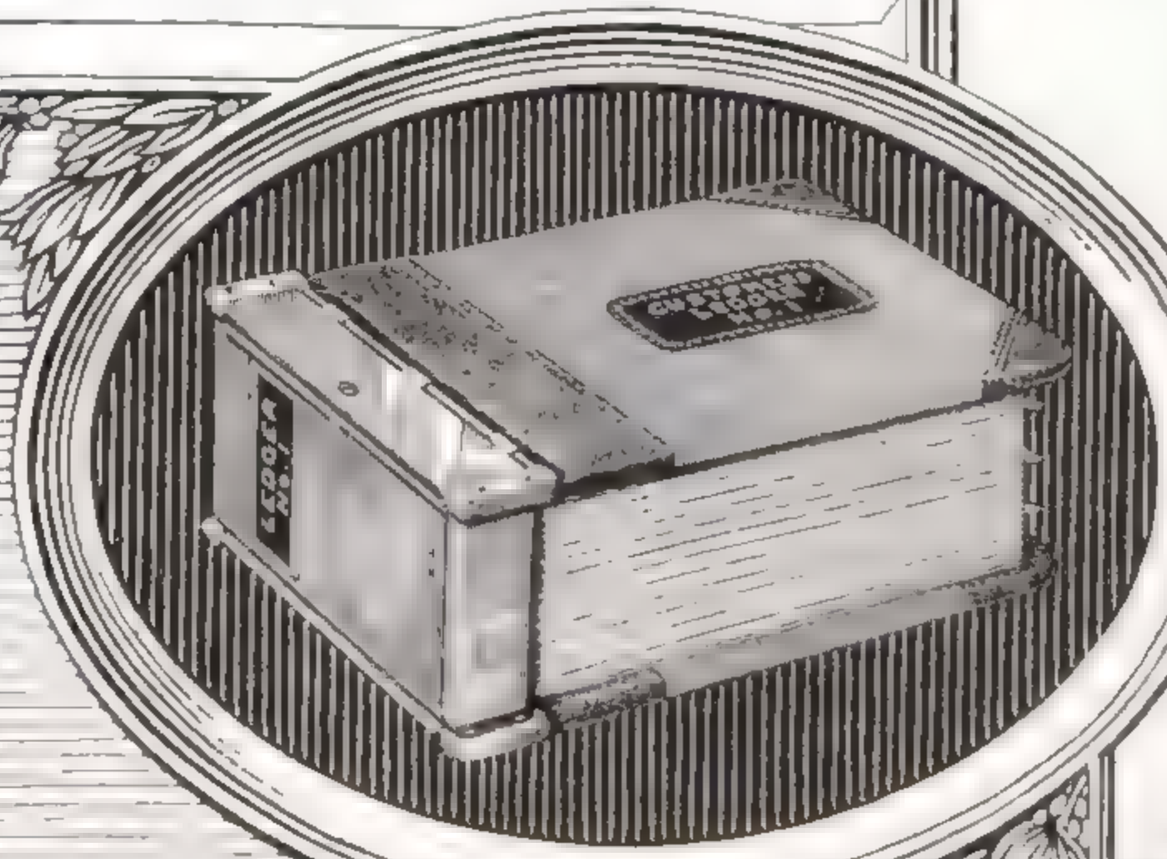

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T-2

THEM PAPERS

(Continued from Page 14)

each other in painful silence for a while, Izzy's face pale and David's waxen.

Then said the older man with trembling lip, "Get me the Intercoast Trust Company on the phone, please, Izzy."

And so the M. P. C. became the Amalgamated, and Bainbridge sat at the desk where had sat Izzy's best friend in the business; and presently there began a slight vibration in the tight rope under the feet of a certain adroit young performer.

II

PAINTED brightly were the hollows in the cheeks of Clare Evans, and blackened well were the arches of her eyebrows, as she put things to rights in the gingerbread little ticket booth of the Bijou Theater—matinées eleven cents and evenings seventeen, war tax included. Fluffed and shiny was Clare's hair, a new blue silk blouse hung on her sloping shoulders, and there was a string of the best cut crystal beads around her neck, the gift of her boss, Louis Betzker. But her lustrous dark eyes were somber, for over yonder beyond the bricks and mortar of this sprawling hick town, and beyond the miles and miles of sandy hummocks, and beyond the purple hills, lay Hollywood.

Well, she had wanted to leave the acting profession, which had given her an average of only six weeks' work out of twenty-two and had otherwise mistreated and flouted and humiliated her, and put those hollows in her cheeks and lines in her face and bitterness in her soul, and she had left it; and yet—and yet the call of it was in her still, the longing which had taken her into the business in the first place and had held her in it against all discouragements and hardships. Common sense had told her it would be better to have a regular job and a settled income every week, and she had it; yet still her somber eyes were far away across the bricks and mortar, the sandy hummocks and the purple hills. Besides, there are drawbacks to everything. She frowned as she recognized the fender rattle of a car which stopped in front of the place; but her red, red lips were curved pleasantly as she turned. "Always meet 'em smiling, and smile when you say good-by."

"Say, you're some doll this morning," was the greeting of Louis Betzker as he put his hand through the little window. It was a large, knotted, hairy hand, with the finger nails short and jagged and blackened, a hand she hated and feared; but she took it, and there was a sparkle in her eye and jauntiness in the set of her head as she looked up at him with "Think so, Louie?"

Not much to smile upon was Louie Betzker; a scowling-browed, wide-jawed, wide-shouldered man with little eyes, at the mere sight of which stray dogs slunk around corners, their ears drooping and their tails between their legs. But there was no malevolence in the gaze he cast on Clare, and his wide lips were grinning; so she at least need slink around no corner.

"You said it! Why, say, Abe Gissman came past here yesterday and took an eyeful of you, and went back to the Star and fired that frumpy Jane he had in his ticket box. He's —— Whadda you want, boy?" The oily tone in which he had spoken to Clare had turned to a sudden guttural snarling, harsh, grating, jangling to the nerves, and the unfortunate boy looked up at him edgewise like the stray dogs as he handed him a bill. Louis stuffed it in his pocket. "You go back and tell that stiff that I pay my bills on the first. This is the fourth. Next month for his. Beat it!"

The boy was already on his way, almost bumping into an aggressive-looking man with a narrow-brimmed slouch hat, who came striding from the curb, carrying a heavy tin case. He dropped the case with a thump in front of Louis.

"Hello, you!" he boomed in a voice which was a natural yell, and he thrust out his chest and smiled expansively; a breezy man he was, and a hustler. The handclasp he gave the exhibitor smacked loudly.

"Oh, well, hello," rejoined Louis with extreme uncordiality, for Sig Kopf was a salesman and had to be kept discouraged. "What you got in the can—another piece of the Pinnacle's Limburger or is it plain brick?"

"Say, you must have slept late this morning, Betzker," bellowed Sig. "Didn't you know I ain't with the Pinnacle no more? I walked into the old M. P. C. office last night with credentials from the Amalgamated, gave old Hennessy the quick exit, and today I'm ashamed of myself for handling a proposition that a child could sell. Believe me, Lou, the Amalgamated's going to turn 'em over."

"What with? You don't make the output of old Schusshel's sausage factory any better by calling it the Amalgamated, do you? Hennessy couldn't hand me those lemons, and you can't. I'm busy this morning."

"Yes, you are!" The laugh of Sig was big and broad and hearty. He sold more with his voice than he did with his brains. "I'll give you fifty-two half weeks of Amalgamated pictures for exactly half the price you can show me on your books that you ever paid for five-reelers. Well, say something!"

"I'll show you something," growled Betzker in a tone like a threat, though he was impressed. "When you see some of the prices I've paid you'll drop dead. You won't make good on that half-price thing."

"I said it, didn't I? I'm talking brass tacks to you, Lou. The Amalgamated is going to capture the cheap-picture business of the industry; it's going to play for quantity sales and it's going to do business with Louis Betzker, see? You're running Iskovitch specials for your first half weeks, and you're paying a big price for them—more'n they're worth, you poor simp. You'll buy ours for next to nothing for the other half weeks and clean up. Besides that, Lou, you'll throw a fit when you see what all else we're going to do for you. Come in and have a look at this baby I got in the box. Why, egg, I'm going to stuff money right into your pocket!"

Under the circumstances Betzker wasn't so busy. The Bijou didn't open until twelve o'clock, when the piano pounder came on to play for the fans who'd rather see a picture than eat lunch, and it was now only 10:30.

He stepped out to the middle of the sidewalk and, looking straight up, yelled, "Hey, Gus! Hey, Gus! Gus! Gus!" A mop of colorless hair poked itself out of a slit of a window up over the lobby, beneath the hair a freckled face that looked as hard as a curbstone. "Come down and get a can. Hop! Come in, Sig."

Clare waited until Gus came down for the can, then locking her ticket booth she went inside. The only thing she liked about her job was the pictures, particularly those offered for sale and run without audience or music. It was like a projection room run at a studio. As she slipped into the darkness Sig was telling Louis prices that made even him wonder. Intensive quantity production was the Amalgamated's new angle, Sig explained, and the new company was backed by all the money in the world. It was, moreover, going to give the biggest quality for the money ever shown. For instance, just look at this!

The title flashed on the screen, The Dawn of Liberty, its romance and its action centering around that great historical moment when the patriots of Boston, disguised as Indians, boarded the British ship in the harbor and threw over its cargo of tea as their immortal protest against taxation without representation.

But the run was not halfway into the first reel when Betzker growled, "Say, there's no use to show this thing to me! It's exactly the same as Iskovitch's The Boston Tea Party that I've got for release on the twenty-first."

"I know it!" boomed Sig. "So's this one released for the twenty-first. Look at the picture, Lou, look at the picture!"

"Oh, cheese!" returned Betzker, rising. "I got the Iskovitch film under contract and I got to pay for it."

"Look at the picture, you!" insisted Sig. "When we're through I'll tell you something. I came here to do business with you, I said, and this is the picture you'll run."

"Huh!" grunted the exhibitor, and subsided into puzzled speculation. What was the great idea? Suddenly he made a discovery. "Say, this is no M. P. C. film; it's a Pinnacle. It's got Pinnacle actors. It's dolled up like a Pinnacle film."

"Smart boy," laughed Sig. "Just to keep you from guessing any more I'll tell you that it was made on the Pinnacle lot, but the Amalgamated bought it. It's a sample of the class you'll get. Look at the picture, Lou, look at the picture!"

A reel further on, Betzker rose and leaned against a chair with his back to the screen.

"Come on, slip me the works. I don't have to see the rest of this to talk business. It's all right, but so's my Iskovitch film, and I got to pay for that. Don't forget it."

"All right, pay for it; but run this one. We'll give it to you, free, gratis, for nothing, with your Amalgamated contract, together with three other big pictures we bought from the Pinnacle, if you'll run them on the dates I tell you to."

"You'll have to talk louder," said Betzker. "I don't see any advantage in shelving one good film that I have to pay for to run another one, even if it don't cost me anything."

Clare's voice came out of the darkness, with a touch of passion in it:

"Say, Louie, this thing isn't as good as the Iskovitch production anyhow. It's a cheap steal, just like the Pinnacle."

"Shut up!" roared Betzker in savage exasperation. "Don't butt into my business, do you hear? Get out!"

Dead silence over there in the blackness, then the stealthy rustle of skirts, then a crack of daylight, and against it silhouetted a slender figure slinking out like a stray dog around a corner.

"That's right, keep 'em tamed," laughed Sig. "Listen, Lou, you can't see any advantage in running this picture on the date I set, so I'll tell it to you. A hundred bucks! Does that listen like an advantage?"

"Not so much. The film's the bunk. You just heard the skirt say the Iskovitch film's better, and she's right. She's a smart kid."

"You can't get me into an argument on that, either way. I'm here to sell pictures. Also, I'm here to tell you, Lou, that there's another hundred on each of the other three specials if you run 'em on the dates I say."

"I get you." Betzker was now thoroughly at ease about that great idea and knew what to do. "That four hundred comes off the contract price for your fifty-two Amalgamated's, I guess."

"No, that isn't business. I can't have that contract show any lower than half your best rate."

"Then you slip me the four hundred rebate in cash, I guess, when we sign up."

"I should say not! We'll slip you the hundred as you run each picture. You understand, Lou, we don't mistrust you, but you might double-cross us."

That being a flat insult, it was resented as follows:

"Well, I trust you as far as you do me, and what do you think of that? You slip me a hundred and fifty on this film when we sign up, and your notes for a hundred and fifty each payable on the dates I'm to run those other films, with a proviso in the note that they're due when the films have been run, and have the notes indorsed by your home office, and I'll sign your Amalgamated contract for twenty-six pictures. Otherwise I blab."

"Good night!" yelled Sig, jumping out of his chair. "You blab an' I'll make you out a liar; an' I'll dig up something else you done an' hound you out o' the business. Say, you, I come to make you a present of a ripe peach and you want to knock me down and grab my stick pin. I wouldn't do business with you, Louie, on a bet. I like to give a man a bargain, but I don't like to be robbed."

"Then get out!" yelled Betzker. "Beat it! Hey, Gus! Hey, Gus! Gus! Stop that cheese film and save the light!"

"Louie, make it a hundred and twenty-five and forty pictures and I'll go you."

"I said a hundred and fifty and twenty-six."

"It's off!"

"All right then, it's off. Good-by."

"A hundred and twenty-five and thirty-six."

"No! Say, you'll have to excuse me, Sig. I got to see a man."

He hustled out, leaving Sig in the darkness; but he was leaning against the box office when the ex-Pinnacle salesman came out with his heavy can in his hand. Sig passed him without a word, went to his car and set his can in. He was just about to climb into the car when Betzker was at his elbow.

"A hundred and fifty and thirty."

"A hundred and twenty-five and thirty-six, that's my last word." Then, studying the little eyes of Betzker keenly, he added in haste, "A hundred and twenty-five and thirty, or do I go home?"

Betzker looked down on Sig, snarling, but the snarl had no effect. Sig was ready to go home.

"Come upstairs."

They shook hands, and, smiling broadly, they started for Betzker's office the best of friends; and as Clarice Evans watched them go there was a curl on her red, red lip and a slumbering fire in her eye. The Pinnacle picture had put it there, and roused in her the obsession that had come on her in her cheap little bedroom in Hollywood in the jaundiced dawn. Klekoff!

III

NEARLY everybody eats. Next to death, this is your great leveler of humanity; but nowhere can there be found a more motley assemblage engaged in the democratic function of feeding the countenance than in the cafeteria of a big motion-picture concern; and the wide, low-ceilinged lunch room attached to the main plant of Iskovitch Incorporated was a particularly motley place in these hustling days. Here famous stars and obscure extras in every hue of painted face and color of gaudy garment, great directors and lumber shovers, painters, electricians, stenographers, bookkeepers, bosses and officials mingled at noontime to discuss the zestful Chili bean, the succulent apple pie and the gossip of the only industry, all in a commonalty delightful to behold; and here, at the end of a long plank table known flippantly as the Executive Board sat President Izzy with his bony fingers folded above his untasted sandwich and his five creases deeply indented in his brow, for he had become aware of that vibration in his tight rope.

"Overnight, just like that," Hillary Wells was saying, his elbow resting slouchily on the table next to Izzy's neglected coffee. Hillary was a dramatist by nature, but Izzy's editor in chief by virtue of his need for a steady income and the long habit of being associated with the youngest magnate in the business. He went on with the absurd solemnity in which he always kidded: "Observe the broad dramatic scope of life in the movies. As if by the long arm of coincidence, every branch manager of the M. P. C. is tossed into the tumbrel at the same hour and replaced by an Amalgamated man, who—mark me well—was recruited from the ranks of the Pinnacle. What you might call a truly stupendous mob scene, eh, Harry? Think of it! Simultaneously, in twenty-eight cities scattered over this broad Union ——"

"I can use my own imagination," objected flat-faced Harry Simmons, the production manager of the five Iskovitch plants. "I'm not a motion-picture audience that I should have all the trivial details crammed down my throat. I even supply a plot thread of my own. I wonder how the Amalgamated put it over on Klekoff to the extent of twenty-eight of the Pinnacle's best hustlers. Bainbridge must have used powerful inducements."

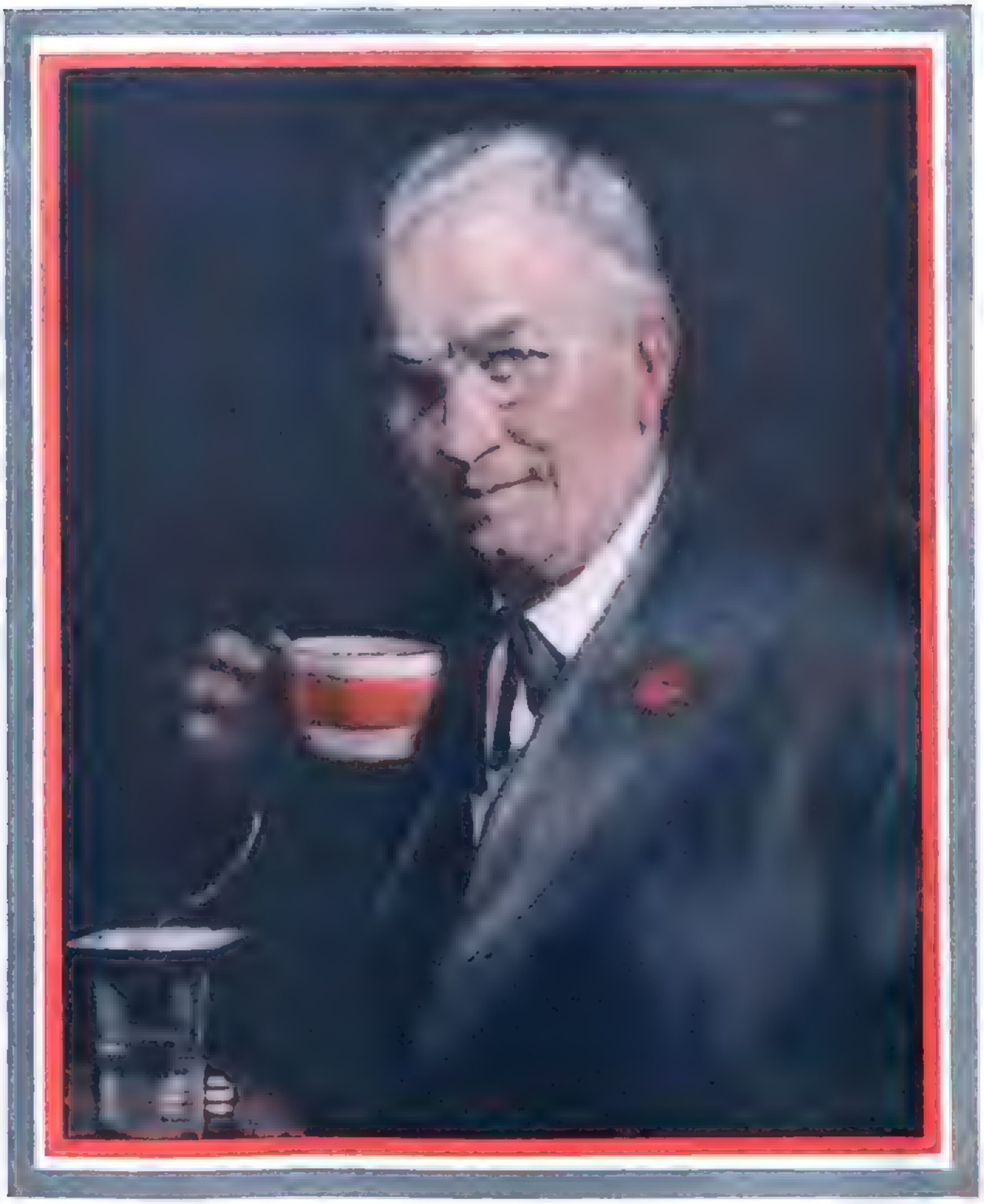
"Or been helped from the inside," said Izzy, suddenly raising his head as they hit closely on his own worry, and they both regarded him thoughtfully. "I can tell you somethin' else funny. The reports from my branch managers are comin' in about the Amalgamated, an' the first customers they're gettin' are two lines o' theaters—those handlin' the Iskovitch pictures an' those handlin' the Pinnacle pictures. We two companies are bein' singled out for a special drive. Why?"

"Oh-oh, little man!" called plump and hearty Dixie Day from the foot of the cabinet table, she in the striped flannel nightrobe covered with a chinchilla coat, and an eight-inch Psyche knot jerking and bobbing out behind her constant animation. "Now that you're awake, drink your coffee. You look like you need it."

"And eat your sandwich, Izzy," cooed cuddly Dorcas Sinclair, she in the filmy gauze and the jeweled bangles of the queen of a seraglio, with a macaroon between her fingers. But Prudence Joy, in the becoming widow's weeds of this day's work, took her own cup of steaming coffee, carried it up to Izzy's side and traded it for his cold cup with a solicitude which was almost maternal, for it was the concern of Izzy's whole company, particularly those of the old guard who had come with him from the

(Continued on Page 97)

The Doctor, good old soul, will tell you Maxwell House Coffee tastes best in the wee small hours when anxiety has given way to rejoicing; when refreshment is welcome.



"Good to the last Drop"

SOLD ONLY IN SEALED TIN CANS—CONVENIENT TO OPEN AND USE

ROMANCE lies within the circle of your cup of Maxwell House. That fragrant aroma breathes of distant sun-wrapped highlands where the finest coffee is grown.

There are visions of the great ships breasting foamy miles to bring the treasure home.

There's the long, long quest for the exact blending of these fine coffees to create the flavor that is "Good to the Last Drop."

Then the ceaseless vigilant guard set over that priceless accomplishment to see that it reaches you with all its flavor and goodness unimpaired—the sealed tin which brings Maxwell House Coffee to you, crisp and fresh from the roasting cylinders —untouched by hand

Also Maxwell House Tea

Cheek-Neal Coffee Co., Nashville, Houston, Jacksonville, Richmond, New York

MAXWELL HOUSE COFFEE

Bean-

Since 1861
—a name that has stood for utmost service and satisfaction in ready-to-serve foods

Van

'Ole Beans

ONE of the never-forgotten memories of those who have visited camps in the Maine Woods is the delicious goodness of Bean Hole Beans, baked under the ground.

The process is a heritage handed down from earliest New England days.

A hole is dug some three feet deep, and a half cord of wood is burned in it to make a bed of red hot embers. A giant pot, filled with beans to which just the right amount of pork, molasses, spices and other seasonings have been added, is sealed with clay and lowered into this hole. The pot is covered with hot earth and ashes and the beans left to bake slowly for twelve hours.

The result is a dish so truly irresistible that even Bostonians will tell you Bean Hole Beans surpass all others.

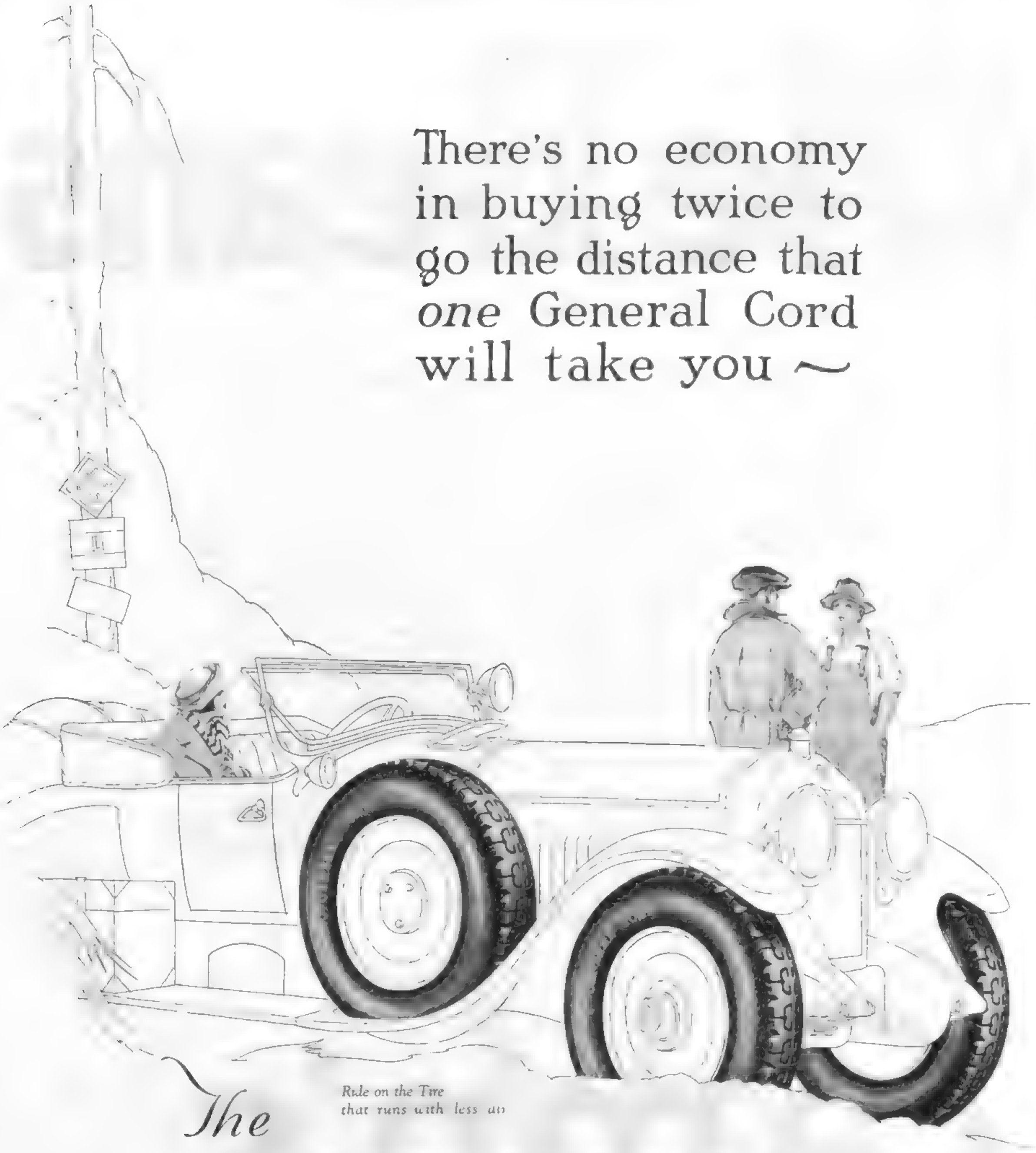
Up to this time this much desired delicacy has been obtainable only in the Maine Woods, but now Van Camp's bring to your table (from your regular dealer) Bean-'Ole Beans ready to serve in a few minutes.

Van Camp Products Company
Indianapolis, Indiana

Camp's

"Something Good for Every Meal"

There's no economy in buying twice to go the distance that *one* General Cord will take you ~



The Rule on the Tire that runs with less air

GENERAL CORD

—goes a long way to make friends

BUILT IN AKRON, OHIO, BY THE GENERAL TIRE & RUBBER CO

(Continued from Page 92)

Schusshel lot and up the long hard road to success, that he seldom ate and never slept; and they wanted him to last until he should achieve his lifelong ambition to stand the tallest in the center of the motion-picture industry, with no Klekoff in all his horizon.

"Thanks, Prue," said Izzy, with a smile up into the clear depths of her blue eyes and an ever-recurrent pleasure in that glint of spun-gold hair which peeped from beneath the bewitching bonnet, for of all his people Prue was the closest; then, taking a sip of the coffee and forgetting her, he turned back to Wells and Simmons with again those deep creases springing in his brow. "An' say, fellas, here's somethin' else I don't like: The Amalgamated has been offerin' pictures to my customers at the lowest rate for five-reelers ever known in the history o' the business, year contracts at prices that wouldn't pay the cost o' distribution if they got the films for nothin'. Say, looky, if they're doin' that all over, the Amalgamated has gotta go broke; but if they're doin' that just to me it looks like I gotta go broke, because when I come to make my new contracts next year with my customers, outside o' the theaters in which I gotta controlling interest, I gotta cut my prices to below profit enough to pay off my bonds; or else, if I wantta keep my business, I gotta put out a line o' cheap pictures to meet that competition; an' I don't see how I could swing that. . . . What is it, Izzy?"

A small boy as lively as a cricket, and as snappy, and bearing the unmistakable Iskovitch stamp, had come bounding in at the door and now stood at Izzy's side, panting and in the terrible repression, which had been forced on him, of not interrupting a conference until permitted.

"Say, Cousin Izzy; here's a batch of reports that Cousin Joseph says you're waiting for and have to see right away. And say, Cousin Izzy, when Cousin Joseph read 'em he reached right in his drawer and took a dose of his tonic."

Hillary laughed, but Izzy glanced over the reports with deepening concern.

"Well, fellas," said he as leafed down to the last one, "here's the answer: The Iskovitch customers are gettin' Amalgamated pictures at one-half the lowest price they ever paid for five-reelers, an' the Pinnacle houses are payin' full prices—payin' enough to equalize all the losses it costs the Amalgamated to nudge in on my trade. I hate to think what I'm guessin'."

Silence for a moment while the three time-tried coworkers looked at one another in sober speculation.

Then observed Hillary, "Is it possible that the Amalgamated is only the green wig disguising the scarlet head of our arch-enemy Klekoff?"

"I'm gonna find out." And Izzy rose abruptly. "Harry, you'll have to take over my job. Hillary, you'll have to help Harry out with his production work. Hey, Sapp!" Long and lanky Ernest Sapp, Izzy's first boss in the picture business and his present star director, now in the pleasant embarrassment of choosing among three lighted matches for his after-luncheon cigarette, hastily accepted Dixie's and turned to Izzy a grinning face. "Ernest, you'll have to take enough time from your directin' to help out Hillary an' Harry."

"All right, chief, I can lunch on Tuesdays and Thursdays, and sleep on alternate Wednesday nights. May I ask how you propose to amuse yourself while we slave our lives away?"

"I'm goin' on the road," returned Izzy grimly. "I'm gonna find out somethin'."

So it was that Isidor Iskovitch, a tourist who never traveled for pleasure, struck out on an extensive itinerary, and on the twenty-first day of that month he stood in front of one of his own theaters, Adolph Aaronsohn's impressively ornate Ghezirch Palace, a house financed by Izzy, one of those for which he was carrying eight million dollars' worth of particularly weighty bonds, one of those for which he had mortgaged everything he had in the world, all his past and all his future; and he saw over the marquee not his pet picture, The Boston Tea Party, which was scheduled for its first showing on this date, but saw instead, blazoned broadly in the electric lights and set forth with catchy water-color sketches of Indians throwing tea overboard, and a huge lobby display of a British ship on a canvas ocean, The Dawn of Liberty—an Amalgamated Superspecial Production!

The breeze suddenly blew chill around Izzy Iskovitch, and three passers-by bumped him unnoted as he stared numbly at Adolph Aaronsohn's Ghezirch Palace lobby display; then his blood began to trickle through his veins again, and taking a good grip of himself, he stepped in line and paid sixty-five cents to learn the worst. The Dawn of Liberty was a direct steal of The Boston Tea Party, but differing from Izzy's careful and expensive production in that it was historically misleading and its plot was false and conventional claptrap; but it was gaudy and showy, with the unmistakable gaudiness and showiness of the Pinnacle. There in the darkness Izzy could allow himself to feel withered and wizened for a moment, in the realization that Klekoff had put one over on him with the Amalgamated; and he knew that expert well enough to be certain that this picture would show on the Pinnacle books as a straight purchase at a good round sum, and the Pinnacle auditor could show the entry of the payment by the Amalgamated, and the auditor of the Amalgamated could show his returned check.

Aaronsohn, a florid and a well-fed man, sat smoking at his desk when Izzy came up from the theater, and at the sight of that stern young man he caught his cigar between his teeth with a sudden spasmodic grip.

"Hello, Izzy," he said cordially. "I guess I'm in for a crow-picking."

"What about?" inquired Izzy, sitting at the end of Aaronsohn's desk and regarding the exhibitor with a steady eye.

"Oh, come on! I know you're going to raise the devil because I shelved your picture for the one I'm runnin' this week, and you know I'm going to tell you that I know how to run a house or you and me would never have been doing business together."

"Yes, I make a few mistakes," admitted Izzy. "I did think you knew how to run a house, but I see now you got no more sense than to give a burglar a blue print of your house with an X where the safe is. Tell me, Aaronsohn, an' without any lyin', because my whole business is at stake—tell me why you ran this Pinnacle picture instead of mine."

"It's an Amalgamated." Aaronsohn was perfectly at ease, sitting big in his wide-armed desk chair, but the cigar which he shifted to the corner of his mouth wabbled a bit.

"You contracted for the entire Iskovitch output, an' you laid me on the shelf to run this!"

"I contracted to pay for the Iskovitch productions, not to run them. I've paid for The Boston Tea Party. I've already sent the check. Here's the record of it"—and he threw open his day blotter, pointing to the entry with calm triumph—"and here's what I paid for The Dawn of Liberty." He pointed to another entry, a price slightly below The Boston Tea Party. "Look here, Mr. Iskovitch, if I thought this film was better than yours, and I was willing to pay double to give my patrons the best I could get in the market, that's my business."

"Do you mean to tell me that you think this picture's better'n The Boston Tea Party?"

"Well, yes, if you must have it." And Aaronsohn removed his cigar from his mouth and laid it on the corner of the desk. He had become aware of its wabbling.

"All right, I got your number," said Izzy, holding his self-possession with an effort. "You're tellin' me what ain't true when you say you think this production's better'n mine, an' you got another set o' books hid some place that'd show a different story about what you didn't pay for this Amalgamated production, which you know is a Pinnacle. You know that the Pinnacle is tryin' to cut my throat, an' you're helpin' 'em do it. You're a dirty traitor, Aaronsohn. You had a little cheap ten-cent theater when I came into this town, an' you was tryin' to float a sixty-thousand-dollar house, hopin' that maybe in twenty years you could get a place like this. I put up a hundred an' fifty thousand dollars o' my own money; I got a hundred thousand from your branch manager, Pulotski, an' then I went to your local banks that wouldn't 'a' backed you for that much in a million years, an' got enough more to put you up this seven-hundred-an'-fifty-thousand-dollar theater. An' now what have you done, you dirty bum? You gypped me for maybe a coupla thousand dollars!"

Fortified as Aaronsohn was against any charges which might be made, he could not repress a wince at this shot, for Izzy, with his acute knowledge of probabilities, had hit on the exact figure which Aaronsohn had received for his perfidy. He had been given The Dawn of Liberty for nothing, and a two-thousand-dollar bonus, if he would shelve The Boston Tea Party and run this one instead; though, of course, there were further advantages to come. Aaronsohn was not quite so florid, but he kept his chest protruded.

"Calling names don't help the situation any for either one of us, Iskovitch. I go right back to what I said in the first place—that if I wanted to pay double to give my patrons what I thought was the best in the market, that's my business; and so far as our financing transactions are concerned, that's all set. It's finished. Your money's in and so's mine, and so's Pulotski's and so's the bank's, and there can't anything be done about it as long as the interest and notes are paid, and I'm paying 'em."

"You better look at your contract that you signed when we formed the company to build this house," observed Izzy dryly as he rose. "If you can't understand it take it to your lawyer; an' if he can't understand it I'll send you my lawyer, Flackman, that's the smartest lawyer in the motion-picture business."

With this he went away, leaving Aaronsohn something vastly interesting to think about.

Outside the ornate Ghezirch Palace the breeze blew still more chill, and, whipping through Isidor's pants, seemed to congeal the marrow in his bony legs, while the hurrying crowds bent supperward jostled and buffeted him about as if he were a bit of flotsam on this sea of important humanity. He was, in fact, half sick, for the stab of an enemy strikes at the heart, but the stab of a traitor hurts to the soul. As he was leaving his hotel for the train he was handed a fresh thrust in a telegraph report from his office. Eleven more of his contract customers had run the Amalgamated's Dawn of Liberty in place of The Boston Tea Party, and three of them, like Aaronsohn, were his own Iskovitch theaters.

On the train he locked himself in his drawing-room with the most critical problem of his career. All over the United States the Amalgamated was closing contracts with exhibitors, at any sacrifice, for fifty-two half-week runs in houses where the Iskovitch pictures had the other half-week runs, and was making especial efforts to put such contracts into Izzy's own half-week-run theaters, of which there were forty.

Each one of these inroads was a wedge in the Iskovitch business which Klekoff would drive home by such tricks as the Dawn of Liberty, and the Iskovitch commercial structure, bonded for all it would carry, could be toppled into the mightiest fall in the picture industry—except on the great day when the Pinnacle should fall—unless there should be a man strong enough to hold up that structure with his own muscle and stout heart. There could be only one such man, and that man must be Isidor Iskovitch, who weighed little more than a hundred and twenty pounds as he sat shrunk small in his lonely drawing-room, with his bony elbows on his table and his temples between his bony hands. He wasn't a squirrel in a cage, nor yet a man on a tight rope. He was a man on a burning roof who could remain where he was until he burned to a crisp or jump off and break his neck.

The violet dusk blended into the silvered night, and that into the rosy dawn, and still the huddled figure sat, his bony elbows on his table and his temples between his bony hands. He shivered as he opened his eyes to the morning and he was stiff as he stretched his arms. He did not know when he had fallen asleep with his desperate problem unsolved; but now as he shook himself awake there came a sudden sparkle in his eyes, for with the morning had come hope. The sky was bright and clear and the rolling hills out there were filled with verdant foliage, as fresh and cheery as if the world had been newborn overnight to nothing but peace and happiness. A crystal brook rippled its limpid way alongside the railroad tracks, and at a clear pool some horses had come down to drink, the old ones looking up mildly as the train thundered by and the young ones scampering across the meadow and kicking up their heels. It was good to be alive, after all. And say, if what he was sure of could be proved, why he could get a fine case on Klekoff for violation of the antitrust laws, for unfair competition, for every crime in the commercial calendar! If it could only be proved!

Ah, indeed, if it could only be proved! But no fox approaches his prey from the windward, and a muskrat travels in the water so his footsteps leave no scent. In all his trip of investigation Izzy found not one man weak enough to betray the facts in the matter. Nor was he able to discover anyone among his other exhibitor customers to whom the proposition had been made and who had turned it down. The best psychologists in the industry had been on this job, and only those exhibitors had been approached who had in their records some incident, either great or small, which revealed their susceptibility to and their knack for concealing a bribe. No mistakes had been made, and Klekoff, if Klekoff it was, had buried his traces much deeper than the bottom of truth's well.

IV

"IN When Midnight Tolls we secured the papers by setting fire to the place," remembered the cuddly little Spanish dancer, sitting flounced like a dressmaker's doll amidst her billows of skirt. "But there were a couple of murders in the scene, so I guess that's out."

"Oh, well, you could work a fire without a murder," considered the Indian princess with her Psyche knot full of rooster feathers. "In Barred Sunlight they set a dynamite factory on fire to get the evidence, and every soul escaped alive—only I had to be locked up in the safe and, darn 'em, they forgot me. It's like I got stuck in the trapdoor in Hounded. Say, a trapdoor is very effictitious, but I don't remember any under Mr. Schusshel's desk; and, of course, Bainbridge wouldn't put one in since he's taken it over. He wouldn't have any use for it, but we might machinate with some old-timer in the technical department to build us one. He could say it was to fix the plumbing. Then they could dig a tunnel for us, and some night we three ——"

"This is after the trial, you mean, Dixie," smiled the golden-haired daughter of the idle rich—Prue. She and Dorcas had hurried straight over from their sets to Dixie's bungalow for this important conference, and the Indian princess was serving tea without oolong or hot water. Prue sparkled with a sudden happy memory. "Why, all we need do is take a skeleton key and open that drawer when Bainbridge isn't looking. In Lady Aggie's Hand Bag we did it that way. Lady Aggie and a girl who had lured the heavy for the purpose worked in collusion. Lady Aggie visited him on an ostensible errand. When he came out with her the girl lured him again; then Lady Aggie said that she had forgotten her hand bag, went back in for it and got away with the papers right under his nose. It was a splendid situation and perfectly practical."

"That's peachy," approved Dorcas. "What I like about it, Prue, is that it isn't at all moviesque. I'll do the burgling and you do the vamping."

"No, Dorc, I played Lady Aggie, and I'm up on all the business of the part. Besides, I have an ostensible errand. I'll want an old M. P. C. photograph of myself which hung in Mr. Schusshel's office, so I'll ask Bainbridge for that, and when we come out without my hand bag you play that cute little camp scene you're using in your new picture, while I go back and do the work."

Charming! They were unanimously delighted with the plan, and it had not occurred to any of them that this was a lawless undertaking or that there could be any seriousness connected with it, except that of getting evidence for Izzy. It was so ordinary with them, a mere matter of plot, and they were discussing it as they discussed plot every day; as, for instance, whether it were better first to see the assassin coming through the window or peering from behind the portières; and whether they could get past the censors with a gun play; but Dixie Day, who had a practical streak, broke in with:

"Say, suppose Bainbridge don't get his cues right. Suppose he comes back when he's supposed not to. Suppose he catches Prue crackin' open his desk. Suppose he grabs her and calls the police, then what do we do? It's a penitentiary offense, you know. It seems to me the scenario isn't perfect."

The three girls looked at one another in suddenly sobered silence until Dorc, her eyes wide, said, "Oh, I—I'm afraid we can't go through with it. It's fine and all that, but we'd get Izzy into more trouble if we failed."

"We have to go through with it," declared Prue, compressing her lips. "If there

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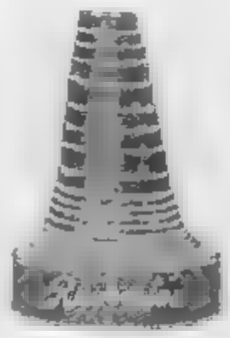

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is evidence in Bainbridge's desk it would mean everything to Izzy. Just because we foresee danger in a thing we should do is no reason for turning back. We don't do it when there's a stunt on the set. We say 'Come on, let's go!'"

"All right, let's go," echoed Dorc, putting more siphon in her tea; "but we really ought to have a man with us."

"What, with me here?" Dixie indignantly put more tea in her fizz water. "Oh, no, I'll finish the plot for you. You two carry through just as planned. Bainbridge's office is on the ground floor. If his window's closed you say it's stuffy in there, Prue, and have him open it. I'll be right outside. If you get the papers and walk out, K. O., I don't work, except that I'll hop in my car with the documents and beat it away to safety. If Bainbridge comes back and gums it up, I'll pile through the window and I'll have a blackjack with me, and believe I, if I land on that bird's bald bean with my good right arm, Izzy'll have them papers before Bainbridge knows he's suffered a loss!"

Neither of the girls laughed as they looked at the husky Indian princess, for there was that in her eye which boded ill for Bainbridge if he should interfere with the plot. There came an awed, half-whispered question from Dorcas:

"When—when do we do it, Prue?"

"Well, the sooner the better. They say he stays at his office every evening until seven or half past." Prue paused for two short breaths. "Girls, I say we do it tonight!"

"Tildy!" yelled Dixie, and a plump, good-natured colored woman appeared in her habitual state of bewilderment, for she never knew what Dixie Day would do next.

"Yes'm."

"Eats!"

"Yes'm." She peered around the room. "Any more'n three? No'm. Cocktails? I thinks not." This with a glance at the tea, and out she bustled. Quick service always at Dixie's, by a very simple scheme which Tildy had evolved. She prepared a stew every afternoon and laid in supplies for an elaborate meal. If Dixie had time for the elaborate meal Tildy took home the stew; and if Dixie had time only for the stew Tildy took home the elaborate meal. Satisfactory all around and Tildy's family was fat.

The amateur burglars had stew tonight. It might as well have been terrapin for all they knew, for they spent most of their brief time in perfecting their parts—and Bainbridge's. It was thrilling; but when in Dixie's sports car they trundled out to the old M. P. C. plant, now the Amalgamated, and it was dark, and most of the cars had gone away, and the lights were out of most of the windows, and far back in the lot among the trees of the dry river bed there was the eerie glow from a location, a sense of weirdness crept on all three and they hesitated. Anyhow there was something wrong about this. It was a good scene, full of situation and thrill and with fine parts for each of them, also sympathy; but there was something wrong, something lacking. There was no director and they had no camera. They climbed out and stood huddled in the shadows for a shivery moment; then Dixie husked, "K. O., mates? Do we go through with it?"

"Yes," answered Prue in a curiously strained voice. "Come on, let's go." And she started firmly for the front entrance.

"Oh!" feebly murmured Dorc, and followed, while Dixie sauntered around through the side gate and tipped the old-time gateman a cheery greeting as of yore. Watching her chance, she slipped into the dimness beneath Bainbridge's window, which was open wide.

He sat at his desk working over some papers; and take him by and large, from his pendulous nose and his drooping mustache to the flower in his buttonhole, he was a natural-born heavy, if ever there was one; a man to distrust, a man to fear; and the Indian princess, as her copper-hued countenance peered over the window ledge, gripped her little piece of lead pipe wrapped well in a woolen stocking and stared with dismay on that glistening tonsure. Many a man she had bludgeoned as a part of her professional duty, and many a man she had seen drop limp and close his eyes, gasp thrice and die from her piece of thin rubber hose disguised as a lead pipe or a blackjack. But then he'd get up and do it over, perhaps breathing two gasps or none as the director might decide. There'd be no rehearsal here, however, and no check for the descending arm with the real-life lead pipe in the fist; no getting up for a second take, and if she hit him too hard he might not get up at all. Then Dixie would have her name in the papers and play the lead in a big courtroom scene, with no salary, and would be given a number and filed away for a few years. Oh, joy! Her movie mind tried to whisper gaudy variations to the lead-pipe scene, but she was deaf to it. There in the darkness Dixie found her soul, and it was the color of stewed squash.

Ah, the accomplices were at work! Entirely unprotected and unguarded, the victim sat in his deserted office. The door opened. The golden-haired daughter of the idle rich came through with a lying smile on her lips, which were inclined to quiver, and a lying friendliness in her deep blue eyes, a hand bag lumpy with seven pounds of assorted keys swinging from her wrist and Dixie's silk sewing bag folded under her arm for the loot. The victim looked up; he smiled, he rose, he bowed, he came forward eagerly with outstretched hand to help the golden-haired visitor to a seat near his chair at his desk; he sat. They chatted amiably, his amiability increasing every minute. He became more friendly, more than friendly; he patted his visitor on the hand, he patted her on the arm, he patted her on the shoulder, grinning and mowing and leering the while like the hard-boiled villain that he was. Perfect as a movie situation, but the Indian princess, out in the darkness, gripped her lead pipe and felt her courage oozing back, for the bald-headed victim was what is known, in the parlance of every calling which employs women, as a pawer, and of all the genus man a pawer is the most detested.

Ah! Now Prue, evading these playfulnesses without giving offense, as an expert in her profession may easily do, rose, still smiling pleasantly, though without her photograph, and started for the door; and the victim rose to stroll out with her. Oh, gosh! Prue was forgetting to forget her hand bag! No, she wasn't. She slipped it deftly onto the corner of the desk as the victim joined her. Oh, gosh! Halfway to the door Bainbridge, ever thoughtful of the ladies, looked back to see if she had forgotten anything, noted the hand bag and brought it to Prue with great politeness. She took it with great politeness, and Dixie saw her hefting it in her hand as if debating whether to crack him with it; but if that was her thought she weakened. The two went out. Time passed. Now what? Why, this: The Indian princess climbed through the window, and without keys or jimmy or anything proceeded to the victim's desk. Whoops! His bunch of keys was hanging in the book compartment. It was but the work of a moment to slip them out softly and insert one of them into the keyhole of the left-hand upper drawer. Not the right key. The next one wouldn't go in. The next one went in, but turned round and round to no purpose. The next one went in, turned halfway and stuck, and no force or coaxing would get the darn thing in or out. Curses! Perspiration beaded the copper hue of the Indian princess and clammed her hand, and just then the door began to swing slowly open. Foiled! No, it was only Prue, and when she saw Dixie she fell back against the door, slamming it shut, and clapped her hand quickly over her mouth so she would not scream. She was a ghost-like figure of craven terror in that instant; and in that same instant, too, the suspicious victim, resisting the wiles of the cuddly and appealing Spanish dancer without, came hastily to the door and grabbed the knob and shook it. Foiled again! Dixie, now with her temper up, seized the handle of that little upper drawer and gave it a mighty jerk. It came out without resistance, but with a loud clatter. It had not been locked, and Dixie fell back with papers all around her, the room throbbing with her thud.

"What's the matter? What's the matter?" called the victim, rattling the knob. "Open the door, Miss Joy—or are you hurt?"

Prue tried to lock the door. There was nothing to lock it with. It was a spring lock, opening from within by a turn of the knob and opening from without by a key; but Bainbridge's keys were lying on the desk—hurray! Prue sprang across the room, shaking out the sewing bag as she ran, and stooping to the floor she began stuffing papers into the bag indiscriminately, letters, legal documents, check stubs, memoranda, bank books, reports, expense

(Continued on Page 101)

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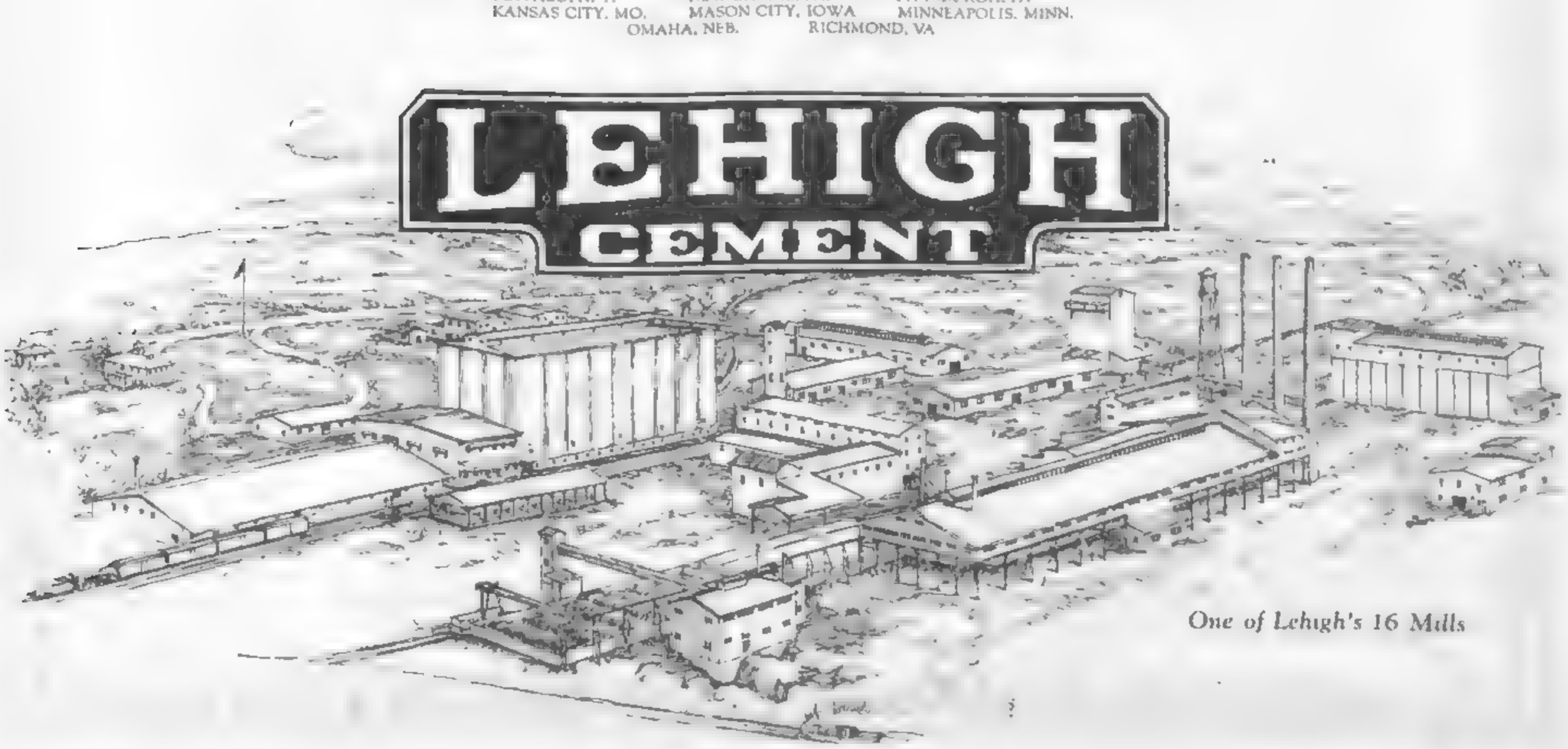

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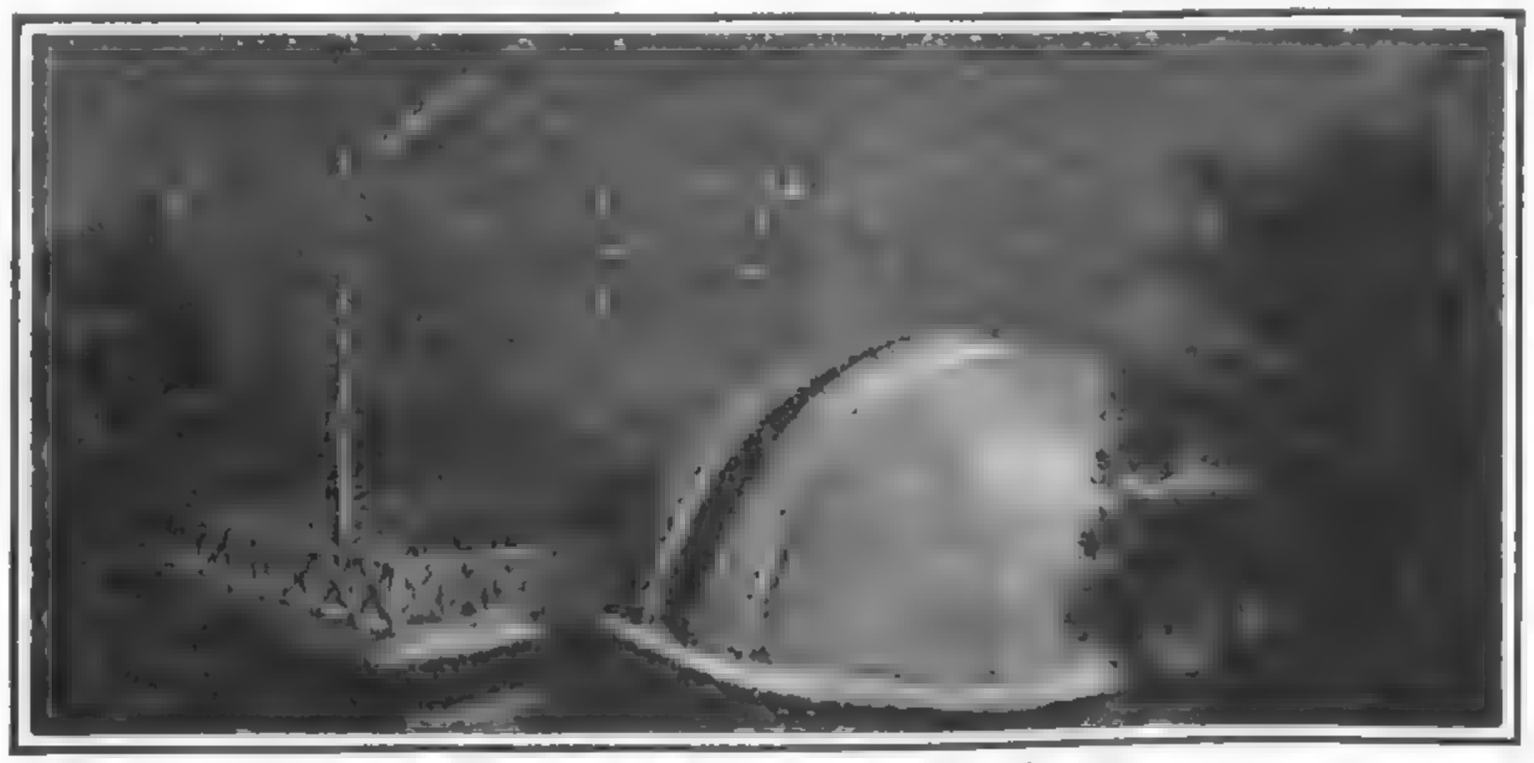

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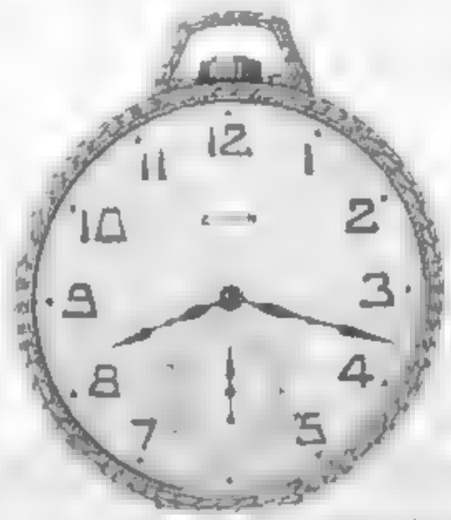

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(Continued from Page 98)

sheets, anything and everything, Dixie helping her. There was a scrape in the lock and a scream from Dorc. Bainbridge had located his master key!

He flung open the door and came through, his progress impeded by the fact that the timid Spanish dancer was hanging to his coat tails and jerking backwards at him with all her might, though she had stopped screaming after that one yelp, it having dawned on her now active intellect that the thing nobody in her gang wanted was help.

The Indian jumped forward to meet the bald-headed victim, but her lead pipe was on the floor. She grappled with him, and Bainbridge, astounded by the turn which this flirtatious call had developed and by the fact that the room suddenly seemed full of strange girls, simply stood still and let her hold him, until he saw Prue stuffing the last of his private papers into the bag, saw his empty drawer on the floor and realized that these were Iskovitch stars. Why, this was a return to the infancy of the art, when the stolen books were a part of every change of management! With a most ungentlemanly cuss word, he lunged straight out of Dixie's embrace and grabbed Prue; but past him and Prue, as they struggled, there dashed the bewitching-limbed Spanish dancer, who snatched the sewing bag and swung gracefully through the window into the darkness. Bainbridge, dropping Prue, turned to clutch at Dorcas; but he was met by a flying leap from the hundred-and-sixty-pound Dixie, who used billy-goat tactics on the pit of his stomach with her round head and sent him sprawling and gasping for breath.

"Come on, Prue!" she yelled. "Dorc's got the papers!" And out of the window Dixie plunged head foremost, her fat legs disappearing in a flip-flap; then she was running across the yard. Prue was about to follow her, but Bainbridge lay still on the floor, and, cold with fright, she knelt by him.

"Mr. Bainbridge, are you hurt? Mr. Bainbridge!"

He opened his eyes slowly and stared at her; then with a wry grimace he thrust her aside, and springing to his feet rushed to the window and climbed out, all legs and arms in the process. Bewildered, Prue gazed after him. Suddenly she gave a running jump at the window, feet and arms outstretched and head lowered, for she was a trained athlete and an expert *Fenster-springer*, and shot beautifully through without touching a hem.

Dorc, on ahead with her precious bag, raced out through the side gate and jumped into Dixie's car. Dixie jumped in after her and was starting up and stepping on the gas before she closed the door, for behind them now they could hear the voice of Bainbridge, and there were the running footsteps of other people coming up the lot. Straight out the dark road they struck and ——

"Whoops!" cried Dixie. "We've done a great night's work, pard, and I'll take you right to the chief of our gang for the reward. The grand little man's on location in Griffith Park tonight!"

Not so easy. Bainbridge dashed out of the side gate in time to see the girls speed away, and without hesitation he requisitioned the nearest car, a long keen-nosed gray roadster, and fairly jumped it away from its parking space; but as the car started Prue leaped on the spare tire behind, with her feet on the lower edge of the rim and her hands on the upper edge, and clung there, bouncing and bobbing.

"Dixie! Dixie!" gasped Dorcas in the car ahead. "We're being chased!"

"Then hold on your wig, pard, for we're taking the air!" And Dixie jammed the gas pedal to the board. Almost immediately afterwards the second car took on an added spurt, and Prue screamed with fright as the springs of the tonneau shot her upward. She felt her fingers slipping! For one head-reeling second she was suspended in midair, with nothing touching, and realized that she was gone; then she gave a desperate clutch and saved her life. With infinite caution, as they raced wildly through the night, she reached over for the back of the seat of the sloping tonneau, grasped it and dragged herself slowly up over the top of the tire, suppressing her groans at every bounce, for the tonneau and the tire had different rates of jolt; and there was not an instant of that precarious venture in which she might not have been thrown to the ground at fifty miles an hour. At last, however, she dropped herself to the back of the tonneau with a thump, pulled herself inside and was flung into a corner of the rear seat by the rounding of a corner which would have tossed her to the roadside. She lay there for some minutes gasping and bruised, while Bainbridge, with no knowledge that he had a passenger, tore straight ahead, his eye fixed constantly on that retreating sports car.

So pounded pursuer and pursued through the darkness, skirting villages and dashing across railroad tracks in defiance of swinging lanterns and ringing bells, and into the waste back land leading to Griffith Park; where, far out across the rugged hills, there blazed a violet glow against the sky, and a great, round bluish cylinder of light bored out into the interstellar void and swung and dipped and dropped to earth. A brass-buttoned rural at the entrance to Griffith Park stepped aside hastily. Access to the park was forbidden at this hour, and speed was forbidden; but there was a movie company at work up there and anything might be in the picture.

Bainbridge gained on the car ahead when Dixie first hit the steep incline which led to the tortuously winding roadway along the mountainsides, and that lead Dixie could not regain, for as hard as she crowded her car, Bainbridge came pounding on behind, and near enough to yell at them. At mad speed, they were now winding along the edge of steep cliffs which shot sheer down for hundreds of feet below, now nearing and now turning away from that violet glow. At the next increase in the grade Bainbridge suddenly forged alongside Dixie's car; he tried to nose in front of her to head her off; and Dixie, all dare-devil and with her temper between her teeth, uttered a man's word, and nosing out against him, scraped fenders and almost threw him off the cliff and shouted after him fiercely, as he dropped back, that she was sorry she hadn't.

"Quick!" she wheezed into Dorc's ear. "That stopped him for a minute. Climb out on the running board! I'll slow down as we round that clump of bushes and you jump with the bag; then I'll speed up and he'll chase me; and if you hear anything smash don't scream, because maybe it'll be him that's left on top. Ready now, girlie!"

This was easy and normal, for the movie habit was on them, and these were stunts which came in the business every day. Even as Dixie directed her scene Dorc climbed out on the running board, crouched, and as the car slowed she jumped.

In the pursuing car the movie mind was equally at work, for Prue, as Bainbridge recovered his nerve and resumed his speed, suddenly slid over into the front seat and grabbed the wheel, determined to throw off the spark and the gas throttle and to kick his shins until he lifted his foot from the accelerator. True as a bullet, she plumped into her place and landed her first kick on his shin. For one instant the startled man felt his heart freeze into a solid lump, and he swerved so near the edge of the cliff that a bushel of stones went rolling down the declivity, loosening other stones as they went; and presently there was a roar as of a mighty avalanche in the valley eight hundred feet below! But before that roar resounded through the cañons, before even the first bushel of stones had rolled well on its way, Bainbridge had jammed his whole weight and every ounce of muscle in his body and every yard of nerves and every drop of blood on that wheel. He almost dented the wood in the intensity of his grip, for the one big thing which loomed in his mind was that death lay just below, with the biggest yawn of which he had ever conceived the universe to be capable, and he held the car to the road in spite of a sharp French heel kicking at his shins and bringing warmth to the only spot on his body.

He was a frozen man, that Bainbridge, and the streams of perspiration which slid down his face felt like icicles. At last the struggling figure by his side reached the throttles, shut them off; and the car striking a level road just then, it refused the next rise, swung back a foot or two and stood still. But Bainbridge continued to sit humped over the wheel with his fingers gripping into the wood, his eyes staring, his neck straining until it ached, his toes curved in against the soles of his shoes and his knee joints stiff. It seemed an eternity to him before he was able to draw a deep breath and slowly loosen first one of his desperately cramped fingers and then another. A man of fairly good pluck was Bainbridge, but he was no stunt actor; and as he gradually recovered his senses, with the feeling that if his hair wasn't white it should be, he turned to the fragile girl who had taken this reckless ride through the clouds with him, and he shrieked at her with a catch in his voice like a woman's, "You she-devil!"

Prue paid no attention to him. She had found a wrench on the floor, and she was industriously trying to knock the nut off the throttle so this car couldn't be used again. He reached for her wrist, but she was too quick for him and sprang out. They were so near the inner edge of the road, for Bainbridge had played safe, that she plunged into the bushes, and there was a cry of pain as she landed; but it was from Dorcas.

"Ouch! Say, Prue, I've sprained my ankle and I can't run. Here's the bag, honey. Beat it!"

So, as Bainbridge poked into the bushes, a wild hope in him when he recognized that other voice, Prue dashed out past him and struck up the road, shrieking at the full capacity of her lungs. She had not gone far before the long legs of Bainbridge overtook her, but she threw the bag over the cliff, and when he clutched her, too late, he was infuriated to the highest of his capacity for fury.

"You she-devil," he yelled at her as he held her and shook her. "You little she-devil! I'll I'll I'll —"

Alas for the movies! Here was the heavy, with the girl in his arms at the edge of a precipice, with no galloping hero to rescue her. It wasn't even necessary, for the heavy hadn't the courage to toss her over. Instead, as Prue's foot slipped off the edge, throwing her weight wildly on his arms, he gave a convulsive clutch and lowered himself to his knees; then, gasping with fright, his breath passing through his throat in great gusts like sobs, he tensed his whole body, holding their combined center of gravity on the safe side almost by the weight of a toe; and slowly, inch by inch, he drew Prue up to safety, and they sank together on the edge of the cliff, panting and weak.

"Ye gods, girl, that was a close shave!" Bainbridge expelled a painful breath from his lungs with a loud "Huh!" He wasn't cold now, he was hot all over.

Suddenly, as he tried to peer down into the darkness at that depthless death which they had both so narrowly escaped, his eye caught a dim outline amid the branches of a sapling growing up from the cliff side; and flinging himself on his stomach, to Prue's astonishment, he shot his long arm straight over the edge of the abyss, secured the precious bag, drew it back and jumped to his feet triumphantly.

"Now what do you say? I have the papers! Come and get them—or send Izzy Iskovitch!"

"What's the matter with me?" yelled a strident voice as Dixie Day plunged out of the darkness, having come back at the shrieks of Prue and, making a dive for the bag, she butted him with the single thought of compelling him to let go. He did, and toppling backward he fell over the cliff, emitting a blood-curdling scream of agony, down, down, down, while the two girls stiffened with horror as they realized what a desperate deed had been done. Down, down, down through the darkness the unfortunate Bainbridge fell; and then there was a grunt of distress from just over the cliff, and a most vociferous cuss word, which startled them more than the distant thud of his body would have done, for it was so close to their ears.

"Throw me a rope, blast you!" he shrilled from the ledge eight feet below, the ledge from which the verdant sapling grew. "I'm knee-deep in mud and water!"

Dixie's breath came back and her heart leaped with gratitude, and she cried, "Is there no way you can get up?"

"No! This sapling won't bear my weight!"

"Then stay where you are, you big stiff, till we get these papers in safety! Whoops, my boy! Say, Prue, where's Dorc?"

"Back here."

Prue started running, but halfway they found Dorcas hobbling along with the aid of a dry branch, and just then there came swiftly around the curves an enormous yellow eye—a work car from location with a big searchlight. Izzy sprang out and stared at his three disheveled stars in stupefaction, but Dixie Day swiftly enlightened him as she held out her sewing bag.

"Them papers, little man! And may ever the name of Isidor Iskovitch be emblazoned in the marts of justice. Whoops! Hurray!"

"Help, help!" came a voice from out of the yawning darkness; and Sapp, going to the edge of the cliff and casting down a flashlight, grinned.

"Why, hello, below!" he called jovially into the abyss. "What are you doing down there, old dear?"

"I'm picking raspberries, you fool! Throw me a rope, but be sure it's a good one."

"Wait until I get my orders from the chief." And Sapp took away his flashlight. "Say, Izzy, these gentle specimens of the weaker sex have the Amalgamated's G.M. treed down on the ledge. How soon do you want him up—or do you?"

"Hold 'im there till I sort this stuff an' get it out o' reach!" shouted Izzy in sudden glee, for this great gift of his three stars was more than he had dared to hope.

It was a fine night's work, and into his task he plunged, examining every paper and every pencil jotting with feverish eagerness until he had straightened and folded away neatly the very last of the evidence.

"How about it, little man?" exulted Dixie, clapping him on the shoulder with a hearty thump. "Who all can we hang?"

"Hot dog! As long as I live I'll never forget what you three done for me tonight!" And there was a lump in Izzy's throat and a smarting in his eyes—for in that whole litter of private papers he hadn't found one scrap which connected Bainbridge or the Amalgamated with Klekoff or the Pinnacle or with anything illegal!

But he kept the papers.

V

THE glistening Mr. Flackman seemed to bristle as the door of his private office opened and Isidor Iskovitch came in, for when Flackman felt it necessary to disagree with a client every point on him indicated aggressiveness, from the tips of his patent-leather shoes to the wings of his snow-white collar, from the wrinkles around his piercing black eyes to the Mephistolike nibs of his sleek black hair.

"You have no case, Izzy," he announced by way of putting in the first blow. "Sit down."

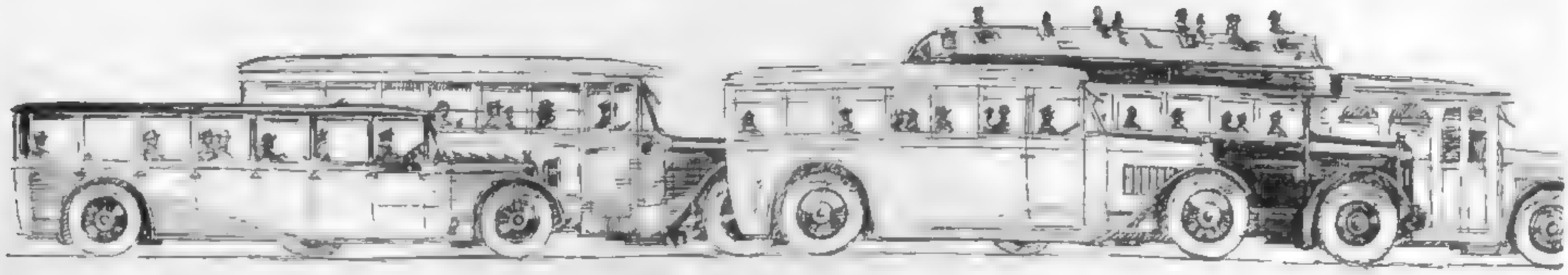
"Sure," agreed the client easily, and composed his bony frame in the chair at such angularity as made most people ache with discomfort. "I like to get all the listening done before I start to talk."

"There won't be much to talk about when you get through listening," Flackman warned him. "I have reviewed our proposition top and bottom, inside and out, until my eyes ache, and I decide that we have absolutely nothing but your suspicions and your circumstantial deductions to sustain us. Personally, I do not dispute these; but this is as your friend and not your attorney. If we take a shot in the dark, subpœna all these double-crossing exhibitors for a preliminary Federal examination and try to trap the truth out of them on the witness stand, you may be sure that Klekoff will protect them, and so will make them dependent on him and gain him the exclusive control of their houses, which would be part of his scheme; and you wouldn't get the truth out of them even when Gabriel blows his horn, I believe. All you have to do is reflect on what happened when we foreclosed on Aaronsohn the other day. In exactly eighteen hours he was in control of a Pinnacle house which was already contracted for Amalgamated fillers, and I guess you'd get a lot out of Aaronsohn except a laugh.

"Even at that, Izzy, I was willing to forego my ethical inclinations, which make me loath to institute any case which isn't based on incontrovertible legal evidence, and I was reconciled to carry through your plan; but this action of your feather-brained girl stars has rendered the proceeding we had in mind impossible. On your behalf, though without your cognizance, they have violated the penal code most flagrantly and openly, and by backing them up and concealing them from justice, as you have done, you have rendered yourself an accomplice after the fact and are guilty with them. The moment we come before the examining board these facts will be brought against us, and we shall be ordered out of court, be disgraced in the legal profession and be made the laughing-stock of the motion-picture industry; which last, I am honest enough to confess, has its weight."

"And thankin' you one an' all for your kind attention, this'll conclude our evenin' performance," grinned Izzy.

(Continued on Page 105)



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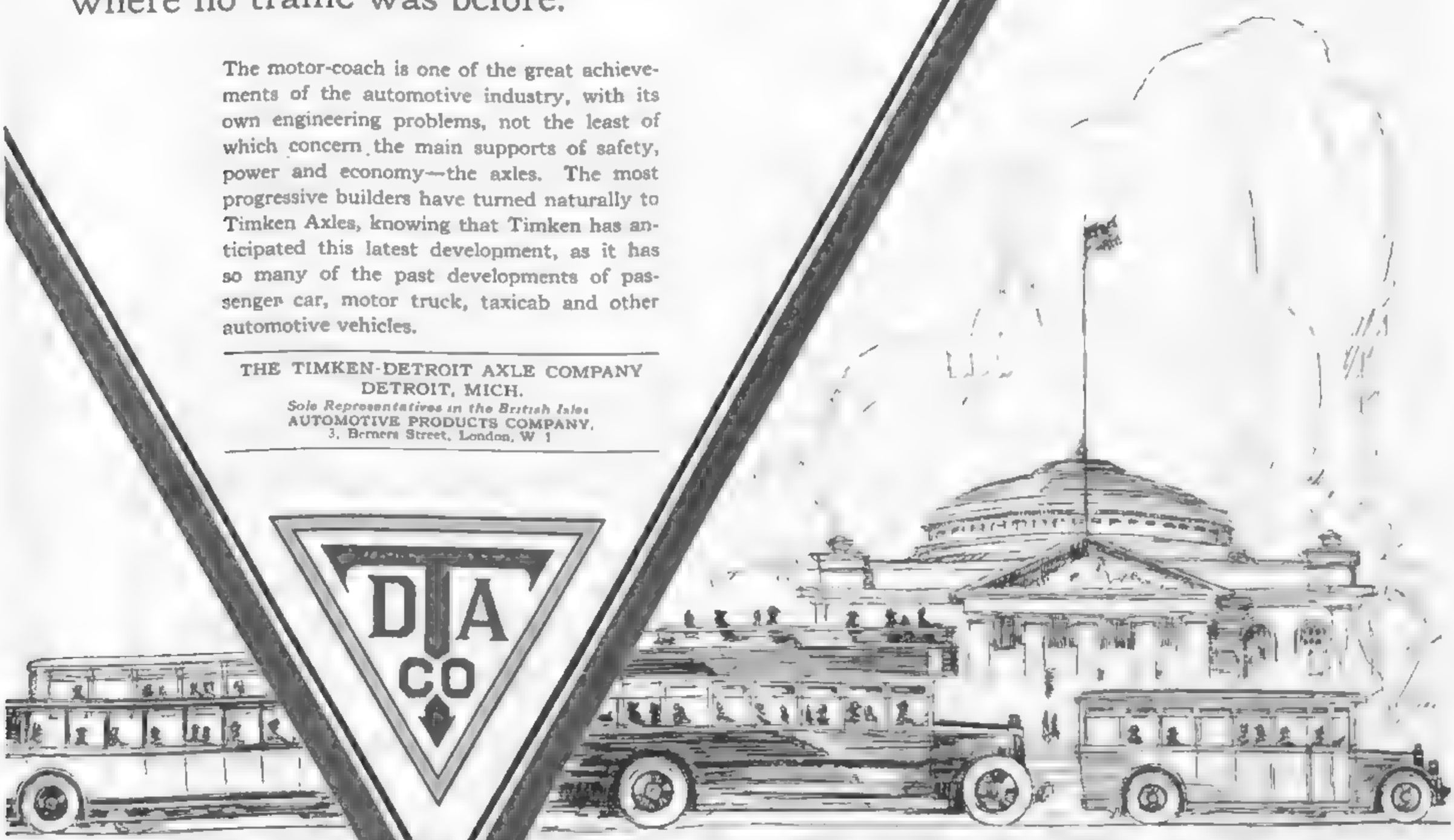

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This exclusive Chandler feature has created a furore in the automotive world.

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There is nothing new to learn. Shift lever and clutch are used exactly as before. The amazing ease of driving, thus provided, has delighted thousands.

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In the new 1924 Chandler sedans, the price gap between touring cars and closed cars has been narrowed almost to the point of disappearance.

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In grace of line, excellence of detail, and structural solidity, the new bodies are characteristic of Fisher's mastery of the coach builder's art.

Chummy Sedan **$1745**

4-Door Sedan **$1895**

7-Passenger Sedan **$2095**

F. O. B. Cleveland

The True Test of Closed Car Value

Chandler has produced a line of new sedans whose appearance, construction and price establish a new basis of judging closed car values. This table shows that the price gap between touring car and closed car is carried almost to the disappearing point:

5-Passenger		5-Passenger		7-Passenger	
Chummy Sedan	$1745	Sedan	$1895	Sedan	$2095
Touring Car	1485	Touring	1485	Touring	1635
Difference	260	Difference	410	Difference	460

(The Traffic Transmission is built complete in the Chandler plant under Campbell patents.)

CHANDLER

THE CHANDLER MOTOR CAR COMPANY · CLEVELAND

Export Department, 1819 Broadway, New York City

Cable Address, "Chanmotor"

(Continued from Page 101)

The hollows of sleepless nights were about his eyes and his jowls were lined with fatigue; but there was a snap and a sparkle about him today, nevertheless, which rendered him youthful in spite of his weariness. Flackman looked at him curiously, then removed the only fleck of dust in the room from his immaculate glass-topped desk.

"That is all, except that as your attorney I advise you to relinquish, for the present, the attempt you have in mind; which, you will observe, is a polite way of saying that I decline to handle the case without a reasonable amount of substantial encouragement that we might win. It is the first time I have ever opposed you, Izzy, and I hope you will see that I am forced to this stand for my own protection because of the larcenous act of those girls, the only result of which was to interfere with the legitimate conduct of a law-abiding business."

"Say, looky," observed Izzy, and hitched his chair closer. "Now, Flackman, my listenin's over an' yours begins. I'm goin' through with this business an' so are you; an' what I propose to win on is them papers my featherbrained stars got for me at the risk of life an' liberty. Looky, Flackman, y' ain't heard anythin' yet about there bein' any warrants out for the arrest o' those girls, have you? No! Now I'll tell you some more evidence. I still got some good friends left over on the old M. P. C. lot, little insignificant fellas that they didn't think it was worth while to fire, an' they tell me that for three days now Bainbridge an' Herschman have been doin' no other office business but goin' through safes an' letter files an' records an' desks an' manuscripts an' every place where papers could be lost, an' they're like crazy men. You can't see 'em on anything, not even to hand 'em money."

Flackman, at first a tolerant listener, then an interested listener and then an eager listener, was by now leaning far forward on his desk; and with every point on him breaking into a sudden twinkle, he shook a pointed forefinger with a glistening pointed nail on the end of it, and said he impressively, "Izzy, listen, I'll tell you something! They don't know what they lost!"

We show a clock with the hour hand making a complete double circle of the face. We tear a leaf from the calendar. We show Father Time with whiskers, tossing the sun from horizon to horizon, and the moon after it. Twenty-four hours have elapsed.

In the tapestried little private office of the Pinnacle studio there stood by the mantelpiece the scarlet-haired Klekoff. Silent, Klekoff, and silent his attorney, Ascher, a small, smoothly repressed plump man, who fitted his clothes so well that they seemed to have been applied to him. He sat at the end of the ornate little inlaid desk. A buzzer sounded. Klekoff, barely turning his head, nodded. Ascher touched a button on the desk. A lock clicked.

The door opened and a soft-moving, soft-spoken young man with pink cheeks and a well-curled tiny mustache announced, "Mr. Iskovitch and Mr. Flackman."

Ascher looked at Klekoff. Klekoff sucked in his lips in a grin which had no hilarity, and turning his head slightly, nodded.

"All right, Stuart," said the eminent attorney, and his distinguished client, fitting a cigarette in a long amber holder, lighted it, spraddled his legs before the fireplace and clasped his soft white hands.

Isidor Iskovitch shambled in, an awkward, gangling figure; but there was in his step something of the elation Balboa must have felt when he came in sight of the Pacific, something of the elation Columbus must have felt when he set foot on the soil of the New World. He had heard much about this room with its softly tinted lights, had Isidor, but this was the first time he had seen it. One hasty glance was enough; the picture was as it should be, and every detail in the exact place he had expected to find it. His interest was in the scarlet-headed man by the mantelpiece, for this also was the first time that Isidor Iskovitch had ever attained sufficient importance to meet the mighty one in conference. His acknowledgment of that fact was conveyed by a grin and a nod and a confident "Hello, Klekoff."

The mighty one elevated his eyebrows and nodded briefly and exhaled some cigarette smoke. The opposing attorneys were far more warm in their greetings. They shook hands cordially, they smiled pleasantly; they were members of the same club. After this they sat, all except Klekoff, who stood with his hands behind him and his long cigarette holder pointing upward, the blue smoke curling peacefully from the tip of his cigarette.

"Well, gentlemen?" inquired Ascher, folding his pudgy hands comfortably in his lap; for this conference being of the other side's seeking, it was their lead.

"Well, gentlemen," repeated Flackman, "as I intimated to Mr. Ascher, this is a quite informal meeting, with no legal aspect whatsoever, intended to give you an opportunity to make an amicable adjustment of what would otherwise be an expensive and wasteful lawsuit."

Mr. Ascher nodded perfunctorily, as if this preamble were the mere date line of a newspaper, the wrapper of a book. Klekoff, gazing at the ceiling perfunctorily, fixed his eye on a spot where the gold leaf was dropping away, as if contemplating repairs. Mr. Iskovitch had an inclination to rub his knuckles nervously, but he repressed it. This was the biggest moment in his life so far and he had to hold steady.

"And specifically, Mr. Flackman?"

"Specifically, Mr. Ascher, we demand a dissolution of the illegal combination between the Pinnacle and the Amalgamated, a relinquishment of the control and ownership of the latter by the former, and, moreover, Mr. Ascher, a nullification of the sale of the M. P. C. to the ostensible Amalgamated and a return of the property to the original owner."

Ah! Both Mr. Ascher and Mr. Klekoff betrayed a startled interest in that last statement. The eminent attorney went so far as to lift his folded hands from his lap and clasp them about his stomach. His distinguished client removed his cigarette holder from his mouth, inspected it critically and replaced it. The movements of both men were simultaneous.

"I am afraid you will have to excuse us from conferring on a matter of which myself and my client have no knowledge," quoth Mr. Ascher. "I understood that this conference was to concern some matter of business which had a definite and substantial basis of fact."

"You were not laboring under a misunderstanding, Mr. Ascher," smiled Flackman, all his little points glistening; and suddenly the excess of suavity in the room irritated the nerves of young Iskovitch, who began to rub his knuckles with his thumb and defied the world to stop him from that relief, while his legal representative went on, still in that agreeable parlor voice:

"I would not come to you, Mr. Ascher, unless I were fully prepared to prove the facts on which my client's demands are made; and to prove it, Mr. Ascher, not only by strong personal evidence, but by incontrovertible and absolutely convicting documentary proof."

Positively no movement on the part of the opposing counsel or his distinguished client. Incontrovertible and absolutely convicting documentary proof! There was a flaw in the amber of his cigarette holder which interested Mr. Klekoff very much—even annoyed him, it would seem, for as he stared at it he knitted his brows in a slowly gathering frown.

"Indeed?" the Pinnacle's lawyer softly observed. "Might I ask the nature of this seemingly important documentary evidence?" And now both he and his principal bent on Flackman the quick, keen, hard scrutiny of experienced litigants. It rested not at all in what he might say, but in how he took the question. He took it with smiling triumph.

"You may ask, but naturally I will not tell you; except, of course, in the due form of legal procedure."

"I can wait," Ascher replaced his hands in his lap. "But I am led by certain absurdities in your initial demand, Mr. Flackman, to doubt the extreme importance of the documentary evidence you profess to possess. For instance, assuming that you could prove this alleged control or ownership or whatever of the Amalgamated by the Pinnacle, and assuming that you could dissolve by due process of law that alleged control or ownership, I do not see how you could go so far as to compel the resale of the Amalgamated to the original owner by any legal process with which I am acquainted."

Perhaps never has there been a more brilliant exhibition of forensic skill than now ensued between these two expert syllogists and casuists. Most agilely they jousted and fenced with deadly dialectics and subtile sophistry; they used repartee and satire, polemics and perversion, logomachy and quiddity; and, both being in their best fettle, they fairly scintillated with sayings which would well bear repeating in the Woolsack and Ermine Club; while Isidor Iskovitch, whose years of endeavor, whose business and consequently very life were trembling in the balance, crossed and recrossed his bony legs so often that at last he seemed to have a sort of rhythm in it; and Klekoff blew peaceful smoke at the ceiling.

Finally, however, the clever disputants, having refreshed themselves to sufficient length, came into harder waters, and, it becoming Ascher's turn to throw up a verbal smoke screen, he happened to say with a rather convincing air of finality, "Very well, Mr. Flackman, you have our permission to go ahead and sue."

Klekoff corroborated this with a decisive nod, and at that instant the excess of suavity in the little tapestried room was shattered, rudely and violently, by Isidor Iskovitch, who jumped from his chair with his fists clenched and his eyes blazing.

"Say, looky here!" he shouted, his voice trembling with passion, and he talked not to Ascher or to Flackman. "If you compel me, Klekoff, to take my time from my business to bring this suit I ain't gonna stop as long as there's a pinch of the Pinnacle left! Do you get me, you dirty bum?"

"Mr. Iskovitch! Izzy!" Flackman, shocked, had gripped his unethical client by a bony elbow, but Izzy shook him off. "You let me alone, Flackman! I got a bellyful o' this houndin' an' I ain't gonna swallow any more! I'm goin' through with this if I have to take over the case myself! Say, Klekoff, if you start to leave this room before I get through, I'll jump you, you rotten loafer! You done every kind o' dirt you could think of to me since I been in business, or you tried to, an' I want you to remember this: I beat you out every time, an' I'm always gonna! You hear that? I'm always gonna—this time an' every time! Y' know why? Because I'm square an' you ain't! When you tackled me, you red-headed snake, you tackled the wrong man!"

Shrill in his rage, he smacked his bony fist in his palm and the tears were in his eyes.

"You don't think I got any proof, do you? Well, I'll show you! I know how you skinned poor old David Schusshel, that's been my friend ever since I came into the business. I know how you paid exhibitors to lay off my pictures an' run yours for nothin', an' that'll soak you good under the antitrust law; an' I know how much you paid. I know your connection with Bainbridge runnin' clear back before the picture business, an' I know somethin' else that was in some certain papers that come into my possession—I won't say how."

He strode rapidly over to Klekoff, standing before him and shaking a knobby finger at him. Both Ascher and Flackman followed quickly, and for once they had lost their professional veneer and were just men with their blood tingling. Klekoff had tossed his cigarette holder on the mantelshelf with the smoking cigarette still in it, and his pale lips were mashed together in a queer little crease, while around the rims of his eyelids had come a tinge which might have soaked through from the color of his hair as Izzy went on.

"Now, looky, you, if you wantta know what proof I got I dare you to let me get you in court! I dare you, you dirty bum!"

For an instant Ascher feared apoplexy for his client, whose face had turned a startlingly dark purple; then suddenly Klekoff with a shrill, inarticulate exclamation, swung back his fist in lightninglike rapidity, and there was a loud smack as he caught Izzy in front of the ear and sent him flying. All breath in that room, even Klekoff's, was suspended, for it was the first time he had ever struck a fellow man; then Izzy sprang at him like a cat, hammering him down with both bony fists, and it required the utmost efforts of two of the highest-priced attorneys in the picture business to split them out, they sacrificing every last vestige of their dignity in the process. Klekoff strode out of the room and slammed the door behind him, touching his nose and looking at the little red spot on his hand as he went; and Ascher, pulling down his vest and settling his coat and fussing at his cravat and snuggling his plump neck into his collar and smoothing back his hair, turned to his legal opponent sternly.

"I wish to ask you, Mr. Flackman, as a matter of further procedure, if you intend,

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after this disgraceful occurrence, to represent your client?"

"Represent Izzy?" panted Flackman. "Well, say, I'd like to see anybody get this boy away from me! Come on with your suit, Ascher! Now I have my blood up, too, and all I want to do is to get you fellows in court. I suppose that ends this conference."

"I—I should consider it likely," returned Ascher, but he was pondering profoundly those last words of Flackman's. "Of course, however, I must first consult my client, who is still a party to this conference, we must remember. You will excuse me, please."

He walked into the adjoining office, and through that to the next, and through that to the next, a dingy little room with one narrow window and no tapestry, where he found Klekoff fairly frothing in his rage, leaning over the acutely miserable Bainbridge and putting him through a swift vituperative third degree.

"You still say you are sure that letter was not in your drawer?"

"Yes," asserted Bainbridge, aware that his tonsure was pebbled with moisture, but not daring to wipe it off.

"Yet you can't give me even an approximate idea of what else was in that drawer! You've made a written list three times now, and always different. You've turned up some of the things which were on the first list, Herschman dug up a letter which you swore to me you had destroyed, and I've found two papers in my own files for which you've been hunting high and low, forgetting that you ever turned them back to me. The short of it is, you cheap petit-larceny thief, that you're sure of nothing, or you're lying to me about that letter. You've put me in for the biggest individual loss of my career, for Iskovitch has that evidence in his possession this minute! What do you think, Ascher?" And he wheeled, his first indication that he knew his attorney had come into the room.

"They have something," said Ascher with depressed conviction. "I thought maybe not until Iskovitch took a hand, but now I believe that neither he nor Flackman wishes to compromise."

Klekoff caught his chin in his hand and rasped it nervously and succeeded in mastering his personal rage to give his judgment predominance.

"What do you advise?"

"Well, you must know the importance and the value of what proof Iskovitch secured through that robbery, about which robbery we can do nothing so long as you are uncertain of the innocence of the papers in that drawer; but if the evidence which he has secured is as important and valuable as all four of us seem to think it is, then I should advise the Pinnacle against appearing in court as defendant in an antitrust case which might lead to more far-reaching results than the settlement of this individual suit. The fact of the matter is, Klekoff, that you have no case."

Klekoff drew his breath in sharply, then he hissed it out over his moist lips, and turning to the luckless Bainbridge he said with a venom which seemed to poison the whole room, "I wish I had let you go to the pen in the first place, you worm!"

Two minutes later Ascher walked into the room where Flackman and Izzy sat waiting in anxious silence, and even before he spoke they knew that Izzy's magnificent bluff had won. It was enough that Ascher could now afford to reflect the glumness of Klekoff, since he had nothing to lose by it.

"My client has just decided on a very foolish course, against which I urgently advised him," he reported. "We deny all the charges which have been made against the Pinnacle, and I myself am anxious to go into court and see your alleged evidence; but Mr. Klekoff, who views these things in a very broad light, sets forth to me that it would be harmful to the entire industry to have so prominent a concern as the Pinnacle involved in what would be very ugly litigation with a minor concern. That, I believe, will conclude this present conference, and the balance of the negotiations can be discussed, I fancy, Mr. Flackman, among you and me and whoever are to represent Mr. Schusshel and Mr. Bainbridge and the Intercoast in the transaction. I may add that Mr. Bainbridge's consent, and that of the Intercoast Trust Company, have already been secured through the unselfishly ethical arguments of Mr. Klekoff, who once more justifies his high standing in the industry."

Hot dog! Isidor Iskovitch felt inside him that squirming which was his elation trying to find expression. He had won! It was all as good as over now, and ——

"I don't care whether he's in conference or not!" came an irascible voice from outside the door. "I want to see Klekoff, and I want to see him right away!"

"Mr. Schusshel!"

Izzy sprang to the door eagerly at the sound of those fiery tones so like the David of old, and as his papa in the business strode in, ruddy with health and blazing with wrath, Izzy grabbed his hand and shook it violently, then stepped hastily out of the way, for the Old Man was too busy for sentiment.

"Where's Klekoff?" he demanded.

"Mr. Klekoff has just left," said his attorney firmly. "But if you will come into the next office with me, Mr. Schusshel, I will ——"

"No, you won't! What I got to tell him would get cold by the time it came through somebody else."

"Very well, Mr. Schusshel." Ascher used his most conciliatory manner. "I shall try to arrange an interview for you, but in the meantime I may tell you that on the insistence of Mr. Iskovitch, who assured us that your consent would be obtained and that you were on your way here to close the business, Mr. Klekoff has prevailed on the Amalgamated to resell to you the M. P. C. and ——"

"Wait a minute! How much damages do I get?"

Both Mr. Flackman and Mr. Iskovitch restrained themselves with great violence from shouting to him a hasty warning; but Ascher was himself too suddenly occupied to notice them.

"The business has been settled without any reference to damages," he said.

"Not with me it hasn't! This thing don't get settled without damages, and it don't get settled without a lawsuit! I'm going to have Klekoff into court for deliberately deteriorating my business so he could buy it cheap. Say, Izzy" and David whirled on that appalled young man, who was quick-witted enough to grin cheerfully at him—"y'ain't signed any papers yet?"

"No, Mr. Schusshel."

"Then you didn't give up your evidence! You still have it!"

"You bet you my life!" returned Izzy promptly, forcing the words past his suddenly inflamed Adam's apple, while in the pit of his stomach there was a gnawing and a burning, for David, in his ire, had jerked out the foundation of the Flackman and Iskovitch gaudy castle in the clouds and the wet roof was on them.

"Ascher!"

A voice with a snarl in it, and they turned to find Klekoff in the room. He had been listening on the other side of the door and looking through the crack as well. His entire attention had been centered on Messrs. Flackman and Iskovitch—and he was reputed to be the best reader in the profession of an unprotected countenance. Ascher walked back to him. There was a whispered conference, then the Pinnacle's esteemed legal adviser turned with a grin.

"Go ahead with your suit," he said, looking triumphantly at Flackman. "We've listened long enough to this gigantic bluff. Mr. Schusshel, those fellows haven't any evidence."

Game losers, Messrs. Flackman and Iskovitch. To look at them now you couldn't tell from either one that they had played their last jack pot without pair, sequence or color and had been called. But such was the case, no matter how bravely they smiled. Old David never cast them a glance, however.

"They haven't any evidence, haven't they? Then, by golly, I have! I found it hunting Izzy out at his studio!" He threw open the reception-room door and called with sudden unctuous benevolence in his erstwhile strident voice, "Come in, little one."

There entered slowly a girl who startled them all; a slender girl, bedraggled, unkempt, with a gash on her chin and a blue discoloration entirely surrounding one of her eyes, a string of cut-crystal beads around her neck and on her swollen lips a smile of bitter triumph—at Klekoff.

"Well," she said, slouching over to him and speaking to him alone as if there had been no one else in the room, "I did it! I put it over on you! I put a crimp in you, Klekoff! I wish they could send you up for life; but whatever they do to you, just you remember that it was Clare Evans who got the goods on you!"

(Continued on Page 109)

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CONDENSED

HOUSEHOLD GUIDE

For Painting, Varnishing, Staining and Enameling

IMPORTANT: Each of the products specified below bears our name and trade mark

TRADE MARK

	TO PAINT *Use product named below*	TO VARNISH *Use product named below*	TO STAIN *Use product named below*	TO ENAMEL *Use product named below*
AUTOMOBILES	*S-W Auto Enamel:* for the man who paints his own car	*S-W Auto Enamel Clear:* a colorless varnish		*S-W Auto Enamel:* assorted colors
AUTOMOBILE TOPS AND SEATS	*S-W Auto Top and S-W Auto Seat Dressing*			
BRICK	*SWP House Paint:* a full oil gloss *S-W Concrete Wall Finish:* dull finish			*Old Dutch Enamel:* full gloss for outside exposure
CEILINGS, Interior.....	*Flat-Tone:* the washable, flat oil paint	*Scar-Not Varnish:* for wood work only, such as beamed ceilings, etc.	*S-W Handcraft Stain:* Penetrating spirit stain for new hard wood *Floorlac:* varnish and stain combined, new or old wood	*Enameloid:* assorted colors
Exterior	*SWP House Paint:*	*Rexpar Varnish:* weather resisting, for porch ceilings, etc.	*S-W Oil Stain:* for new wood	*Old Dutch Enamel:* white, gray, ivory, gloss or rubbed effect
CONCRETE	*S-W Concrete Wall Finish:* a paint, resists weather			
DOORS, Interior.....	*SWP House Paint:*	*Scar-Not Varnish:* gloss *Velvet Finish Varnish No. 1044:* dries to a dull finish without rubbing	*Floorlac:* a varnish and stain combined *S-W Handcraft Stain:* penetrating spirit stain for new wood only	*Enameloid:* assorted colors
Exterior	*SWP House Paint:*	*Rexpar Varnish* weather resisting spar varnish	*S-W Oil Stain:* for new wood	*Old Dutch Enamel:* white, gray, ivory For interior and exterior use
FENCES.....	*SWP House Paint:* *Metalastic* (iron or wire only) *S-W Roof and Bridge Paint:* for rough work		*S-W Preservative Shingle Stain*	
FLOORS, Interior (wood)	*S-W Inside Floor Paint:* stands repeated scrubbing	*Mar-Not Varnish:* water resisting heel proof	*Floorlac* a varnish and stain combined	*S-W Inside Floor Paint:* the enamel-like finish
Concrete	*S-W Concrete Floor Finish:* wears well, washes well			*S-W Concrete Floor Finish:* high gloss, durable
Porch	*S-W Porch and Deck Paint*			
FURNITURE, Indoors	*Enameloid:* the decorative enamel	*Scar-Not Varnish:* stands hard usage	*Floorlac:* a varnish and stain combined	*Old Dutch Enamel:* white, gray, ivory, gloss or rubbed effect *Enameloid:* assorted colors
Porch	*Enameloid:* assorted colors	*Rexpar Varnish:* weather resisting	*S-W Oil Stain:* for new wood	
HOUSE OR GARAGE Exterior	*SWP House Paint:*	*Rexpar Varnish:* weather resisting	*S-W Preservative Shingle Stain:*	*Old Dutch Enamel:* enduring gloss
LINOLEUM.....	*S-W Inside Floor Paint:* stands repeated scrubbing	*Mar-Not Varnish:* protects the pattern		*S-W Inside Floor Paint:* the enamel-like finish
RADIATORS	*Flat-Tone:* flat oil paint *S-W Aluminum or Gold Paint*			*Enameloid:* assorted colors
ROOFS, Shingle ..... Metal ..... Composition.....	*S-W Roof and Bridge Paint:* *Metalastic:* *Ebonol:* black coal tar paint		*S-W Preservative Shingle Stain:*	
SCREENS	*S-W Screen Enamel:*			*S-W Screen Enamel*
TOYS	*S-W Family Paint:* assorted colors	*Rexpar Varnish:*	*Floorlac:* inside use, a varnish and stain combined	*Enameloid:* assorted colors
WALLS, Interior (Plaster or Wallboard)	*Flat-Tone:* the washable, flat oil paint *SWP House Paint:* a full oil gloss			*Old Dutch Enamel:* white, gray, ivory; gloss or rubbed effect *Enameloid:* assorted colors
WICKER	*Enameloid:* high gloss assorted colors	*Rexpar Varnish:* durable, elastic	*Floorlac:* a varnish and stain combined	*Old Dutch Enamel:* white, gray, ivory, gloss or rubbed effect
WOODWORK, Interior..	*SWP House Paint:* gloss *Flat-Tone:* flat oil paint	*Scar-Not Varnish:* high gloss but can be rubbed to a dull finish *Velvet Finish Varnish No. 1044:* dries dull without rubbing	*S-W Handcraft Stain:* penetrating spirit stain for new hardwood *S-W Oil Stain:* for new soft wood *Floorlac:* for new or old wood a varnish and stain combined	*Old Dutch Enamel:* white, gray, ivory, dull or gloss, aristocrat of enamels, specified by leading architects *Enameloid:* assorted colors

NOTE: Best results can be had by following the carefully prepared directions on labels.

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Mark on the "Household Guide" the particular surface or article you have in mind to finish. The Guide covers the more common problems. If you have some painting, varnishing, enameling or staining problems in your home, not covered by the Guide, write us. It will pay you to visit the store of the nearest Sherwin-Williams dealer and consult the more extensive store "Guide" displayed on his walls.

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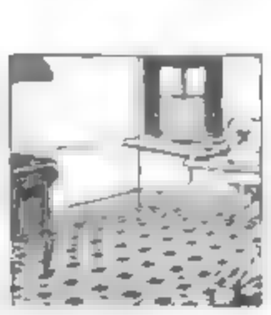
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For lasting attractiveness

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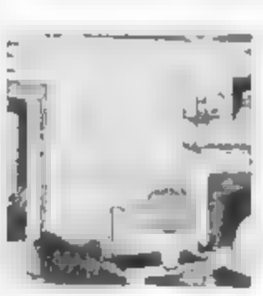
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To resist wear

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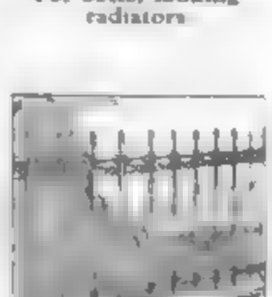
To keep linoleum like new

To enrich hard wood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For cheerful satisfactory walls

To keep attractive

To properly finish woodwork

For better-looking radiators

To renew furniture

To withstand the weather

To save your screens

For permanence and beauty

KEEP THIS PAGE

Have it handy for reference. It tells the exactly correct paint, varnish, stain or enamel for successful work throughout your home.

(Continued from Page 106)

She shrilled this at him in triumph, her whole slender body quivering. But Klekoff looked around at the others in bewilderment.

"I'll swear I don't remember ever to have seen this girl," he said, and there was conviction in him.

"You don't remember me!" She stared at him, then suddenly she laughed, and the laugh was a bad laugh to hear for those who might value what sweetness was left in the world. "Of course you don't, though. I don't look much like the fresh-faced little schoolgirl that came here to go into the picture business. And besides that, I suppose you meet a fresh one every day that you kid along, and tell them they're pretty and talented and maybe you'll make a star out of them and —— So you don't remember me? Don't remember Clare Evans! Well, if you don't remember me from then, you will remember me from now."

Suddenly whirling, she walked over to Izzy. "You know the day you were at the Bijou Theater up the road to see Louis Betzker? I guess you didn't notice me there, but I got the tip oh what you wanted and I knew Louie had it. He lifted it off Sig Kopf and kept it for a club to swell his graft."

She put her hand to her discolored eye and held it for a moment in pain.

"It took me all this time to come through, but I was bound to do it, because I knew I could do Klekoff some dirt if I did. Louie caught me at it and beat me up." Her voice began to rise, her fists were clenched, her swollen lip was trembling and out of her half-closed and blackened eye gleamed a high light which seemed to catch and reflect all the illumination in the room. "But I grabbed a bill hook off the desk and—and -and—well, I got the letter!" There was a sob in her laugh now, and it broke just short of a scream. "Here! Is this any good to you?"

Izzy and David and Flackman examined eagerly that incontrovertible and absolutely convicting documentary evidence, and as she added Sig Kopf's inside contract with the Pinnacle and Louie's notes for shelving Iskovitch pictures to make way for Amalgamated's, broad smiles grew on their faces.

"You bet you my life it's good to me!" And Izzy cast an exultant glance at Klekoff and Ascher, standing together and in plainly visible apprehension. "Say, you, if you'd like to see some o' the proof that's gonna be brought against you, we'll let you look at it right now, one at a time, if you'll stand for it to have your hands tied behind you. Or do you two cuckoos still wantta settle Mr. Schusshel's an' my damages in court?"

The mighty one was speechless. He whirled to leave the room. In his blind rage he bumped his kneecap against a chair and cursed the thing; and just then there came across to him the mocking voice of Clare:

"Say, Klekoff, 'Always meet 'em smiling, and smile when you say good-by.'"

Everybody laughed but Klekoff, for even Ascher was compelled to suppress a chuckle, which helped Klekoff's temper none as he limped into the back room and found Bainbridge there in a high state of happiness

"Herschman just brought that letter. Here it is."

Klekoff looked at the thing with livid hatred.

"Where did he find it?"

"In the back part of the desk. It had slipped in behind the drawer."

"Then it was in that drawer!" And suddenly Klekoff's fist shot out, and for the second time in his life he struck a fellow man. "I suppose I could get into trouble for beating even your head off," he snarled as Bainbridge picked himself up from the floor, "but I'd like to do it. I'm going to clean the business of you and your kind. I'm going to do away with all this cheap graft!"

And quite unconsciously Klekoff put the accent on the penultimate word.

We jerk the calendar off the hook and throw it in the wastebasket. Time has passed. Clare Evans, who made her hit as the pathetic second lead in the splendid Iskovitch production Saint and Sinner, rises in the morn in a fluffy bedroom, with a maid to fetch and carry for her, and a shiny little coupé of her own to take her to work; and the sullen bitterness is gone from her and she is young and pretty, and she has a fifty-thousand-dollar bank account as her part of those damages. Her best friends, Prue and Dixie and Dore, also have extra bank accounts for securing evidence in the damage case which was never tried.

David Schusshel is also young. He follows the horses around the world, and when his itinerary brings him through Hollywood he peeps in at the old M. P. C. and sits at his old desk in the little old private office, always reserved for him, and sends for Izzy so he can crow over the boy for having his nose eternally on the grindstone.

Isidor Iskovitch never stops to discern whether he is young or not, for his business has expanded to its capacity, his distribution and his production balancing evenly for the first time in his career. His proposition had been to take over the M. P. C. and manage it for David; but with a twinkle in his eye, his papa in the business had made him a present of the plant, at David's own terms, and Izzy hopes to have it paid off some day.

Klekoff is distinctly not younger, for somebody is jiggling his rope and he walks pigeon-toed. When Isidor Iskovitch took over the Amalgamated contracts he was able to turn the tables on the mighty one, and instead of running Pinnacle pictures in Iskovitch houses, he's running Iskovitch pictures in Pinnacle houses—at a splendid profit.

The rosy dawn is neither younger nor older. It has no age, but as it sweeps down the majestic slope of the Rockies toward Hollywood it avoids that beautiful town, if a fog will allow it, for it is an eerie place these days, in the startling change which has come over it. All the geraniums bloom blue, the trees grow upside down and graft has been driven out of the picture business. There isn't any more. What? No!

Verde Valley, Arizona

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The original cost is the last!
"There's a fence that won't cost a cent for upkeep ... no annual painting
In a few years it will repay its original cost through the saving in maintenance expense."
It is the new Cyclone Chain Link Fence, Heavily Hot-Dip, Zinc Coated AFTER Weaving. This exclusive Cyclone process of rust-proofing chain link fence fabric is recognized as one of the greatest achievements in the fence industry. It means an annual saving of millions of dollars to industry. It creates new standards of fence durability.
For years fence manufacturers have realized that Hot-Dip, Zinc-Coating Fence Fabric AFTER Weaving was the surest way to overcome the rust evil. Some have tried to perfect this process, only to meet with failure and disappointment. Cyclone met the same difficulties but mastered them. As a result Cyclone brings to industry this rust proof fence fabric
So you can better understand the magnitude of this Cyclone achievement, you should know that ordinary fence fabric is made of lightly galvanized commercial wire. In the process of weaving, the bending and twisting cause breaks in this zinc coating, leaving open spaces exposed to rust. With the new Cyclone process of Heavily Hot-Dip, Zinc-Coating Fabric AFTER Weaving five times as much zinc is applied to the wire as to ordinary commercial wire. Every particle of the fabric is uniformly coated. There are no exposed spots. The fabric is perfectly rust proof.
Cyclone Service
Cyclone Service solves any fencing problem. Experts will study your fence requirements, make recommendations and submit estimates of cost without obligation. Before contracting for any fence you owe it to yourself and your firm to find out about Cyclone Rust Proof Chain Link Fence, and Cyclone Service. Write our nearest offices today, Dept. 21, for this information.
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Protection with Distinction

BROTHERS

Continued from Page 11)

"Well, so I will. Keep your shirt on, can't you" This judge here is a new one, and he's all swelled up. But he'll find out before long—take it from me!"

"Yeh, but meantimes I gotta go back to jail'"

"No, you don't. Listen—what've you fellows been up to that he won't take either you or Jake as sureties? Huh?"

"It's persecution," replied Moe. "That's all it is. The whole thing is a frame-up, Mr. Grady, and I can prove it."

"You'll have to. Now what we've got to do—who do you know in town here who'll go on your bond?"

Moe pondered a while. Then he suggested the names of a number of citizens, but Judge Humphries threw out the first four or five without a moment's hesitation. Finally he agreed to accept two whom Moe offered, and the general hurried away to get into touch with them.

When he returned to the court room he was plainly out of countenance and requested the court to be allowed to withdraw the names put forward.

"Jim Griffin says he don't know you from a load of hay," he hissed into Moe's ear. "And Zac Cobb says he knows you only too well. Say, if I had your reputation I believe I'd hang myself."

Moe displayed no resentment—merely wetted his lips.

"Let me think now," he murmured, gazing fishily into space. "Maybe I can think up some more names."

"Perhaps a city directory would help," sneered his attorney.

Moe took him seriously.

"Can you get one here?"

"Forget it! If you offer any more phony bondsmen you'll go back to jail for keeps. Can't you make a cash bond?"

"Cash bond! What do you take me for—a millionaire? I ain't a lawyer, Mr. Grady, and I have to work for a living."

And then Judge Humphries cut in on them.

"Well?" he asked curtly.

His tone sounded so like a challenge that Grady bridled.

"Will the court release this man on my recognizance?" he snapped.

"It will."

"Very well, I'll sign the bond."

This offer came so unexpectedly that Moe was taken aback and could find no words. He tried to look his gratitude, and achieved a cock-eyed gloom.

"Come on, let's get out of here," Grady barked as soon as the papers had been signed. His manner showed plainly he considered that court no place for a man who wanted justice, and he departed with the dignity of a Roman senator, Moe padding abjectly at his heels.

"Well?" queried his partner when he returned to the office.

"I done got him out."

"So you took the case, hey? He's a bad egg, that guy."

"Nonsense! Dunning's all right—not a bad fellow at all."

"What fee?"

"The time has not yet arrived for that," answered the general with sonorous complacence, and the other chuckled.

Grady lost no time in going to work on Moe.

"In thirty years' experience at the bar," he said impressively, "I have never encountered a more difficult case."

Moe swallowed his Adam's apple and then remarked feebly that it couldn't be so bad as all that because he was as innocent as a newborn babe, you might say, and a victim of persecution.

"You ain't told me yet how much it is it will cost me, Mr. Grady," he quavered. It was the fourth or fifth time he had reminded the general.

The lawyer parried the query with a careless wave of the hand, and—"I can get you off. But it'll take some doing. I want to tell you right now, Mr. Dunning, that your case will require my very best efforts and all the influence some people are good enough to credit me with."

"Influence!" Moe grasped eagerly at that word, as the general expected he would. He hitched his chair forward and said eagerly, "That's it, Mr. Grady. Now you're talking. You fix it up—fix it up nice, huh? You can do it. That's why I wanted you in the first place. A good lawyer who only knows a lot of law—what does he amount to anyhow?" And he snapped his fingers. "Ain't I right, Mr. Grady? But a lawyer like you, Mr. Grady, who everybody knows and who's in right with the politicians and the judges—why, it is nothing at all, Mr. Grady. You just fix it up with the judge, see—or maybe you could get them to drop the case?"

"It isn't so simple as all that, my friend. I don't say it can't be done; but I do say this—there isn't another lawyer in the state who could get you out of the mess you're in."

And now perspiration broke out on top of Moe's bald head. He sensed what the general was warming up to, yet was more fearful of losing his services.

"Gee, this is a fix what I am in!" he muttered as he walked blindly toward his junk yard. "Tomorrow I will make him tell me how much. Yes, and he must put it down in black and white too. These lawyers - bloodsuckers is what they are!"

But he had no better luck on the morrow. He could not pin the general down to anything. Grady first attempted to pass the matter off as of no consequence; but when Moe persisted he frankly said that he could not yet name a fee because it was imposaible to foresee and weigh all the difficulties.

"Maybe it might be cheaper to go to jail," suggested Moe.

"If that's the way you look at it—you have your choice," replied the lawyer coldly.

The junkman went back to the shack where he did business, and there he beat his breast and called upon high heaven to witness his martyrdom.

"It is my lifeblood what he wants," he sobbed to his brother Jake.

"What did you go and hire him for?" demanded Jake.

"Ain't it what I ask myself? Oh, ain't it? When I think, Jake, how he up and charged me a hundred dollars for no more than 'Good evening,' you might say, and after the way I praised it his bum speech too—a fool and his money are soon parted, Jake! I can't think what was in my head to go and do it. And now—I'm ruined, I'm ruined!"

"You can fire him, can't you?"

"And go to jail?"

"He ain't the only lawyer in this here town."

"No, but he has influence, Jake—influence. And that is what I need, y'understand. Besides, if I was to fire him now that murderer would take everything I had anyhow, just for the few kind words he give me in jail."

"I will tell you what—don't let him make a fool out of you no more, but make him put it down in a writing tomorrow, Moe, what it is the cost will be," his brother advised.

"I will!" bellowed Moe.

However, he was no match for the general. The interview lasted an hour, and all that Moe got out of it was high blood pressure. He was fairly dripping when he staggered out of Grady's office, and he neither saw nor heard a thing as he stumbled downtown to the yard. What with legal phraseology and technical arguments and fears which the general had pumped into him, Moe's mind was a blank. It took him six hours in the privacy of his retreat to master his terror and work back to something like his normal state.

He went through two weeks of this sort of torment, his apprehensions growing each day. In fact, after listening to the general's lugubrious forebodings a while Moe couldn't decide whether it would be a hanging matter or merely a life sentence on the rock pile. And it seemed to him that everybody he talked with took the same gloomy view of his prospects. Despite his lawyer's cautions to keep mum, Moe could not down an impulse to talk. He pined for sympathy, and he couldn't get it from Jake, because Jake knew all the facts; so he turned to anybody who would listen and elaborated his side of the case in great detail, denouncing the electric-light company and the man who had peached on him, and deploring the future of a country where such persecutions were possible.

His easy approachability and receptivity to alarms offered a splendid chance to the general, who proceeded to pour broadsides of pessimism into Moe from a dozen sources. How could the junkman know that

(Continued on Page 113)

The University of the Night

THE young Lincoln, poring over borrowed school-books far into the night—seeking in the dim light of his log fire the transforming light of knowledge—eager to grow—eager to do—here is a picture that has touched the hearts of men in every country on the earth—here is an example which, for three score years, has inspired the man who strives against the odds of circumstance to make his place in the world

To-night, in cities and towns and villages, on isolated farms and on the seven seas—thousands of men will drop their daily labors to fight, beneath the lamp, the battle that Lincoln fought—to wring from the hours of the night the education of which circumstance deprived them in the days when they might have gone to school.

Up from the mines, down from the masts of ships, from behind counters and plows, from chauffeurs' seats and engine cabs, from factories and offices—from all the places where men work they will go home and take up their books because they yearn to grow, because they seek higher training, greater skill, more responsibility, lives more profitable and work more satisfying

Some of them are men who work in one field whereas their talents and desires are in another. Some, happy enough in their field of work, are halted in their progress because they do not understand the higher principles of their business or profession Some of them left school in boyhood because poverty made it necessary; some left because they did not realize then as they do now the value of an education. And some have need of special training which they could not have anticipated, or which they could not have obtained in public schools.

Fifty years ago these men, some of them married, all of them with a living to earn by day, would have had no place to turn for the courses of study and for the personal guidance that they need.

Thirty-two years ago there was founded a school to help them—a school created for their needs and circumstances—a school that *goes to them* no matter where they are—a school whose courses are prepared by the foremost authorities, whose textbooks are written for study in the home, whose instructors guide their students by personal correspondence.

Created in response to a need, the International Correspondence Schools have developed their scope and usefulness with the growth of that need Beginning with a single course in coal mining, these schools have become to-day an institution with courses in 304 subjects, covering almost every technical field and practically every department of business.

In the thirty-two years of their history the International Correspondence Schools have furnished instruction to more than two and a half million men Many of them now occupy positions of leadership in their fields. Most of them have been helped to greater earning power, to higher skill or craftsmanship, to the added responsibility, character and good citizenship that come with increased knowledge.

For the most part, these Scranton Schools have served men who could have been served by no other type of educational medium. They have served a larger number, and in a greater number of fields, than any other educational institution.

INTERNATIONAL CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOLS

Scranton, Pennsylvania

Offices in leading cities of the United States and Canada, and throughout the world

Underneath that perfect finish

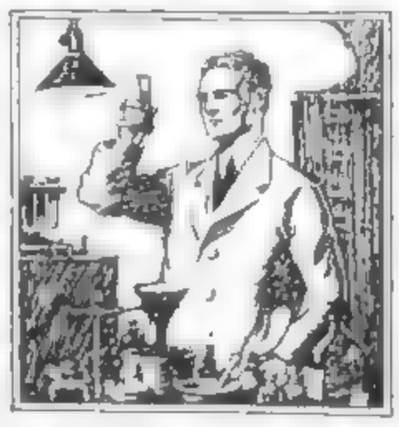
IF YOU could only take a knife and cut into the sole of that new shoe you are buying. If you could only see *why* there is nothing like leather to keep your feet healthy, *why* leather lets your feet breathe, *why* leather, as nothing else will, supports the arch of the foot.

The appearance of the bottom of the soles of your shoes makes no difference to you. After a day's wear you won't be able to remember whether it was white or black, buffed or polished, rough or smooth. But *your feet will tell you* whether the sole is leather or not.

If it *is* leather, they will have been comfortable all day long. Leather is really a second skin to your feet—a protective, resilient covering through which your feet can actually breathe. The heat has been able to escape through leather's pores. Your feet do not perspire and become chilled.

The tiny elastic fibers, that you could see if you cut a sole in two, give easily and readily when you walk. Leather soles and heels are light—lighter for their strength and thickness than any others. And they are safe—even on wet sidewalks they refuse to slip.

When you buy new shoes, ask for all-leather ones. They are not only the most stylish shoes you can wear—get them for health's sake, for comfort's sake, for the sake of long, hard wear. When you have finally worn out those leather soles, you will find them the most easily replaced of any. Tell the repairman that you want *leather*.



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AMERICAN SOLE *and* BELTING LEATHER TANNERS
17 Battery Place, New York City

Nothing takes the place of

LEATHER

(Continued from Page 110)

the confidants who took the gloomiest view of the outcome of his case derived their information from his own lawyer? At the end of a fortnight Moe had sunk into such a state of depression and abject terror that Grady felt secure in informing his partner, "The time has come to break the news."

"Going to tell him today?"

"I think the moment is propitious," replied the general unctuously.

He was smiling with satisfaction as he sat down at his desk and pretended to delve into the mass of documents with which it was always littered. As a matter of fact, the general did little real work in the office, nor had he any inclination toward hard digging. He was the outside man—the jury pleader of the firm. To his partner fell the study and labor of preparing briefs.

About eleven o'clock Moe Dunning slunk into the office and timidly inquired of the stenographer if he could see Mr. Grady. The stenographer knew the general was not engaged and had nothing to do, but she had her instructions and went to inquire.

"He will see you in ten minutes," she told Moe.

Moe sat down to wait, doing his best to efface himself, for by now his spirit was almost broken. And the general kept him there half an hour. Two other clients came in and were ushered into the inner sanctum under Moe's nose; he could hear them in consultation with the general; he could see that eminent man striding up and down whilst he boomed well-rounded periods; yet Moe did not protest. Perhaps he did not even feel resentment, for when at last he was admitted to the presence his manner was almost cringing.

The general was frowning over a legal tome as Moe entered. He did not look up for a moment. Awed and fearful, Moe kept silent. Suddenly Grady raised his head and as though his attention had been jerked back from far heights, blinked at his client, passed a hand across his eyes, and said, "Oh, yes; it's Dunning, isn't it? I've been going over all the points in your case. I think I see now how it can be handled."

"Good," murmured the junkman, licking his lips.

"But there are many difficult features. Certain extraneous circumstances complicate it. The fact that your reputation ——"

"How much will it cost me?" Moe demanded hastily.

"My fee will be fifteen thousand dollars."

Three seconds later he had shed his dignity and was scurrying about the outer office, crying, "Get some water, somebody! Man fainted here!" For Moe had given one feeble tug at his collar and then quietly passed out. The first thing he did when he opened his eyes and beheld the general's anxious face above him was to shudder violently; next he sat up and in a surprisingly strong tone for a person emerging from a swoon, exclaimed "Murderer!"

"He's all right," the general assured the stenographer. "Just wandering in the head a little, and doesn't know you—but he'll be himself again in no time."

"I ain't wandering in the head!" bellowed Moe. "And I mean it you!"

Indeed, there could be no doubt he was normal again. He started to weep and flap his hands and protest that the general wanted his heart's blood, and raised such a rumpus that the partners hurried to close the windows to prevent the clamor attracting a crowd.

Would the general crush out the life of a poor orphan, the mainstay of a brother and seven sisters and a poor old mother back East? Was there nothing in his breast—here—inside him? Did he have it a heart, or a stone, maybe?

Moe appealed to every decent instinct in man; he called upon the general to remember his own wife and his own loved ones. Getting no response, he adjured him to have regard for the sacred memory of his mother. Still the fee stood firm at fifteen thousand. His lamentations would have moved a graven image, yet the general could sit there regarding him with a cold and calculating eye.

"Well," said Moe abruptly, when he had no more breath for words, "I'll let you know tomorrow."

"He'll come through," opined the general to his partner.

Next day Moe failed to appear. Not wishing to betray any eagerness, the general waited twenty-four hours. Then he telephoned the yard and was informed by Jake that he hadn't seen Moe in two days.

"Where is he?" demanded the lawyer.

"Search me," answered Jake. "Last time I seen him, Mr. Grady, he acted kind of scared. That's all I know."

As the general hung up the receiver a greenish pallor showed around his ears. He stared a long while at the table; then he grabbed his hat and took a car downtown, determined to see for himself if Moe were anywhere around the yard.

"Me, I think he's beat it to Mexico," remarked Jake. He was quite placid about it.

"But I'm on his bond for five thousand dollars! Do you realize that?" thundered the general.

Jake shrugged his shoulders. It was plain that he considered any arrangements between Grady and his brother as strictly their own affair, and the lawyer's anger mounted.

"If your brother doesn't come back here and surrender himself when wanted I'll lose five thousand dollars. Do you understand that?"

"But if he does come back they'll throw him in jail," Jake retorted.

"Nonsense! I can get him off."

"Why didn't you tell him so in the first place, Mr. Grady? Moe figured he was a goner, sure. You as good as told him a dozen times, y'understand, that it'd be a miracle like Jonah and that whale if he was to come clear."

"Pshaw! I was simply pointing out some of the difficulties in his case, Mr. Dunning. A client must be prepared."

"That's the way Moe figured," replied his brother softly.

Something in his tone roiled the general. He stared fixedly at Jake, but much good that did him. Whenever Jake talked business a sort of film seemed to come over his eyes, and the general found it very baffling.

"Well," he rasped, "now let me tell you something. If your brother don't show up here on time, I'll take steps to seize this yard and every last thing he owns."

"But Moe, he don't own nothing."

"Moe don't—say that again!"

"It's the truth—honest, Mr. Grady. Moe ain't got so much as one dollar in this here business, or nothing else that I know of."

"Then who owns it?"

"I do."

The general took on an apoplectic hue.

"This is a conspiracy," he fumed. "You two are trying to beat your creditors. But take care—I'll show you both!"

"You can take it a look at the bill of sale and at our books, too, Mr. Grady," said Jake tranquilly. "The sale was made more'n a year ago, and it's all regular."

"You're a damned scoundrel, sir! And your brother's another!"

"Then it sure enough looks like we're a tough family, don't it, Mr. Grady?" asked Jake.

The general took a step nearer and shook his finger under Jake's nose.

"All I've got to say to you," he stormed—"all I've got to say to you is—produce your brother when his case is called or you'll both rue it to your dying day!"

"Why, I ain't got nothing to do with Moe, Mr. Grady. I don't even know where the sucker's went. It ain't none of my business, y'understand—I'm not on his bond."

It was the finishing stroke. The general departed from there a white-hot champion of the Ku-Klux; his mouth fairly watered over the possibilities of membership as he thought of what the brothers had done to him.

"Shucks, it's just a bluff! He'll come back—he's got to," he assured himself.

As the days passed, however, these assurances began to lack conviction and finally became mere whistling in the dark, because Moe did not appear and the lawyer's best efforts to locate him came to naught.

Every clew he followed proved a cold trail. Moe was gone—and gone would be his five-thousand-dollar bond unless the general could produce him when the case was called.

Of that he soon became convinced. So he tried for delay. He tried to get the bond canceled—tried every legal trick he knew to escape responsibility. But he could do nothing with Judge Humphries. It was "Produce your man or pay up." Even political pressure and appeal to influential friends got him nowhere.

And all the while Jake Dunning held aloof. It was as if the accused's brother had no further interest in the case. The general did his best to unearth hidden assets or to disclose a conspiracy so that all their property might be attached; but the brothers had made their arrangements air-tight.

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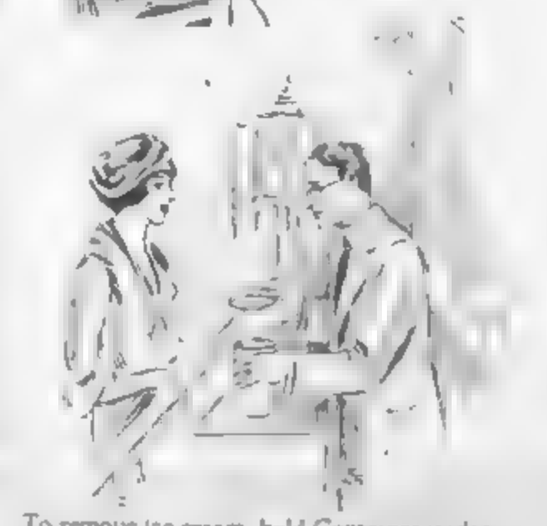

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At last he was obliged to swallow his pride and telephone for Jake.

"Come down here right away. I want to talk to you," he said peremptorily

"It ain't my business, y'understand, Mr. Grady," Jake replied. "It's yours. But if you want it to see me very bad, I am here at the yard."

"I'll see him in hell first!" the general raged to his partner; but he went to the yard nevertheless

"Well?" queried the junk dealer.

"Let's put all the cards on the table and talk turkey," the general began with frank heartiness

"Sure!" Jake assented. The film over his eyes became as impenetrable as a London fog

"Everybody loses when they take to fighting, so let's be friends."

"That's what I say - let's be friends."

"All right," continued the lawyer, wishing he could sneak up on Jake in a dark lane some night. "Now what I want to know is, where's Moe?"

"You should ask me! I'm surprised, Mr. Grady. Ain't I told it you he has beat it? Me, I don't know where."

"Shucks, let's get down to brass tacks! What does Moe want to come back here?"

Instantly Jake dropped all pretense; he was too old a trader not to sense the right moment

"It's like this, Mr. Grady I ain't saying Moe might not show up, y'understand, if he felt like he would get a square deal."

"What do you call a square deal?"

"What do I call a square deal, Mr. Grady? Could you get him off?"

"Absolutely."

"No kiddin'?"

"I'm sure of it."

"Then," said Jake, "you're willing he should not have to pay nothing at all unless he got off, huh?"

"I'll make it a contingent fee—yes."

"Fine! Now you're talking like a gentleman, Mr. Grady. But another thing that seemed to scare Moe was the size of your bill. Fifteen thousand dollars—it near killed him, I assure you, Mr. Grady."

"Oh, well, he oughtn't to have taken it that way. A man generally leaves a margin to trade on. You're a business man and you know that. We could have fixed that up."

"That's what I up and told him, Mr Grady—told him a hundred times 'Mr Grady,' I says, 'is having it a joke with you, Moe. Fifteen thousand dollars! Wow! He would take two hundred dollars and be glad of the case!' Ain't I right?"

"Don't be absurd."

"Well," said Jake, and now looking into his eyes was like looking into the barrel of a rifle, "that's all it's worth. And Moe, he felt so bad about it that he aimed to stay in Mexico and start all over again unless."

For a full minute the general and Jake measured each other, without a word said.

"You win," assented the lawyer at last with a nod of the head; but he looked so grim that Jake was moved to add, "And you don't get it unless Moe comes clear neither. Ain't it?"

"Sure."

Within ten hours after this agreement had been reduced to writing Moe returned to town and went into conference with his attorney. A fortnight later he came to trial and was acquitted

The case gave rise to a lot of talk around town and somehow the story of the general's negotiations with Moe leaked out. For the first time in his long career at the bar he became the butt, and it rankled. He would sit for half an hour at a time, staring out his office window, his heavy brows bent in a frown.

"What's on your mind?" demanded his partner.

"'The mills of the gods grind slowly,'" said the general in his usual sonorous voice, and then bit savagely through his cigar.

His partner was grinning as he walked away.

"Queer," he muttered, "how it's always the other fellow the Almighty punishes."

He happened to be present in the general's office some days afterwards when Moe Dunning burst in, wild of eye and panting.

"What you know?" Moe gurgled, flapping his arms. "I'm ruined this time—ruined sure enough!"

"Ha!"

"Yes, and it is all your fault too. Only for you I wouldn't never have done it. Oh, if only I hadn't never set eyes on you!"

"Well, well," exclaimed the general, his face alight with satisfaction. "What has happened?"

"Happened?" shrieked Moe. "It is that I'm a bum, an outcast, without a job—without nothing. That is all what has happened."

"So Jake won't give it back, hey?"

"Listen, gentlemen, that murderer says I don't own nothing, see? He says it's all his because he's got the papers to prove it. Those papers - wow! Only for you I wouldn't never have done it. You know why I signed them papers, don't you, general?"

"I certainly do."

"That's what I come to see you about," continued Moe, growing calmer. "Because me and you together can prove it was all only a bluff, y'understand, and we'll make that bloodsucker give me back my property."

The general cast a swift sidelong look at his partner, a fierce triumph in his eyes

"I think we can," he agreed. "In fact I think we can straighten out this whole business. But the way your brother has acted surprises me. It ain't natural."

"Brother?" cried Moe indignantly. "That low-life a brother of mine? Why, I never seen him till six months ago."

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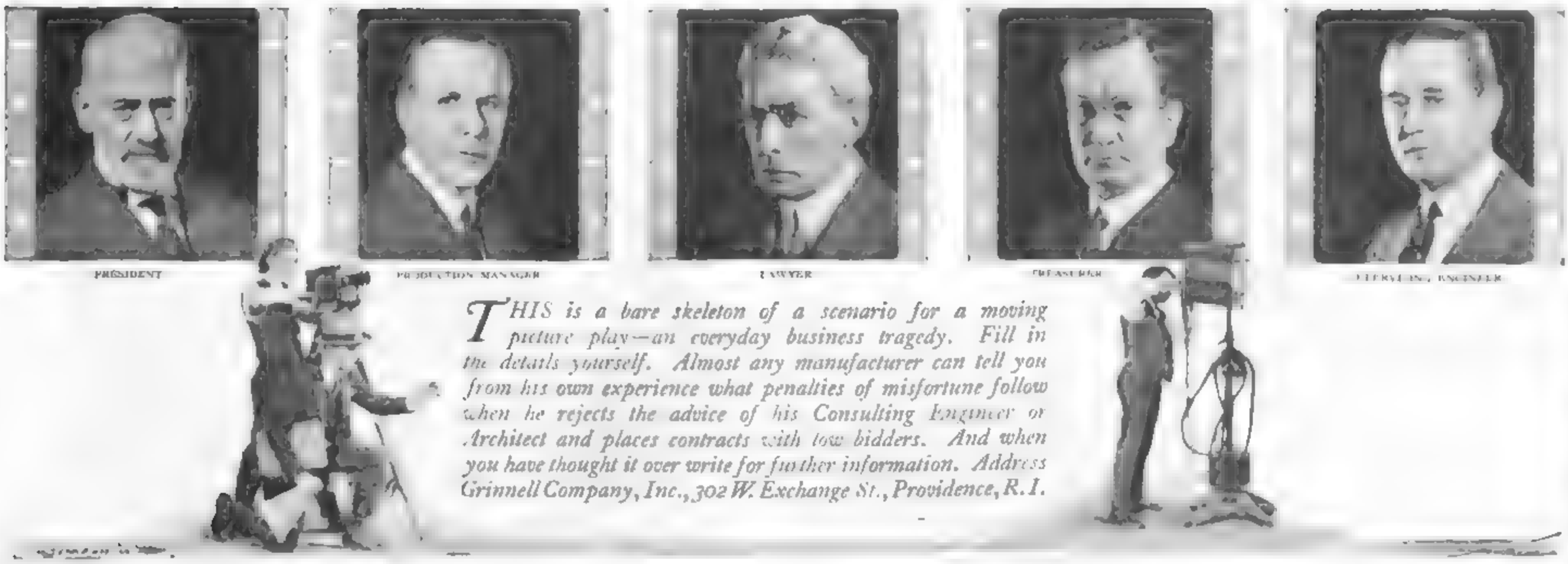
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A bitter Pill is the low bidder's Bill

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The Tragedy

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The Epilogue

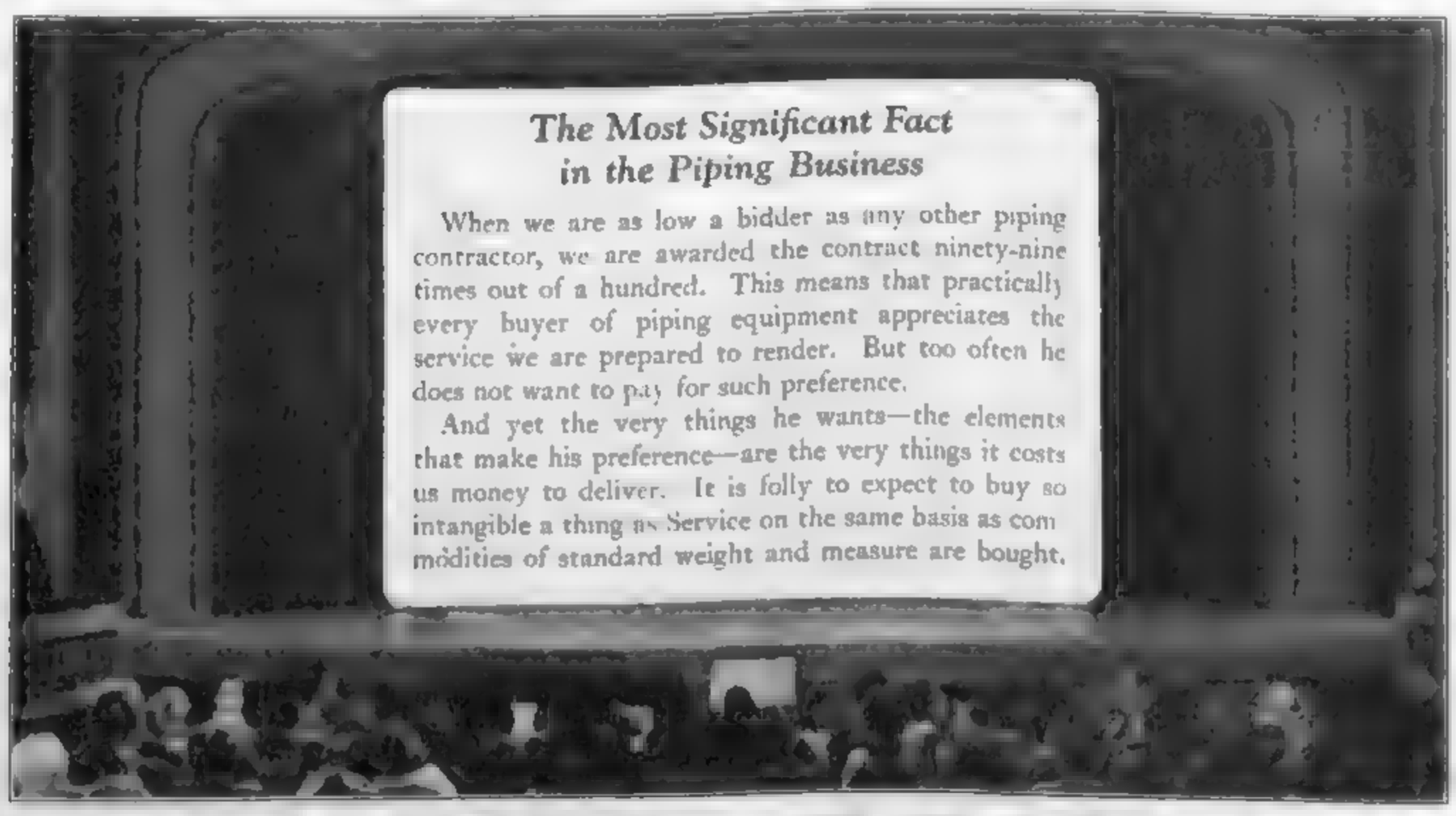
The Lawyer (replying to the President): You haven't a case! They can show the sprinkler and heating systems were completed on schedule and that you were held up by circumstances beyond their control. You can't prove incompetence—no matter how sure you may be it existed. I've been over the evidence carefully and recommend payment of their bills. Write the loss of production off to experience."

Treasurer: "Not figuring plant profits, but just investment interest shows each day's delay cost us $1500. That's $30,000 on the power, sprinkler and heating contract delays alone."

Production Manager: "That's more than twice the difference between the high and low bids."

President: "There ought to be some way to stop this sort of thing some way to protect manufacturers from the machinations of rapacious contractors."

The Voice of Experience: "There is. Follow the recommendations of your Consulting Engineer or Architect in choosing contractors just as you follow his plans and specifications on material things. The wages of the low bid is high cost. No work is better than the doers. The bitterest pill is paying the low bidder's bill!"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THE BUSINESS OF BEING A PRIMA DONNA

(Continued from Page 21

from life in order to do justice to it. Yet before I was through I often wished that I had never undertaken to do so. I am not very hard-hearted, and when I visited the great Vienna insane asylum at Steinhof—an enormous institution comprising some sixty buildings in all—and there observed the gestures, the attitudes and the expressions on the faces of the poor unfortunate creatures buried alive in their mental darkness, the tears always came to my eyes. I know of nothing which hurt so, which made me feel so unhappy, as those visits to Steinhof; and yet I went through with them from a sense of duty. The critics said the morning after the première that I had portrayed Mona Lisa's insanity so realistically, so convincingly, that its dramatic verity was beyond all question. It is a rôle, however, which I hope I shall never have to sing and act again, for it could not help but recall the saddest of memories. And it is an impersonation which drains an artist of her vitality! I could not help but throw myself into the part with an entire abandon when I sang it—it is dramatically so thrilling, so tense—and always, after singing it, I was literally down and out for the next three days.

Of course some rôles in which the character is sympathetic may offer serious technical difficulties. There is Octavian, the dashing young hero in Rosenkavalier. It is a man's part, sung by a woman, and I am the farthest removed from being mannish that a woman possibly could be. Hence wearing Octavian's knee breeches as they should be worn; moving about in them with ease and unconcern, worried me much more than any of the vocal difficulties of the rôle. A woman walks, sits, stands and moves in a way altogether different from a man, and I had to struggle, actually struggle—sometimes in despair, sometimes with shrieks of laughter—to deny my sex in a convincing manner. I practiced standing and sitting and moving about in my knee breeches, and walked miles in my room before I reached the point of being able to forget that I was wearing them. And even at that I had one horrid moment of self-consciousness, when I made my first entrance in them on the stage of the Metropolitan Opera House. It was the first grand-opera rôle I had ever sung and acted in man's attire, and I think every woman will agree with me that making a change from gowns to knee breeches, and acting as though you had always worn the latter, is not a moment's work. Yet I stuck to it until I was letter-perfect and could feel convinced that there was nothing in my way of carrying myself which would discredit the young gentleman I was supposed to represent.

Too Realistic for Scotti

I always throw myself heart and soul into anything I may be doing, on the stage or off. Yet sometimes my enthusiasm is held responsible for accidents of which I am blameless. More or less was printed anent an incident which occurred at my second New York performance of Tosca. It was said that I flung myself so enthusiastically on the villain Scarpia, who surely deserves to be stabbed to death—and was impersonated by my friend Scotti—that my dagger passed through his Empire coat, waistcoat and silk shirt and grazed the skin. Since then I am supposed to use a leather dagger for the stabbing scene. After all, so it was said, there was no reason why an artist—and especially so fine an artist as Scotti—should be sacrificed because I sank my individuality so thoroughly in that of my heroine. It was claimed that Signor Scotti guarded so lively a recollection of his narrow escape that he will not play the scene with me unless the property man gives him his word that a leather dagger and no other has been on Scarpia's writing table.

The truth of the matter is that it was all the fault of the dagger, or, to be correct, the species of hunting knife used. A good stage knife should always have a blunt handle, so that when the artist, unseen by the audience, makes the rapid turn of the wrist which reverses the knife, there is no chance of the victim being struck by a sharp point. This hunting knife had, quite inappropriately, a horn handle, made of the antler of a deer, but, unfortunately, running to a point. It was the first time I had used it. I picked it up hurriedly, taking a blunt end for granted, and so the accident happened.

One of the things probably taken for granted in the case of an opera singer is that she is on a footing of close acquaintanceship, or even friendship, with most of her colleagues at the opera house. Yet, often a singer has but little opportunity of becoming well acquainted with the many other artists who make up a large company.

Madame Frances Alda—a favorite pupil of my grandmother-in-law, Mathilde Marchesi—I know better than most of the Metropolitan Opera House artists. Our acquaintanceship came about in a perfectly natural manner, and dates from the first days of my arrival in this country. It has ripened into a friendship which I value highly because of Madame Alda's kindness, charm and sincerity. I am proud to be included among her friends. But in the case of many of my colleagues an acquaintance confined to a few pleasant words of greeting, a how-do-you-do and a few remarks during rehearsal or at a reception does not offer much opportunity for the development of more intimate relations.

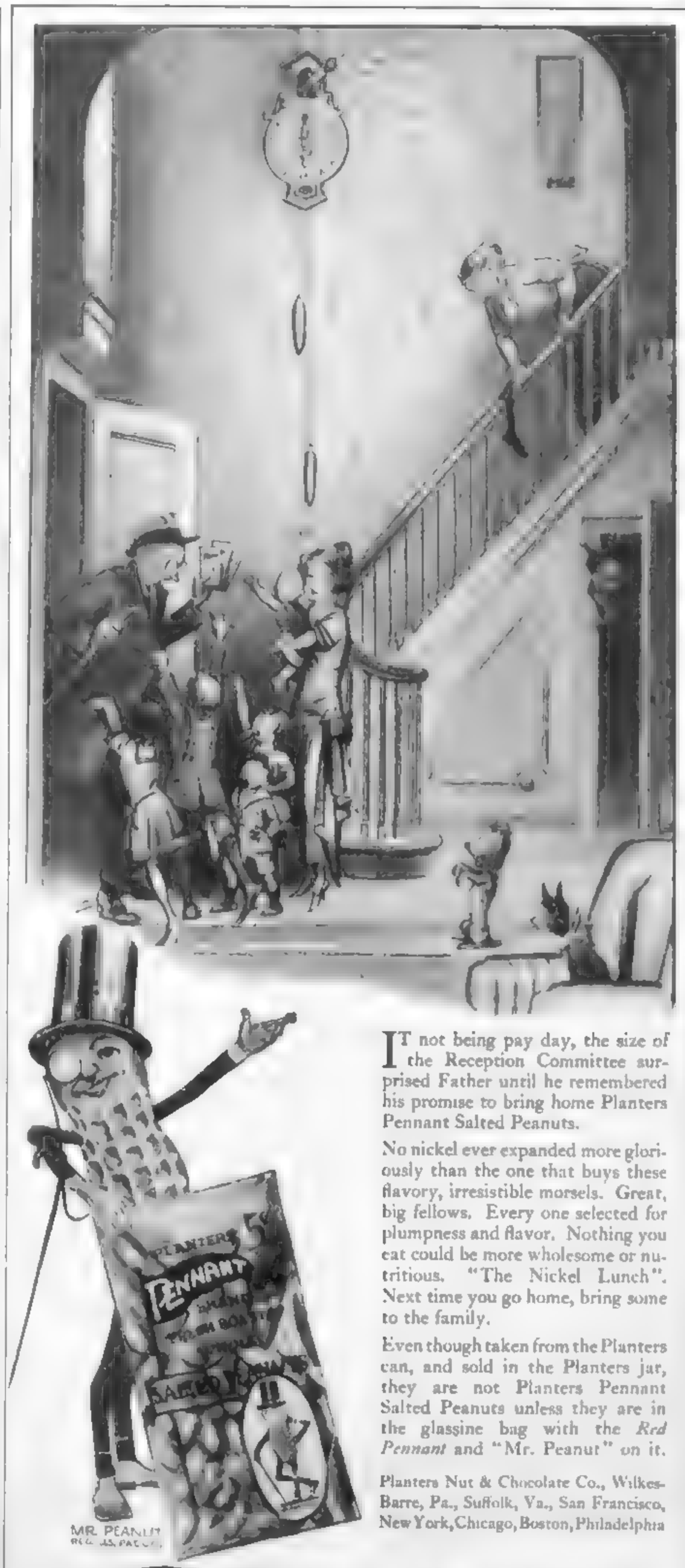
Why Slezak Likes Them Thin

Some of the best-known American artists, Miss Mary Garden, for instance, I have never had a chance to meet while in New York; though I had an opportunity of admiring her at the Manhattan Opera House as Salome and Thais. Nor, as I have already mentioned, have I ever made the acquaintance of Miss Farrar. Yet I have seen her in Madame Butterfly, and the one performance I witnessed was enough to show me how great an artist she is. She sang and acted the rôle with such a moving human charm, such real pathos, that she brought tears to my eyes. She has the supreme gift of living herself into the rôle so fully and completely that her audience forgets she is Geraldine Farrar and sees only poor, tragic little Butterfly. It is a rôle which I myself, I am afraid, can never think of singing, for I am too tall to give a convincing impersonation of a little Japanese woman on the stage. And just because I am a few inches too high, I am prevented from attempting to portray one of the most touching and expressive heroines to be found in a Puccini score!

Leo Slezak, who, like myself, comes from Brünn, and who is so well known here in New York, I knew very well indeed in Vienna. He is very stout, and "I always like to work with you," he often told me, "because you are so thin I can actually embrace you on the stage when an embrace is in order. I cannot embrace stout *prime donnas* very well, because I am so fat myself." One of the funniest things I remember in connection with him was an occasion when we were singing side by side in Halévy's La Juive. He stood with his arm about me, when suddenly his waistcoat burst with the stress of his mighty breathing, and he implored me to stick as close as possible to his side, so that it would not be noticed. Offstage, how we laughed about his mishap!

The opera singer is almost compelled by circumstances to pay religious attention to her health. If her bodily health is not good her vocal cords and her voice suffer at once. And if she is to keep well and fit for her duties she must remember to get lots of sleep and not to overeat. I am not so sure that all the good die young, but I do know that singers who eat too much grow old much faster than those who do not. And not only do they grow old quickly—they also grow fat. A fat prima donna destroys all the illusions the most glorious voice can produce. I have, perhaps, an advantage to begin with, since none of the members of my family have ever run to fat. Though I never do rolling exercises on the floor and am fond of candy, I always eat in moderation and never touch a drop of alcohol. I think that it is due principally to this regimen that I was able to play the part of Octavian in Der Rosenkavalier—a real boy part, but one which a fat boy of seventeen would surely have killed—without a six months' reduction process!

My own experience leads me to touch upon an important point which young girls



IT not being pay day, the size of the Reception Committee surprised Father until he remembered his promise to bring home Planters Pennant Salted Peanuts.

No nickel ever expanded more gloriously than the one that buys these flavory, irresistible morsels. Great, big fellows. Every one selected for plumpness and flavor. Nothing you eat could be more wholesome or nutritious. "The Nickel Lunch". Next time you go home, bring some to the family.

Even though taken from the Planters can, and sold in the Planters jar, they are not Planters Pennant Salted Peanuts unless they are in the glassine bag with the *Red Pennant* and "Mr. Peanut" on it.

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who are studying for the opera are apt to forget. In a way quite as vital as to avoid overeating is this matter of not overtaxing the speaking voice. The abuse of the singer's speaking voice may do her singing voice a great deal of harm. The singer who talks a great deal, especially one who talks and laughs too loudly and heartily, does not remember that she is placing an undue strain upon the same vocal cords with which she sings. Animated conversation easily may be overdone without the singer's connecting it in her mind with her singing, and it may be very injurious. Then, too, there is the breathing of smoke-laden air. Tobacco smoke never helped any voice. Personally I cannot stand tobacco smoke. It is intensely disagreeable to me, and I seem to feel the least suspicion of it on the air in my throat.

I rise at nine o'clock, as a rule, and eat a light breakfast—eggs, rolls with butter and coffee. Then, at 1:30, I have a more substantial lunch, my principal meal. Every afternoon I try to get two hours of complete rest and relaxation in bed, and if the time and weather are favorable I take a little walk or ride.

I have no hard-and-fast rules for practice. When I am studying new rôles in the summer I may practice as long as two or three hours a day, at intervals, but never a whole hour at a time. I may, at times, work for fifteen or twenty minutes, and then let an hour or so pass before I begin again. I do certain routine exercises every day, and sing the scales in different *tempi*, beginning them *mezza voce* and gradually working up to a full sustained tone. The Marchesi vocalizes and solfeggios, which include ornamental and bravura passages—aside from those in my rôles themselves—supply me with material for coloratura study. During the season, while I am rehearsing and singing at the opera without interruption, my practicing—except the rehearsals, which are the hardest kind of practice in themselves—is confined to a single hour a day. I never have found purely technical work a strain, because I regard it merely as a species of voice massage, a mechanical flexing of the vocal cords to make them supple and responsive, just like gymnastic exercises used to develop any other part of the body.

The matter of daily practice is complicated by one's meals, since one cannot sing immediately after eating, and, all in all, I never seem to have a spare moment on my hands. On the days when I have a big rôle to sing I do not leave the house at all. I give up every possible moment to rest so that I may be fresh and at my best for the performance. In the forenoon or afternoon, as may be most convenient, I may run over my part, picking out a passage here or there, remodeling a phrase, reviewing some dynamic or other effect. Aside from this—and a few exercises for vocal flexibility, perhaps—I do not sing a note.

The Need for Quiet

Some time, of course, I must give to the representatives of the press who call to interview me—and an interview always seems a little intimidating because questions are often necessarily of a general character and are apt to leave me at a loss for a proper answer. And then—something every woman will understand—I have to devote some attention to my clothes. In addition to this I have a large daily mail. I might as well admit that I am a poor correspondent, but this is really not altogether my fault. With the best intentions in the world, letters one wishes to write often go unwritten for an unpardonable length of time, simply because so much else comes between; and this is not only the case with opera singers. Then, during the opera season I simply dare not stay up all hours of the night, even to answer letters, for unless I go to bed at a reasonable time and relax and get my rest, I shall not be in shape to sing, to say nothing of rolling downstairs and falling on the floor the following day.

In Vienna, in the music room of my home it is very quiet, and my apartment at the St. Regis, raised high above Fifth Avenue, is also a quiet, restful place in which to work, I am happy to say, especially in the winter. An opera singer must have quiet in order to work out the details of a new rôle or review those of an old one. While I was preparing the title rôle of Thaïs I sang and worked over it for more than two hours at home every day on the days when there was no opera-house rehearsal, and even singing *mezza voce* as I did, this represents a considerable amount of exertion, mental and physical.

There are some noticeable differences between the life of an opera singer in Vienna and in New York. In New York everything seems more intensive. The star system, which, since I am a *stella prima donna* myself, I am the last to criticize, though it gives an individual singer a more outstanding prominence, also lays a greater burden of responsibility upon her. With constant rehearsals and two performances a week, it is very hard for a singer to keep in good voice; she can do so only by making sacrifices in other ways. The European ensemble system, with its large cast of artists of the first order ready to relieve one another, does not throw so great, so intensive a burden of creative effort upon the individual artist.

A Lover of the Movies

Though most of my time, as I have explained, is taken up by my professional duties during the season, this does not mean that I have no relaxation at all. Very, very occasionally I manage to get out to the home of some intimate friends and play a game of bridge, of which I am very fond. And I treasure pleasant memories of visits to some of the beautiful American country houses near New York, visits to Mr. and Mrs. Otto H. Kahn's castle in Cold Spring Harbor, with its lovely gardens laid out in eighteenth-century style according to Mrs. Kahn's own plans; to Greystone on the Hudson, the Untermyer country home; and to Langstone, Mr. Kuhn's place, near Bernardsville, New Jersey. Aside from such infrequent visits, the time I can devote to my friends and acquaintances is so brief that, like other busy women, I indulge in the widespread practice of occasionally entertaining a number of them at once and enjoying their company together, since I cannot go to them separately.

As may be seen, my social activities are comparatively few and far between. It is an exceptional day which does not see me in bed by eleven o'clock, and a late supper in a restaurant or a visit to a cabaret where the air is heavy with smoke is not to be thought of for a moment. Once in a great while I do manage to see a new play at the theater or to attend an opera performance at which I am not singing myself.

And will I be accused of being a lowbrow, as you call it, if I admit that I honestly like to go to the movies—the *kino*, as we call them in Vienna? It really is restful, for it does not entail any mental exertion and makes it possible for me to see something new without getting to bed too late. I have found it wise to adopt a few precautions, however, when I go to the movies, and wear my hat low over my face, to avoid being recognized. It is not that I am ashamed of admiring artists like Mary Pickford and Douglas Fairbanks, Charlie Chaplin and that dear little Jackie Coogan, but it is much pleasanter not to have people staring at you and to hear your name repeated any number of times in curious whispers. One or two experiences I have had in drawing a crowd when out walking have been enough, and I shrink from attracting attention outside my own legitimate sphere of action—the opera stage.

To some extent I make up for my seclusion while in New York when I get back to Austria. I sing at the opera in Vienna, and at two or three performances in Budapest, and also have to study the new rôles for my next season. Then I do get a complete rest. I do not sing in public for more than three months, from the beginning of June to the middle of September, and all I sing in private is my exercises. I always spend a few weeks at the Attersee, in a cozy little house there, amid some of the loveliest mountain scenery in the world, and then when I go to my Vienna home I have an occasional chance to display my housewifely ability and my accomplishments as a cook.

When I was a young girl my mother saw to it that I learned to be a good cook. "Your husband shall never have a chance to tell me that you should have gone to cooking school," she would say. I really am a good cook and enjoy cooking. In some ways cooking is quite as great an art as impersonating a horrible character in an ultramodern opera, and it certainly is far more soothing to the nerves and conducive to comfort and happiness.

I have recipes, too, which are out of the ordinary. Some years ago I had an excellent cook. At my request the director of the imperial household gave her a position in the imperial kitchens of the Hofburg, and she was thoroughly trained in its gastronomic traditions. For hundreds of years the Viennese court had been famous for the variety and excellence of the dishes served at its tables. When my cook came back to me she brought with her the choicest of these court recipes—they actually make one's mouth water—and when I wish to rise to artistic heights in cooking I always turn to the pages of one of the three fat books of recipes—in French, the official court language—which I have at home.

Looking at food from the singer's standpoint, I must say that never yet have I found that eating interfered with my singing—that is, eating lightly. I do not sing immediately after meals, of course, but I never hesitate to eat a soft-boiled egg, let us say, during an opera-performance intermission, if necessary. Eating has but little to do with the vocal cords, and singers must have food which is tasty as well as nourishing, since otherwise their dispositions suffer and, as a consequence, their performances.

At the Attersee I do quite some rowing on the lake, which is splendid for the muscles, take long walks and go motorboating and autoing. I see a good deal of my friends, amuse myself generally, and my professional work, its care and problems drop completely into the background.

Living Within Narrow Limits

With the exception of my summer playtime, however, it will be evident that carefree amusement is the exception and not the rule in my life. This, I think, applies to every serious artist truly devoted to her art. From the point of view of many people I suppose an opera singer may hardly be said to live at all. After all, to what except the artistic satisfaction due to honest hard work, the creative joy of developing her rôles, and a certain monetary return, can the opera singer look forward during the season? She must give up practically everything else. I know that in my own case my life is very narrowly circumscribed by a recurring round of definite, specialized observances, all of them, in one way or another, conditioned by my work.

I cannot come and go with the freedom that so many others enjoy. I like to shop, I like to visit, I enjoy the theater and concerts; yet all social and personal relaxation in my case is reduced to a minimum and, as I have explained, I consider myself fortunate when I get a chance now and then to slip out and see a movie show or spend an hour or so at the bridge table with a few intimate friends.

The opera singer, while the season is on, lives to all intents and purposes only in her rôles. She has no other life; all else is incidental. For the time being she is a slave—for all that she may be a voluntary and willing one—who exists only in the life of the characters whom she impersonates. Her own tag-end of existence counts for nothing at all, and it is this deliberate thrusting of her individual human self into the background which, perhaps, is the greatest sacrifice of all.

My friend Mr. von Wymenthal once said to me that if at any time I wearied of the operatic stage he felt sure that Max Reinhardt would be willing to engage me as an actress to play Strindberg, Ibsen and other modern dramatists. Whether or not he is right I do not know, of course; but I do think that if I did not love singing the dramatic stage would hold a lure for me.

The Thrill of Achievement

As to the filmed drama, I am uncertain. In the spoken drama the voice still is used; its registers and their inflections in a way may be said to correspond to those of a melody line. The speaking voice has a music of its own, and establishes emotion as well as meaning. It is quite possible that I might screen well. But ever since I was a young girl I have been coördinating vocal and dramatic movement on the stage. It has become second nature to do so. I cannot imagine what it would seem like for me to portray opera rôles—in which dramatic action is bound up with musical expression—silently in the mute drama. Still, other singers have done so, and with success. I have as yet given no serious thought to the mute drama, nor is it probable that I shall while I can sing. Yet it has possibilities and opportunities which would appeal to any artist, and there is something overwhelming in the thought that in it one plays to an audience of millions and may appear simultaneously in every continent of the world.

It seems that, looking forward or looking backward, the opera singer in spite of the unremitting hard work and self-sacrifice her art entails, has her compensations. It is hard to describe the thrill of creative joy which the artist feels when the conviction seizes her that at last she has caught the very soul of the character she wishes to portray in the music and action which reveal it. The moment when she is convinced that when the curtain rises she is, for the time being, ardent, temperamental Tosca, seductive Marietta, childish and innocent Micaela, tragic and pity-awakening Mona Lisa, is a sublime and inspiring one. It is a moment of the most intimate joy that has nothing to do with the applause of audiences or the praise of friends, but belongs to the artist alone. And there always are new heights toward which one may strive, new ideals one may hope to realize.

Opera is an opera singer's life; it is the breath of her body, the substance of her dream. The opera singer's private life is more or less negligible, and, besides, that at least is her very own. Everything else she gives to the public, and that is why she usually looks on the hours abstracted from her duties as a treasured personal possession to which others have no claim. I always have tried to draw a clear dividing line between my own home life and my operatic existence, and I think that most singers feel as I do in this respect. And my friend Mr. von Wymenthal in writing of me once expressed my whole point of view better than I myself could. He mentioned that I always had separated my stage life and my private life. Then he added: "In real life she never has cared to pose as the interesting *diva*, with prima donna caprices . . . whose whims and fancies make a whole city gasp for breath and supply copy for the daily papers. Nothing of the sort. Her reserve is the reserve that is so apt to grow on the artist who treasures her opportunities to be herself all the more because they are so rare." With this limitation, which seems to me a human and natural one, I have tried in these articles to recall some of the things that might be of real interest in a career in which, thus far, sunshine and song have predominated. I may have succeeded, for I think of my readers as an audience—a larger and more varied one than any which comes to hear me sing—and if they approve of me when I make my bow in a rôle which is new to me it will give me much happiness.

A church has a beautiful window

The Oldest American Fire and Marine Insurance Company
Founded 1792

But it was presented in memory of a little boy of seven who lost his life in a preventable fire—a sacrifice to carelessness.

Fire, in a single year, took toll of 15,000 lives and property to the value of over $500,000,000. And how are we going to face the fact that no less than 60% of these fires were *preventable?*

What have *you* to do with this great sacrifice? Must you wait until the tongue of flame touches you and yours before you accept your share of the common responsibility?

Look around you. Make sure that the proper fire precautions are observed in your public buildings and your homes. As long as there is one pile of rubbish, one "firetrap" building, one bit of fire carelessness—you are in danger. One little flame may start the blaze that lays waste the town.

Ask your local Insurance Agents about Fire Prevention. They are the untiring enemies of fire. They are glad to help you prevent fires in your community. Lower fire losses mean lower rates.

Insurance Company of North America

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Accept *with his compliments* Designed by

WHEN Andrew Albright, Jr., gave to the world his famous Rubberset Shaving Brush, he established a new era of shaving comfort which has never been surpassed.

Men will tell you that.

Now he has done a still more wonderful thing. He has produced a perfect toothbrush, which has many hygienic advantages heretofore unknown to toothbrush construction.

But he could not do it alone. Mr. Albright first called to his aid no fewer than 4118 dentists who gave him their ideas of what constituted a perfect toothbrush, based on their wide professional experience. Then, over a period of many years, Mr. Albright made countless experiments resulting in this brush which has all the sound principles advanced by those 4118 dentists—a brush which is the last word in this important department of brush hygiene.

The Result

The individual bristle tufts of the Albright Toothbrush are wedge-shaped, so that they reach *in between* the teeth and into every *crevice*. In like manner *all* the tufts form a wedge so that the brush will reach and clean every surface of every tooth without missing the hard-to-get-at teeth in the back of the mouth.

Every bristle is of the finest quality and is guaranteed by the Rubberset Company to *STAY IN*—not a bristle can come out. Every one remains in place and always on end to do its particular part in insuring really clean teeth day in and day out.

35c

The tufts are so grouped that a simple rinsing thoroughly cleans the brush. No foreign matter remains among the bristles in which germs may breed to be carried into the mouth. Every brush is packed in a sealed sanitary envelope and inclosed in a protecting carton.

Now Comes This Offer

So confident is Mr. Albright that the Perfect Toothbrush will appeal to you instantly, that he wishes to make it possible and easy for you to secure one without delay.

Therefore, he proposes to present you with one in the following manner: The regular price of the Albright Toothbrush is 35c. If, during the week of February 3rd to 10th, you will take your old toothbrush and the coupon on the opposite page to your druggist, you will receive *two* brushes for the price of *one*—the one *you* pay for and the one *Mr. Albright* pays for.

Nothing short of the utmost faith in his new brush could warrant such an offer. The advantage is all yours—two for the price of one—*and a brush that sets a new standard in design and efficiency*. Don't forget the date—February 3rd to 10th, inclusive.

Offer is good during entire week. Use coupon on opposite page.

ALBRIGHT

"Made in America"

the perfect Tooth Brush
4,118 Dentists

Andrew Albright, Jr.
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Rubberset Company

ANDREW ALBRIGHT, JR., President of the Rubberset Company, Newark, New Jersey, is the maker of the famous Rubberset Shaving Brush, the bristles of which are so firmly imbedded in rubber that they cannot fall out, work out, or pull out; they hold everlastingly.

Until the coming of the Rubberset Shaving Brush men did not shave in complete comfort—bristles worked loose to mingle with the lather and trip the razor. Brushes had to be constantly renewed because they lost their lathering quality through lost bristles. Discomfort and expense made the old-time brush a positive nuisance.

Mr. Albright changed all that.

Now he has perfected a new toothbrush; no more wandering bristles in the mouth at teeth cleaning time. No teeth missed in the cleansing. No surface of any tooth slighted. Front and back, in the "biting" crevices, as well as between the teeth, the Albright Toothbrush reaches with ease and certainty. And the bristles are so scientifically placed that the brush can be thoroughly cleansed by mere rinsing.

Read the remarkable offer in this advertisement. It marks a new day in toothbrush history.

If your dealer can't supply you, send us his name with the coupon, your old brush and 35¢ and we will see that you receive two Albright Toothbrushes.

THE PERFECT
TOOTH
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Dentists say:

That, most toothbrushes are unfit for use after thirty days because they are so hard to keep perfectly clean. The Albright Toothbrush, because of its scientific construction, is thoroughly cleaned at every simple rinsing.

See your dentist regularly. Go every three months if possible. But go without fail every six months. This, with the Albright Toothbrush, will keep your mouth young.

Good for One New Albright Toothbrush

This coupon is good for one Albright Toothbrush in exchange for your old toothbrush when turned in to your dealer at the time of purchase of one Albright Toothbrush at the regular price of 35¢. This offer good only from February 3rd to 10th, inclusive

Notice to dealer: Send this coupon and the old toothbrush to us and we will send you a new toothbrush for the one returned. This offer to the public is for the week of February 3rd to 10th only. All old toothbrushes and coupons must be received by us not later than February 28th, 1924 Write your firm name and address plainly on wrapper

RUBBERSET COMPANY
(R & C. P Co., Props.)
NEWARK, N. J.

Twice 'Round the Clock with Westinghouse

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This advertisement was suggested by Mr. M. W. Kennedy, a member of the Westinghouse Railway Sales Department.

THE clock strikes twelve, and the washing is done—thanks to the washing machine driven by a Westinghouse Motor (noon).

So ironing starts, right after lunch, with the Westinghouse Iron (1 P. M.) and the Ironer with Westinghouse Motor (2 P. M.).

There's time for a nice rest, cooled by a Westinghouse Fan (3 P. M.), before dressing for dinner, with the help of a Westinghouse Curling Iron (4 P. M.).

Meantime (5 P. M.) Hubby's on his way home from the office in a street car driven by Westinghouse Motors by current fed to the line through Westinghouse Transformers and Converters. He'll enjoy his dinner cooked on the Westinghouse "Range with the Clock" (6 P. M.). The family soon starts the auto (7 P. M.) with a Westinghouse Starter and Generator, and are off to the movies (8 P. M.) where a Westinghouse Motor-Generator supplies current for the projector.

Home again for a Welsh rarebit, cooked in a Westinghouse Chafing Dish (9 P. M.) and then a little "listening in" at a Westinghouse Radiola Grand (10 P. M.). At last father puts out the Westinghouse lights downstairs (11 P. M.) and the family retires—Dad reading a bit (midnight) by a Westinghouse Mazda Lamp. During the night they are protected by the burglar alarm energized by the Westinghouse Transformer (1 A. M.) and the street is safer for the Westinghouse Street Lights (2 A. M.).

While they sleep electricity does not. Westinghouse Motors are busy, helping to print next morning's paper (3 A. M.), and in the plant of the Electric Light and Power Company, the operator is watching the Westinghouse switchboard (4 A. M.) controlling the current that will serve the house if it is needed but for a moment.

Next morning Baby wakes early. He wants his milk, warmed by the Westinghouse Milk Warmer (5 A. M.). Soon Dad is up and shaving with hot water heated by a Westinghouse Tumbler Heater (6 A. M.).

Breakfast is easy—delicious coffee and toast with eggs and bacon—thanks to the Westinghouse Percolator, Toaster and Table Stove (7 A. M.). Then mother gets busy with the vacuum cleaner run by a Westinghouse Motor (8 A. M.), after which she uses her sewing machine (9 A. M.)—also with a Westinghouse Motor—while at the office another of these little motors runs Hubby's dictating machine (10 A. M.) till he goes down in the elevator (11 A. M.), also driven by Westinghouse Motors, to his lunch.

For twenty-four hours a day Westinghouse follows the average citizen and serves him at every turn.

WESTINGHOUSE ELECTRIC & MANUFACTURING COMPANY. *Offices in all Principal Cities. Representatives Everywhere.*

ANCIENT FIRES

(Continued from Page 30

walls of the patio had melted and that she was looking across the black spaces to those two sinister and waiting shadows. "People build cities and tomorrow they're a heap of dust and ruin."

"You're not afraid?"

"No, not of that."

"Other people are afraid for you. I mean your father, Lisbeth. He's very ill and helpless. He has—heard things. He has begun to worry."

"I write to him that I am happy."

"I know. It's not that. You seem a long way off to him. He wants to see you."

She was silent. I felt that her thoughts were groping through the dark to discover mine. She said at last, slowly, painfully, choosing her words, "That hurts me, because I can't go. I wouldn't if I could. There's going to be fighting here. My father is a soldier. He must understand."

"Why should fighting here concern you English people?"

"We're not English. We're Quetzelangans. My husband has been one for the last two years. You heard him called a general and you laughed. I know that it must have seemed funny—ludicrous. A Central American general sounds to you like a figure in a comic opera."

"I'm not laughing. I'm only trying to understand."

"The San Juan mine company is a success. One day the people in Stoneborough who thought they were ruined will be rich. It's my husband who has saved them. But if he hadn't had force behind him it would have been different. People are afraid even the president."

"If there is fighting and danger he should be glad for you to be in safety."

"That is between him and me, Euan."

I stood up involuntarily. It was like a blow in the face, and that I had seemed to deserve it made it no less intolerable. And yet my own hurt did not matter. If I could have saved her and that staunch pride in her I would have gladly dropped dead at her feet.

"You think that I am interfering—unpardonably interfering—don't you? You think I ought not to have come at all?"

She stood beside me, looking at me as though she were trying to look into my heart.

"I don't know. I don't understand. You see, you haven't told me why you've come."

"Your father sent me."

"To fetch me—bring me home?"

I nodded and she made a gesture, full of an impatient sadness. I knew her thought: "You are the last man in the world my father would have sent, and you are the last man in the world who should have come."

On a sudden impulse I took her hand and held it. It was an instinctive movement, as though I'd hoped for some miracle from that physical contact. She must at least feel that I was Euan Fitzroy and meant well by her.

"I may be a blundering fool, Lisbeth. But you used to trust me. Can't you trust me now?"

"I used to"—she made an effort—"I do; of course I do." But she withdrew her hand, and she had not hidden the flat weariness of her voice. I made no further effort. It was useless. One thing at least she knew: I threatened her peace.

I slept badly. The fever mounted again and played tricks with me. I imagined that I was back in the war and heard the tread of marching feet outside my walls, the rattle of fixed bayonets, a sharp low word of command. I drifted out into the mountainside and was lost again in that appalling solitude. I couldn't see the rough track in front of me. I hurried like a blind man, breaking my bleeding feet against the rocks, and my heart contracted with deadly fear. And behind me and before me marched those two great shapes—evil, majestic, unescapable. I tried to fly from them, but they drew nearer. The earth shook under their tread. They became luminous as though their secret fires had begun to burn through their flesh of lava. They smothered me with a terrific heat.

And then they were gone. John Smith stood in front of me, not looking at me but into the distance, and saying, "A new dynasty of kings, Fitzroy."

And I was torn by a grief which woke me. I saw then that the morning light had begun to filter through the high window above my bed. The nightmare darkness had broken, and with it my fever. I slept deeply and dreamlessly.

XXII

I HAD my breakfast alone under the orange trees. A native woman, heavy-featured and yet graceful in her colored Spanish petticoat, waited on me grandly. She spoke a word or two of English.

"La señora excuses. Trouble—mooch trouble."

But when I tried to question her she shook her head. Either she could not or would not answer.

She vanished presently and a silence that was only intensified by the monotonous tinkle of the fountain descended like a spell on house and patio. Under other circumstances I might have enjoyed that peace, been glad to stay idle and watch the pleasant sunlight peer between the trees and hanging fruit onto the mosaic of flowers and colored stone. But to my mood the quiet was ominous. As the day wore on it drove me on a restless search. But it was not Lisbeth I wanted to find. I knew now that if it had been possible I would never have seen her again. It was not that I had ever underestimated the tragic difficulty of my position. But with all the decency and loyalty of which I was capable I had, I knew, mastered myself and made my love for her a thing of service. But she distrusted me. That was the one thing I had not been prepared to meet. It was too unlike her. It was unjust. It stung me to a dangerous resentment. Something unknown in our relationship had come to life. It was like hatred, full of heat and bitterness.

Well, there was no escape. I had come, and now had to await John Smith, accuse him, receive perhaps some exonerating explanation—for I clung strangely and obstinately to that hope, as though in spite of myself I believed still in the fundamental greatness in him. Until then I sought instinctively some new clew to the man himself, to the whole obscure business of his life. He had lived here little over three years, and this house alone represented the ordinary activities of one man over that period. I had to remember the wild remoteness of the place to appreciate the meaning of its deliberate, regardless magnificence. It was the home of a man who at least thought nobly of his own future. The long low rooms that opened out into one another, raftered in mahogany, their inlaid floors spread with rare and lovely rugs, were frankly planned for scenes of pomp rather than for peace or rest, so that by an intuitive connection of ideas I thought of Old Stoneborough and its austere and princely medievalism. The very furniture expressed, in other terms, the same crude, resolute passion for grandeur, the same hardy and even lofty disregard for comfort. If it was often grotesque it was also fearless, the work of some native artist who still heard the murmur of primitive inspiration. By contrast, the niches of the cool white walls held Oriental statues—Chinese gods and goddesses, passionless and remote as the religion that gave them birth, vases, delicate cloisonné, the rougher, more virile pottery of an earlier civilization.

The place was vast—or rather conveyed the idea of vastness by the spirit of its conception. Its builder had possessed limitless powers, limitless material, unbounded energy. If he had stopped short it had been of a set purpose. There had been no fumbling, no intuitive groping of a gradually developing mind. He had known his purpose from the start. And what might otherwise have been the expression of a rash, undisciplined taste was unified and harmonized by that one idea.

There was one corner that brought the man himself most vividly of all before me. The other rooms opened out into one another. This was shut off, a little place by itself, and yet not to be passed by; for the door that looked out on the patio stood open in a friendly, gentle sort of way that would not be denied. And inside was a twilight that to a man coming in from the glaring sunshine was like the touch of a cool hand. A faint odor of incense hung in the untroubled quiet. By the tiny red ray of the altar lamp I saw a pale Madonna face, the eyes cast down with serene, compassionate knowledge upon the two *prie-Dieu* set gravely side by side at her feet.

I turned quickly away. God knows how much or how little I believe in Him. But that silent testimony to a spiritual communion between those two was more intolerable than any of those pictures of their physical love which would rise before me, like devils out of a personal, secret hell, to make me cringe.

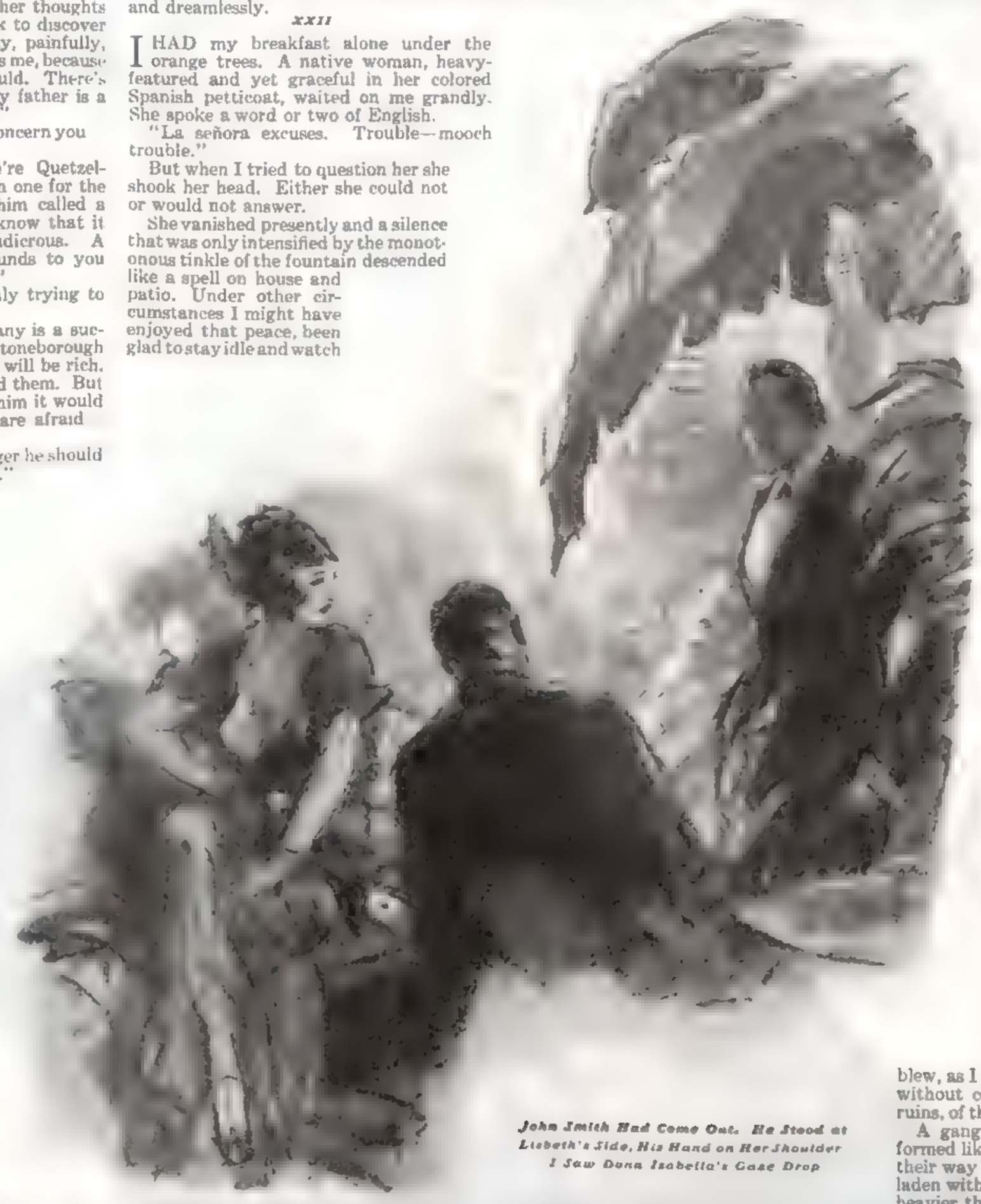
If there were living people about they gave no sign, and I went out at last through the shadowy gateway onto the plateau. The two sentries let me pass without interference or display of interest. Whether they were a customary feature of Quetzelangan life or only a part of John Smith's imperial vision, I could not tell. But, unlike the tatterdemalion little native soldier I had first met, they were well shod and smartly uniformed. A kind of French colonial infantry képi shielded their heads and necks from the sun. Their rifles were modern. I judged the men themselves to be either English or American—at any rate of Anglo-Saxon stock. For behind their solemnity was a glint of humor. At its worst, life is still something of a joke. No use any man taking himself too seriously, let alone a mere sentry in a comic-opera Dago country like this.

I went on down the road between the walls of coffee trees. On the uplands of Quetzelango spring is eternal, and the air was fresh, yet warmed through by a constant sunshine. But there was dust in the wind that blew, as I knew already to my cost, almost without ceasing. And the dust tasted of ruins, of things dead and destroyed forever.

A gang of peons, barefooted and uniformed like a medieval guild, passed me on their way down the mountain. They were laden with burdens that seemed bigger and heavier than themselves, and they moved at a kind of involuntary trot, as though they were forced to it by the staggering weights they carried. They kept close together and were quite silent. They were little men, dark-skinned, Mongolian featured. They looked neither to the right nor to the left, but hurried on with intent faces, as though they were driven by a relentless and impatient destiny. I stood aside. I don't know clearly why their swift, almost ghostly passing should have moved me so that for a moment I forgot everything else. I was swept by a sort of universal, timeless pity. For thousands of years, it seemed to me, those little sad-faced men had gone trotting down a road like this, under the same blazing sun—victims, obeying a purpose they did not understand, unchanging and perhaps unchangeable.

I followed in their dust. I felt that whatever their destination, it was the secret heart of this place—the nerve center. At a turn in the road I came to a second clearing. It was as though the lower ridge of the

(Continued on Page 125)



John Smith Had Come Out. He Stood at Lisbeth's Side, His Hand on Her Shoulder. I Saw Dona Isabella's Gaze Drop

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(Continued from Page 123)

mountain had been sliced flat with a great knife and laid out fanwise in streets of wooden huts, converging upon a square.

At first sight I thought involuntarily of the San Juan mine. Then a sound at once melancholy and deeply thrilling rose to me on the wind—a bugle call.

A company of soldiers came round the bend. They marched well, like veterans, and it seemed to me that as they passed me, lifting the dust to little whirling columns under their feet, I recognized them—just as I had recognized Decies—not their features, but a familiar expression, a familiar spirit that looked out of the hard eyes and measured me, though without astonishment or curiosity.

The baron brought up the rear. He stared, and after a moment ran back. He was shaved and sober and a not unimposing figure in his uniform, his sword tucked under one arm, his kepi at a smart military angle. He did not strike me as the less villainous-looking.

"I heard you arrived," he said, shaking hands warmly. "A recruit, too, I see—*un officier*."

"Borrowed plumes, baron," I retorted, laughing.

"Well, we can't all command, *hein?* Our little friend Finney, par example. Reduced to the ranks already because he cannot carry aguardiente like a chentleman. As for me—a mere capitan—I, who was ace of my squadron. *Bastante!* I forget you are a doctor—*médico servicio*. A fine profession too. I am glad to think I shall haf an Englishman to tie me up. These half-castes know worse than nothing."

"There's to be fighting then?"

"There is, thank God!" He glanced after his men, who re-formed on the square outside the hacienda. "It broke out last night in the city. We may be in time."

"Fighting for whom—for what?" I asked.

He winked at me.

"*Por Dios*, law and order, my friend."

"Where is the general?"

"In the thick of it—with a mere handful. But he is too smart to be caught. *Ein schneidiger Kerl*—with someone else's gold mine in one pocket and a *géniale idée* in the other. Na, I haf ideas too. But I haf not that—*je ne sais quoi*—which makes a leader. I am content to follow."

He shook hands, went on a few steps, then looked back over his shoulder.

"And the ladies?" he asked.

At my grim, unresponsive face he performed a pantomimic gesture of exaggerated discretion and made after his company, running with an unexpected lightness and vigor.

I went on obstinately. I felt a thread had been given me and I had only to follow. Where the road forked I turned away from the encampment, valleywards. The coffee plantation petered out and the track zigzagged between rocks and a sinister upheaval of dark earth that were like waves petrified into immobility. From the great plateau the mountain had had a certain air of unreality, like the molded shapes of some huge relief map. But now that I was among them they became monstrous personalities. They bent over me, threatening and curious, till I felt like a lonely, defiant pygmy climbing into black jaws that only waited to close and crush me between their fangs of stone and rock. I know that the sound of an angry human voice hallooing to me brought me an almost physical relief.

The newcomer descended rapidly upon me from a side path, scattering loose stones in a little avalanche before him. He was lean and lank and angular, with a face made up of straight lines and narrowed gray eyes. I knew that an explanation on my side had better be quick and to the point. But before I spoke his mouth relaxed into a rather satirical grin of understanding.

"Guess I know who you are," he said. "You're the English me lord who arrived last night on a little walking tour. Gosh, but I nearly shot you!"

"If you knew how often I'd been nearly shot within the last three days," I remarked, "you wouldn't mention such a trifle."

He twinkled grudgingly.

"Well, you sure are some pedestrian. 'Tisn't a mode of locomotion I fancy myself, but I take off my hat. Come down to see the works? I'm overseer here Jakes is all you need call me. What's your full title, and do I have to kiss your hand?"

"Thanks. I'm incognito. Just bow every time you speak. To all my intended executioners I'm plain Fitzroy."

At that he laughed, though I think he was slightly hurt at having the joke turned against him—perhaps at the unheard-of spectacle of an Englishman joking at all. We walked on together.

"Not that there's much to see," he added. "You can hardly call it a mine at all. You kick the nuggets as you go along. That mountain over there is stuffed with them like a Thanksgiving turkey is stuffed with chestnuts. Fact is, the river used to run there until our li'l' old friend Agua did a side spring and sort of rearranged things. There's stratum upon stratum of the stuff—when we choose to get at it."

He led me out on a platform of rock. From thence the whole prospect changed. A moment before we had been the only living creatures in a wilderness. Now we looked straight down from a giddy height into the heart of what might have been a grim caricature of a modern industrial slum. The hutments, knotted together by a curve of a gray, furiously rushing river, were bisected by narrow streets in which dark specklike figures moved hither and thither in agitated groups. There were even chimneys, throwing up thick streams of smoke in grotesque yet sinister imitation of the distant Fuego. It may have been my imagination—I know that at a sudden gust of wind I drew back as from the edge of an evil-smelling caldron.

"Three years' work," my guide murmured contentedly. "Oh, sure, it's not pretty. The trouble with these native beggars is to keep 'em when you get 'em. That's why we've got to crowd 'em all under one hat as you see. Left to themselves, they'd fade away in a night."

He pointed to the various features of interest. The works were primitive. As he explained, machinery was out of the question with the railway three hours by mule over the mountains. But there was native labor—plenty of it, and cheap. He grinned. And it would work, too, provided you knew how to handle it. In one place they had actually succeeded in diverting the torrential waters from their course, leaving the bed free for the sifters. True, a dam had burst in the process and a party of fifty peons been drowned under the eyes of their companions. But that was an incident. Plenty more where they came from.

With that he led me back to the road; and as though to confirm his statement a gang of natives passed us on their way down to the valley. They were shepherded by two armed white men, and some of them were roped together. They looked like a herd of pitiful, half-starved cattle, terrified yet unprotesting.

"A new bunch from a near-by pueblo," Jakes explained. "A bit scared now, but they'll settle down. Better for them than being in the native army. They've only got to behave themselves."

Then, strangely, his expression changed, lost its harsh satisfaction and became almost boyishly embarrassed. He was looking past me, and involuntarily I turned. A woman on horseback had followed on the heels of that sad procession. She had reined up a few yards from us, but in a moment I was beside her, hat in hand. In the sheer unthinking delight of seeing her I, too, had felt like a boy—acted like a boy. But that leap of the heart—and it will be the same, whenever and wherever I see her, until my heart has ceased to beat forever—was followed by a chill, incredulous stillness, for she stared down at me straight and unsmiling.

Her cheeks were flushed, her eyes an extraordinary frozen blue. She was angry as I had never seen her angry.

"I hunted everywhere for you. You shouldn't have come like this—you had no right—you should have waited ——"

Her voice lashed me with reproach. It was a strange, frightening little scene. For Lisbeth, so composed, so self-controlled, was out of hand—beside herself. She spoke without restraint and in that outburst betrayed the truth. It was more than distrust she felt. It was direct antagonism. She hated my presence here. And the injustice of it all, flooding like icy water over my hot heart, drove me to answer with no less bitterness, though under a guise of ironical courtesy.

"I'm sorry. I wouldn't have worried you on my account for the world. But if you leave your guests to their own devices you must expect them to amuse themselves in their own way."

"You are scarcely a guest, Euan. I don't know why you've come even—unless you were sent—to spy out the ground ——"

"Lisbeth!"

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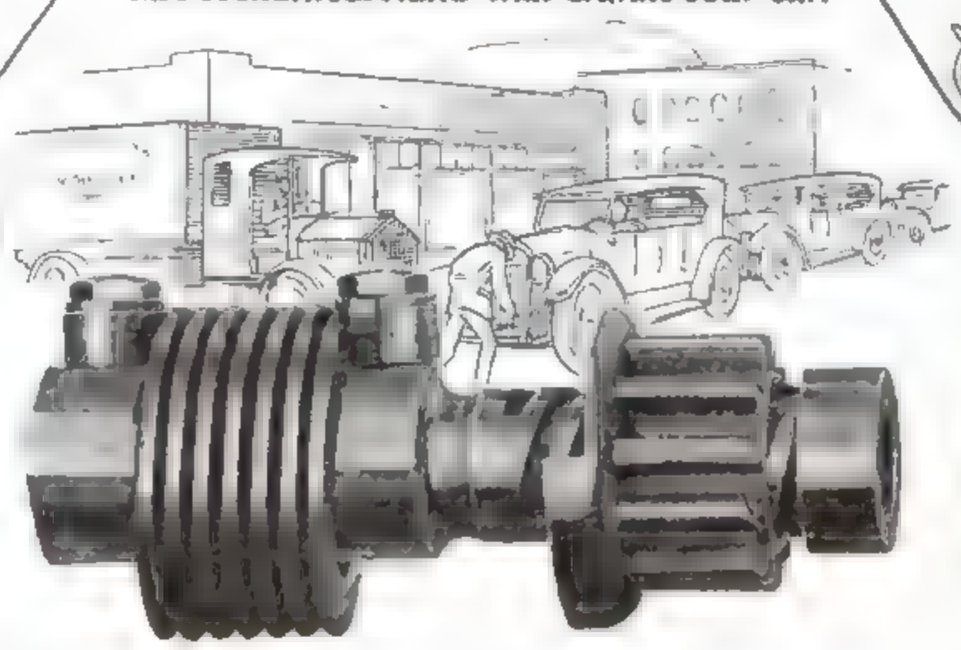

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Her eyebrows flickered. She was white now to the lips. But she had gone too far. And at last she had remembered the third presence. She spoke with a frigid, unnatural restraint.

"I'm sorry if I neglected you. But I had had serious news. You don't understand the conditions here. You should have waited."

The overseer, puzzled and propitiatory, came nearer, stroking her horse's neck. I gathered that respect for God and man was an offense to his creed, and his deference to Lisbeth was the more touching in its clumsy, stiff-jointed sincerity.

"Don't you fret, señora. He'll come through. It'll take more than a crowd of dirty Dagos to do him in."

"I know," she said, head up.

"And after all," he added, "I guess a rumpus is about due. Even the general can't keep boys like ours playing noughts and crosses forever."

She nodded, smiling down at him, and I could not but know that she meant me to feel the more how utterly I had been thrust outside her kindness. She turned her horse about and I walked at her stirrup in silence. She was looking straight ahead, and in the flood of searching, merciless sunlight I saw more clearly than I could have done before the change the three years had wrought in her. The tide of inexplicable anger had ebbed, leaving her white and still and without disguise. I knew that sorrow at her own weakness had lamed her power of seeming anything but her real self. And she was too old. True, hers was the fair skin that lines quickly, and her expression was not unhappy. But it was very grave—almost stern. The delicate sheath of youth had been worn through before its time by some vital experience, and underneath was the woman, not afraid, but puzzled, incalculable even to herself.

And suddenly a new fear knocked at my heart, and on that instant my resentment was dead.

"You're angry with me, Lisbeth," I said gently. "Try not to be. I've plunged into things I don't understand. Forgive me."

She turned at once, and I saw that her eyes were full of tears.

"It's for you to forgive me. I am so ashamed. I don't know what was the matter. I can't bear to think of it."

"Why should you? It's all over. I'd try the patience of a saint, I know. Besides, you'd had bad news."

"Not bad—not really unexpected. We guessed last night when the train didn't come back from the city. A revolution has broken out. We knew it would happen—but not so soon. It must have been a trap. The revolutionaries knew he was coming down to see the president. If they caught him it would be all over. There's no one else to be afraid of."

His name was not mentioned. There was no need. I was comforted that at least she spoke as though I were her friend again.

"Do you know what has happened?" I asked.

"Only that there was fighting in the streets last night. The wires have been cut but a native runner got through this morning."

"If they caught him——"

"No, they mustn't. You see, it's always the same. The losers are shot quickly, so that they can't come back. But they would torture him first." She heard my smothered exclamation with a sad impatience. "That's the way here. Marreno had Alvarez flogged to death—not publicly. But everyone knew. There were even photographs of his body—afterwards. There's no pity."

"Lisbeth, I wish I understood—I wish you were out of all this. I don't believe in it somehow. Which is real—this or Stoneborough?"

She shook her head.

"I wonder. Poor Quetzelango! It doesn't know what peace like that means. I don't know why it is. Perhaps there's too much opportunity—been too much suffering. I think too much suffering unfits people. There's more ambition here than anywhere in the world. But that's all. When a man gets power he goes to pieces, and there is always someone ready to tear him down."

And she went on to tell me how Marreno, who wasn't better or worse than the rest, had been president for three years. But lately a disgruntled ex-minister, Pedro Carenza, had been fomenting trouble and now had come over the Nicaraguan border with a horde of filibusters at his heels.

"No one knows how it can end," she said.

"Not even General John Smith? Doesn't he hold the balance?" And then as she looked down at me with a faintly frowning interrogation I went on quickly: "I suppose I have seen more than I ought, Lisbeth. But what I've seen, I've seen. And this isn't a mining camp—or a coffee *finca*. This is an army headquarters. Whose army?"

"Marreno's," she returned firmly. "It's true, my husband recruited it and organized it. There wasn't any other way—if there was to be order and peace. He knew there would be a struggle; he even wanted it. Because when the hot-heads have been put down the people will see that the time for these old methods is over. Everything will be different."

I was not conscious of any change of expression or, indeed, of any clear thought, and yet in a moment her voice had grown cold again.

"There has been peace in Quetzelango for three years, Euan. Stoneborough, most of all, should be grateful."

I did not answer. If our friendship had gone, there was still some pitiful remnant of understanding left between us that made pretense worse than useless. She knew —— What would Stoneborough, people like Miss Cornelius, have thought of those tragic bodies which could be had cheap, of the whip that I had seen hanging from the overseer's belt? Oh, Stoneborough loved its moneybags, like the rest. But there were limits. And Lisbeth herself? Her eyes might defy me; they were not blind.

Yes, there had been peace for three years, and in those three years the San Juan mine had prospered mightily—had in itself become a weapon.

Merciless and astute—those terms about covered him. Even this revolution, unless he had been overmatched for once, would play somehow into his hands.

Lisbeth turned to look back over the mountains. Evening had descended swiftly and the fires had been withdrawn. The great outstanding peaks had become cold and dead. She pointed.

"The city is over there, only a few miles away, almost at the foot of Agua. The Spaniards built it three times, each time a little farther off, and each time it was destroyed. The Quetzelangans are very proud of it now. They call it the Paris of Central America. And Agua is extinct. There's even a lake in the crater. But the natives believe it is alive still. They say they hear it at night, muttering deep down, under the water."

But she was only talking to hide the thoughts that stood between us.

We dined together in chill dignity. Decies had gone presumably to the rescue—and yet we were not alone. The silently moving servants, the relentless succession of foods and wines, which to us both was a formality to be lived through somehow, were all expressions of that third and dominating personality. I knew that Lisbeth, like myself, could scarcely eat. Yet she played the part he had set her. We were royally living up to some remorseless standard, under pitiless eyes.

And I remember the silence. It closed us in like prisoners behind thick walls. Beyond was a black emptiness into which my imagination stared. I saw a city in flames, a man flying from the red glow over those terrible mountains. Or this time he might have risked too much—been too sure. And yet I couldn't picture him dead.

Lisbeth's eyes watched too. Was she remembering those photographs of poor Alvarez? She knew more than I did. There must be a pit of horror at her feet. A kind of exasperated pity seized me.

"Lisbeth, can't we be friends? Why should you keep up this pretense before me? You must be sickeningly afraid!"

Her gaze withdrew itself from the distance. She looked at me intently, as though what I had said had started a train of puzzling thought.

"For him—for John Smith?" She shook her head. "No, somehow I'm not afraid; only excited, curious as to how he will come, and when." She added in a low voice, "You see, I have a superstition he can't be hurt—can't be destroyed—not in that way. I think he knows it himself."

"You call him John Smith," I said. "Everyone does, as though it were a sort of nickname."

"Isn't it—like a disguise?"

But she stopped short. The silence had been shivered like a sheet of thick glass by a stone and one sound rushed in after another. The staccato challenge, "*Alto! Alto!*" was answered by a faint voice out of the distance. It came nearer, authoritative, reassuring. We heard the sentries spring to arms, the dull clatter of hoofs.

I half rose. But Lisbeth did not move. She seemed to have relaxed—sunk back from an attitude of tense expectancy into a dream. Her hand was pressed against her breast, and I knew the look on that white still face and its spellbound wonder at him. As she met my eyes she smiled a little and was a girl again.

"He is coming now," she said.

XXIII

IF I HAD had a choice in those hours of suspense he would have died. I wished him dead. Death could not wipe out what he had done to Lisbeth, but it would set a limit to his power over her. So long as he lived, even with half a world between them, there would be no peace and no forgetting. And yet at sight of him, at the first sound of that high-pitched, metallic voice, I had exulted recklessly, instinctively, like a boy whose team has come out best against great odds. I could not have helped myself. And now, looking back, I can see that therein lay his great power. He was neither reckless nor a gambler. But he bound men to him by their love of risks, gallantly taken, which at bottom is a noble contempt of life as a supreme value.

Servants had run out with lanterns. They held his horse. In their dark faces and in the faces of the armed men who jostled each other laughingly behind him there was the same look of sharing in a fine and gay adventure. But he was grave—no, "grave" isn't the word; neither "triumphant." I don't think that at any time I saw him triumphant. His touch on life was too light, too sure for emotions which in themselves implied moments of self-distrust and doubt. But I had seen that same expression the day they carried him shoulder high through Stoneborough's Market Place—keen, a little amused at all this excitement, already preoccupied with things lying in the future.

He was hatless, in full evening dress, with a loose fawn-colored overcoat thrown over his shoulders. The shirt front was crumpled and darkly stained. He had kicked his feet free of the wide Mexican stirrups and I remember noticing as an odd detail that he wore dancing pumps. I could see their polish shine in patches through a coat of dust.

And that romanceless dress, against a background of violence and disorder, was somehow romance itself. It stirred the imagination by its very commonplaceness, its hint of everyday modern life overtaken by a medieval treachery, of a swift, resolute reaction. They had nearly caught him, but not quite. He had slipped through their fingers, but at the last moment.

He had changed. It was not only the beard he wore, unexpectedly fair and close trimmed to the pointed chin. The real change lay in his whole bearing, in the carriage of the small, fine head. At sight of him I knew that in England he had masqueraded. He had known the conditions and adjusted himself, but the necessity had cramped and humiliated him. Here he was free, and in freedom he had grown, or perhaps had stretched himself to his full height. He had ceased to juggle with other men's laws and conventions. He made his own. He was master here.

A lantern flashed into his face, and I had a recollection so vivid and so transitory as to be almost painful. I knew that I had seen him before like that, bearded, with that same baffling look of passion and cold purpose—somewhere.

The recollection slipped away from me and was gone. He did not see me. Lisbeth stood beside him, with her hand on his knee and he saw no one else. That at least was certain. The escape itself might mean nothing to him—a mere move in a game—but whatever courage it had involved he brought it to her as a trophy, a gift. As I watched them with heaven knows what passions fighting each other in my heart, I saw a look come into his face which gave its proud assurance a wistful, whimsical twist. It was as though he had said aloud, smiling, "Was that well done? Are you satisfied now?"

Her back was towards me. I could not see her answer.

One by one other figures stood free of the darkly moving crowd. The baron, his villainous features almost transfigured by an exuberant delight, seemed to be in some sort of attendance—not very respectful—on two other riders, a man and a woman, whose dress suggested that, like John Smith's, their flight had been sudden and precipitate. Under the man's Spanish cloak, flung back rather self-consciously, I caught the glitter of jeweled orders and the red bar of a ribbon across the breast. He was short, thick-set and sallow-skinned. His dark eyes moved in a restless curiosity from side to side. He seemed to be waiting, haughtily and distrustfully, and with an increasing resentment. John Smith glanced at him, spoke sharply in Spanish, and in obedience the servants left him, surrounding the stranger, obsequiously helping him to dismount. I heard a murmur, subdued, faintly ironic: "*El presidente—el presidente.*"

I saw Lisbeth turn to him, and he bent over her hand with an exaggerated gallantry.

John Smith swung himself to the ground. Until now the woman rider had remained quiescent. Her wrapping of shawls, which covered her to the eyes, and her absolute motionlessness made her an enigmatic and, to my fancy, a rather ominous figure. John Smith gave her his hand. As though at a signal for which she had waited, she threw back her mantilla and revealed to the uncertain light a pale oval face, intensely expressionless. But as John Smith laughingly lifted her down from the saddle a fierce color flared up in her cheeks, whether with anger or pleasure it was hard to say, for the lines of the full, beautiful mouth never altered.

I recognized her. The easy-tongued Decies had spoken more than once of this Doña Isabella, Marreno's wife; and what was more outstanding, as he had declared flippantly, the one Quetzelangan woman who had kept her figure after thirty.

She and Lisbeth stood together for a moment, with John Smith, smiling from one to the other, between them. In the Englishwoman's whole bearing were welcome and compassion. The Spaniard remained impassive, watchful.

At a sign the little tableau broke up. The president gave Lisbeth his arm. John Smith bowed to Doña Isabella ceremoniously, with a hint of understanding raillery, and they moved side by side towards the gateway. Then it was my turn.

I held my ground obstinately, and Lisbeth's eyes met mine. I knew that she had not forgotten my presence for a moment, nor this inevitable encounter. She paused and turned her head.

"John, it's Euan," she said. "Euan has come."

He stood back to let Doña Isabella pass in front of him, so that we were practically alone. We stared straight at each other. I don't know what I saw in his face. It was unreadable. I know what he must have seen in mine.

Then he smiled, as I feared he would, with all that baffling, disarming charm. He did not give me his hand—perhaps he knew instinctively that I would refuse it. He laid it on my shoulder. Its slender strength seemed to send a message through my whole body—a greeting, a warning, a reminder.

"Why, Fitzroy," he said softly, "of course, you had to come."

XXIV

RESCUED and rescuers dined together. I made my recurring fever and the fact that I had already eaten excuses for staying alone in the patio. From where I sat I could see them through the open windows and hear the indistinct murmur of their voices. It was like watching a play set on a stage just too far off for one to catch the words. My eyes were sharpened. The gestures of the actors became the more significant. As a mere spectator I should have guessed at fierce cross currents playing beneath a smooth surface. But I wasn't a spectator. I felt—bitterly enough—like a disastrous, unwilling *deus ex machinâ* waiting for the moment of his intervention.

John Smith and Lisbeth sat opposite each other. He wooed her openly, flagrantly, as he had always done. His eyes waited for hers, and when they met at last he drove a faint color into her cheeks. But she remained grave and silent. I felt somehow that she was trying to hold him off, to give herself time, and that he knew and became relentless.

Doña Isabella and her husband sat on either hand, with Decies and the baron. The president seemed sunk in his own not

(Continued on Page 131)

The witchery of toned sunlight mellows and transfigures your color scheme!

by Helen Richmond

ALL of us detest glare! When a room is flooded with hard metallic light, we know how the loveliest rugs and hangings lose richness—how our walls, tinted or papered, seem so flat and cold.

But far too many women in their effort to avoid glare ignore one of the most fertile sources of decorative beauty at their command. Instead of *controlling* the light, they use opaque window shades or darkening shades which *shut it out.* Is it surprising that their rooms have none of that mellow glow imparted by an unobtrusive *toned* light?

Sunlight should be treated in the same fashion as artificial light. No one with any decorative sense tolerates glaring, unshaded electric bulbs. You cover these lights with exquisite soft-hued materials, and as if by magic even the most modest room seems drenched with an atmosphere of opulence.

Beautifully colored window shades work the same transformation with daylight. They bring about that subtle play of soft light and velvet shadow even when the full afternoon sun is shining directly upon your windows. And not until you invest your color scheme with the seductive enchantment of toned sunlight, can you know the joy of having your home look its best every hour of every day.

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Egyptian Sand—No. 308
Shantung—No. 306
Circassian Brown—No. 354
Etruscan Ivory—No. 290
Plaza Gray—No. 313

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"I thought you would like to know how beautifully your Etruscan Ivory shades tone the light in our new home. It is just as pretty as you said it would be. And the way they roll up and down proves that you know how to make rollers that work when you want them to work. If there's anything I hate it's an argument—even from a shade roller." Mr. G. B. D.

"BEAUTIFUL WINDOWS" is the new book by Elsie Sloan Farley which women the country over are asking us to send them. Over twenty decoration plans are beautifully illustrated and described. This book will show you just how easy and inexpensive it is to tone daylight with lovely translucent shades just as you tone lamplight with lamp shades. Send 10c for your copy of this beautiful book. *Columbia* Mills, Inc., 225 Fifth Avenue, New York.

Some colors great decorators advise

WHEN you choose window shades, of course you want *live* colors—not a flat commonplace brown, tan, cream, or ecru. And you select these colors with relation to the intensity of the light to be toned.

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To harmonize with the exterior, of course, all window shades must be the same color (on the street sides, at least). *Columbia* Twi-tone Shades offer a variety of delightful color combinations. Etruscan Ivory, for instance, on one side with Circassian Brown on the other, is one of the four combinations most called for by interior decorators this season.

We keep your dealer informed of the newest ideas of famous decorators.

Columbia GUARANTEED WINDOW SHADES and ROLLERS

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Decorated Vitrolite for wainscoting in office building, hotel and theatre lobbies, banking-rooms and the like. Plain white and black for corridors and vestibules. "Much cheaper to keep clean than marble, and adds greatly to corridor lighting," says the management of the Jenkins Arcade, Pittsburgh.

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(Continued from Page 126)

very agreeable reflections. As to the Doña Isabella, perhaps as a woman brought up in the Spanish tradition it was natural that she should maintain an attitude of reserve. She sat opposite me, and I saw the faint changes of expression that came and went over her colorless face like wind over water. And I fancied that for all her feminine aloofness she watched.

Decies and the baron supplied most of the conversation. In spite of their travel-stained uniforms, they both swaggered successfully as members of crack and rival forces—cavalry versus the new arm—and I guessed that their friendly contention had already carried them back to 1914. They began to mobilize the spoons and knives and to maneuver with saltcellars. For these men—perhaps for most men—war had no relation either to hatreds or opposed ideals. It was a game, and they the eternal schoolboy players.

And John Smith never took his eyes from Lisbeth's face. There was something ravenous about him. Once or twice he threw in a word—conclusive, for they accepted it with a nod or a shrug. Marreno sulked heavily.

Presently the two women joined me. Doña Isabella knew no English and I could not flatter myself that as an individual I had any interest for her. But I was a man. Her black eyes traveled over me, veiled and smoldering. She made me uneasy, like the gathering of a storm. If I was only a man to her, she was only a woman to any man. Her dark beauty was a bait. It had no other significance. My pride in Lisbeth was like a cool, clean wind. For, first and last, she was a human being, and her loveliness, less perfect perhaps, a light, an outward and visible sign. They were like night and day, these two. Probably Lizbeth was unconscious of the antagonism, but Dona Isabella knew. She hated Lisbeth.

Their conversation, considering all that had happened, was strangely desultory. From time to time Lisbeth turned to me with her dear graciousness, translating, so that I, though we had become strangers, should not feel out of things.

"Doña Isabella says it was at a government reception. They would all have been assassinated. But John Smith got word just in time. He had horses ready. Carenza is in the city. They are afraid that a terrible number of our friends have been murdered."

Doña Isabella nodded. But she was looking past me, into the lighted rooms.

"*Todos estan muertos,*" she said in her thick low voice, and I suspected that her indifference was real enough; whichever party of these quarreling, violent men came out victorious, she would still be a woman, infinitely desirable.

John Smith had come out. He stood at Lisbeth's side, his hand on her shoulder. I saw Doña Isabella's gaze drop. The moment her eyes with their dull, glowing life, were hidden her whole face became heavy—almost dead-looking.

"You two can talk of what you'll wear at the Victory Ball in the city," he said. "We want you, Fitzroy."

I had no choice. In any case I was glad to get away from that sultry, brooding woman. John Smith introduced me gayly.

"Sir Euan is an old soldier, too," he said. "He can help us."

"That's over," I retorted. "Killing's not my job any more -not intentionally, at any rate."

Decies blew out a mock, indignant cloud of smoke.

"Dismal fellow! Who talks of killing? That's a mere incident."

"A very important incident," the baron corrected solemnly—"the whole business."

"Nonsense! That's your beastly Hunnishness, baron. The whole business is to win—as cheaply as possible to both sides. Once you've got what you want—imposed your ideals ——"

The baron snorted. He was drunk now, and consequently honest.

"And vat ideals are we trying to impose?"

"Liberty, constitutional government."

For the first time Marreno came out of his sullen silence.

"*Liberté—libertad* ——" He translated the word to himself, rolling it over his tongue as though it had been an obscene jest. "*Bueno, caballeros, bueno!*"

We sat down at the long table, which servants had already cleared, and Decies produced maps. For my sake the discussion was carried on in English, which Marreno understood. I gathered an attack on this stronghold was improbable. The insurgents—the *verfluchte canaille,* as the baron happily described them—had reckoned on cutting off and slaughtering the leaders.

Having failed, they would leave the first move to their opponents. As I listened I began to understand the significance and quality of the foreign legion which John Smith had created in defense of constitutional government—incidentally in defense of the San Juan mine and perhaps of other things as yet unrevealed.

"Seven hundred picked men out of picked European regiments," the baron explained; "devils who haf been through five years' fighting and don't know how to stop. Not much of a force, according to our ideas, but you haf to consider the conditions. They're worth three thousand of those wretched Dagos any day."

I could not help glancing at Marreno's face. It was a mask.

John Smith interposed swiftly.

"But they're precious. We can't afford a frontal attack. We've got to cut them off from their supplies—wear them down, scare them. Our aeroplanes will come in there."

"Ha, Decies, hear that?" The baron poked the Englishman playfully in the chest. "Why, *du lieber Gott,* the last time I went up I was taking pot shots at Woolwich!"

"The deuce you were!" Decies murmured. "And damn bad shots they must have been."

Marreno looked from one to the other. He was out of it. They might refer to him. That was when they remembered their manners. But he was a mere pawn, and he knew.

"'Economy'—that's the word. Every man is worth his weight. We can't afford heavy casualties."

"That's where Fitzroy comes in—patching 'em up."

The baron guffawed.

"He can haf my native company as *Sanitätscorps.* They're no good for anything else. If they weren't so dirty you could make 'em into nurses."

John Smith nodded. He was looking at me quizzically.

"It's true. We've got everything. The equipment is there. But we haven't a decent doctor or surgeon nearer than the American hospital at Chevaga. We want you, Fitzroy."

"You forget," I said, and met his eyes steadily. "I'm a bird of passage. Tomorrow I may be gone."

He stood up. He sighed and stretched himself. It was the first sigh of weariness I had ever seen in him.

"I don't think so somehow. I think you've come to stay. Wait till we've shown you what there is to do." He slipped his arm through mine and gave it a friendly meaning pressure. "Then you and I can talk things over."

XXV

I MET him the next morning at daybreak coming out of the chapel. He was alone. I had had a bad, feverish night, and if Lisbeth had been with him I think a sense of outrage would have been too much for the caution I had imposed upon myself. As it was, his air of peace dumfounded me—made me doubt my own senses. If this man was a blackguard, then also he was an inspired actor. But it was incredible. I knew instinctively that in the lonely quiet of morning he had offered up thanks to God for his safety. He hadn't forseen an audience. Even now, by his greeting, I knew that I was hardly real to him.

"We're just off for a sort of review," he said. "Get your *desayuno* and come along. Afterwards we might have a chance to talk."

So it came about that I, who had traveled night and day for five weeks to reckon with this man, spent my first morning riding in his dust, watching him parade his army of seven hundred men and a shuffling, barefooted horde of half-armed natives, as though he were at the head of a crack English division. In everything that he did was that possible element of the absurd. It should have been easy to laugh at him—as well as loathe him—as he sat his raw Mexican pony, an alert yet careless figure in his unmilitary, casual English riding clothes. But laughter was the last thing that would have occurred to any of us.

Marreno, with the baron as sort of A. D. C., rode beside him. What he thought of the display it was hard to guess. Ostensibly the seven hundred were there for his protection and the maintenance of his authority. They should have reassured him. For, as the baron pointed out, they were picked men, reckless soldiers of fortune, disciplined adventurers, veterans from every battlefield in Europe. Fighting was the only job life had taught them. The floodgates of man's natural rage for risk had been flung open and there was no shutting them any more.

"And, *por Dios,* they can fight!" the baron said.

He pointed out a machine-gun detachment and three aëroplane sheds with peculiar satisfaction.

"That was my little affair," he explained. "I got them cheap -in Germany—under the very noses of the French Commission." He looked impudently in my direction. "I brought over the mechanics and flyers too. A little surprise for the city tomorrow, eh, your excellency?"

Marreno nodded. I never saw a man look more disconcerted. Over the native companies the baron poured a flood of good-natured scorn.

"No guts, as you English say. In this country a battle is decided by a race, and the side that runs fastest wins. Na, we're going to show them a new way."

Marreno bared his strong white teeth in an angry grin.

"You please to be ver-ry funny, Señor Capitan."

There were Stoneborough men in the ranks—the sullen young men who had lost their place in life. At home, no doubt, their people believed them peaceably engaged in making fortunes. Finney was there too. He even risked a wistful wink at me. The glories of a lieutenant's uniform had faded in the mists of aguardiente.

Marreno and his general took the march past. They stood together under the fluttering Quetzelangan flag, Marreno with his fingers to a borrowed military képi, John Smith bareheaded. An uncertain native band played the Quetzelangan anthem. But it was John Smith's face that I remember. It set a tormenting question. Was that look of lofty vision genuine? Did he really see in this queer, half-comic, half-tragic ceremonial a great, significant event?

At last it was over. The two men shook hands and the army raised their képis and cheered lustily for *el presidente.* Perhaps there was mockery in their enthusiasm. I think Marreno suspected it. He remained brooding and distrustful.

"You can feel safe, your excellency," John Smith said. "In a fortnight you will be back in your capital."

"I am proud of my loyal army," the Quetzelangan retorted, not without malice.

John Smith and I rode home alone, as he had promised. He chose a separate route, a rough trail that wound about the face of the mountain, desolate and precarious. It seemed that he deliberately offered me my time and place. But I believe rather that he was not thinking of me—that I was no more than a witness.

I heard him mutter, half to himself: "They're all right. Too few, of course. But more will come, and they'd follow anywhere."

I could not suppress the question: "What do they expect?"

"Danger on the way—fortune at the end."

"Danger they'll have, no doubt. But fortune—here in Quetzelango?"

"Quetzelango isn't the end."

"What is? What have you in mind?"

He smiled.

"Vast things in a vast country. In England, you see, Fitzroy, a hill remains a hill and a valley a valley. But here ——" He made a sweeping gesture and his pointing hand came to rest on the horned and palely smoking crest of the volcano opposite us. "You see that fellow? Well, in a night he could fling these mountains into the valleys. He could turn the river back upon itself. It's a world in flux. Anything may come out of it."

"You are a filibuster dreaming the old filibustering dreams," I said. "But the time for all that is over."

His hand dropped.

"Is it? They say Agua is extinct. They're not afraid of Fuego any more. It has gone on smoking like that for two hundred years. Who knows?"

"If the ground is unstable it's unstable for you too. You pretend to be on the side of this wretched president, but he distrusts you."

"He has good reason. At present we have a common enemy. When he has been settled my turn will come."

I caught my breath. I felt like a man about to plunge from a great height into a flood whose depths and currents he cannot even guess at.

"You're very sure of yourself. But you might fail—for that matter, you nearly failed last night. And if you did—have you thought what might become of Lisbeth?"

"Were you thinking of that all these ten thousand miles?"

"Yes," I said bitterly, for he had measured me with an amused kindliness hard to bear. "Yes; of nothing else."

"You're a pertinacious fellow." He leaned forward, stroking his pony's neck. His voice was whimsical, almost teasing, but friendly and unmalicious. "Why have you come, Fitzroy? After all, you're no filibuster. I've nothing to offer you. And you are very much a man of honor."

We were riding side by side, so close together on the narrow trail that our knees touched. On my left hand the earth fell away into an abyss of shadow. In a moment we two might be at each other's throats, and there would be no letting go.

"Do you remember Paula Schenke?" I asked.

He did not start. But he turned to me, and his eyes were penetrating and inscrutable. He was a fighter. He would watch for every thrust, but his confidence was serene and absolute.

"I remember her very well."

"She came to me—two months ago."

"So they didn't shoot her?"

"If you mean by that that you have thought her dead ——" I caught at that straw. Yes, I wanted to believe in him, to justify that incredible, obstinate element in my enmity.

"I never thought about her at all."

"But you married her."

"I did not marry her."

"Oh, for God's sake, don't lie! It's no good. I saw the marriage certificate. It was genuine."

"I did not marry her," he repeated calmly. "That miserable ceremony meant nothing. Neither my church nor I recognize it."

At that I burst out laughing. If he had been shameless I could have borne it better. But his monstrous sincerity drove me mad. It swept the conflict in myself to breaking point.

"You damned humbug! You damned scoundrel! You can justify yourself to your own God if you like; but now you have me to deal with."

He smiled.

"What are you going to do, Fitzroy?"

"And Lisbeth ——"

He was grave but unshaken.

"My wife."

"Your mistress."

I saw his eyes flash past me to the chasm beside us.

"I said once I might have to kill you, Fitzroy. I don't want to have to despise you."

"It's no use," I said. "Melodrama won't help. You know as well as I do that Lisbeth is beyond insult. I am telling you what you have done to her in the world's judgment."

"Have you no better judgment?" he asked.

"You sicken me," I returned unsteadily. "You have no pity. You do what suits you—take what you want. You break everyone who stands in your way. People are just tools to you—that wretched Paula, these men who came from the ends of the earth to serve your mad ambitions—there may be others—God knows. And then Lisbeth. You wanted her. That is enough. Her peace and honor meant nothing to you."

"I made her my wife."

"That is a wretched, shameful quibble. Will you come home to justify it?"

"No. I know the English law as well as you do. It means nothing to me. I should no more think of putting myself in its power than offering myself to a mad dog. She is my wife, according to the only law I recognize. That is enough."

"Shall we ask her if it is enough?"

"No"

"You are very wise."

He was silent. I could feel a conflict raging in him whose elements were utterly beyond my conception. I know it troubled me profoundly. It was unnatural and terrible, a house tragically divided against itself.

(Continued on Page 133)

Brandes

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Matched Tone

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Radio Headsets

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(Continued from Page 131)

He turned to me at last with eyes like polished shields, shining and impenetrable.

"Very well. When the time comes I will ask her. I am not afraid. Lisbeth is great-hearted. I know her. She will see my life and purpose as I see them. She knows what she is to me."

"Go to her now then."

"No."

"Why not, then, if you are so certain——"

"I am thinking of our child," he said simply.

A blur spread before my eyes. Sheer physical sickness rushed over me. I felt his hand catch me by the arm.

"Steady, Fitzroy. These fevers play the deuce with one." His voice was caressing and pitiful. I shook him off.

"Oh, for God's sake ——"

We rode on for a while in utter silence. The fear that had once already stabbed through my mind had become a certainty. It left me powerless, stupefied. My very rage fell dead. There was nothing left but a grief and love for her that wrung my heart. Presently I heard him speak again, but not to me.

"I want a child. I think perhaps I have a son somewhere on the Yellow River a parchment-skinned, blue-eyed pirate fellow. But of course I shall never know, and now it does not matter."

"Lisbeth's child, without a name — "

He smiled faintly.

"Why should I want to give him mine? My name is less than a number. Who am I? Heaven and those old charcoalers know. What does it signify? I am myself. He will have the name I will make for all three of us. It will be big enough."

Then he remembered me, and he knew. He understood. I felt his lofty compassion turned on me like a warm light.

"I know how you see it, Fitzroy. I am sorry. Try to see it as I do—as she will. You said that people were just tools to me. In a way that's true—even of Lisbeth. I couldn't have done what I have done without her.

"She is the woman for my man—the inspiration to my action. The first time I saw her I knew that the time would come when I should need her more than anything else in life. So, you see, nothing could have stood in the way—least of all our poor Paula."

"If you knew that, why did you marry her?" I asked.

My voice was toneless. I questioned him mechanically, for it couldn't matter what he answered.

"We needed each other. She was in with a crowd of German agents. She would have been deported. I was in the secret service at the time. I saw how valuable she might be. It was an obvious duty."

"Ambition"

"Yes, ambition too."

"She was infatuated with you and you made a spy and a traitor out of her."

"Worse things were done," he murmured. "Inadvertently she and I saved a British army. You can't run war and morals together, Fitzroy. You only break your heart."

After a moment he asked, "What do you propose to do now?"

"What I was sent to do."

"Who sent you?"

"Colonel Gay. Your wife went to him first. He had no one else. He was dying — he may be dead by now."

"What did Paula want?"

"Money."

I thought he looked incredulous.

"Why didn't you give it to her?"

"I knew it would have been useless. In any case she meant to follow you."

"So you have come to tell Lisbeth what you consider the truth?"

"That is what I am going to do now."

He leaned forward and laid his hand on my bridle.

"No; I'd drive you over the precipice first. I don't want to kill you, Fitzroy, but I would."

I laughed in his face.

"If you're so sure of her understanding——"

"I am. But I'll take no risks. Women with child are strange—have queer fancies. You are a doctor. You know the danger of any sort of shock, and she's not strong."

"You might have thought of that before. Anyhow, it's out of your hands and mine. There is Paula to be reckoned with."

"I can deal with her."

"She meant to find you. I think she will."

"She'll never find Lisbeth."

"I suppose you're prepared to kill her too."

"It will not be necessary." He added passionately, "But I'll kill anyone who threatens Lisbeth's peace or safety. You can at least believe that, Fitzroy."

Our forgotten horses moved on at a footpace, nibbling the coarse grass as they went. The fierce sincerity with which he spoke of her disarmed me, left me nothing but a sense of irretrievable disaster. Unmoral, perverted, mad he might be all that. But his effect on me, at the worst moment of this conflict, had been that of a magnificent and even magnanimous opponent. His belief in his own justification was absolute. And there was his love. Amazingly enough, it was the bond between us that neither of us could break. And suddenly I turned to him. My voice was out of control. I could have cursed myself.

"What have you done? What have you done?"

"Done?" He stood upright in his stirrups like a man cramped beyond endurance. For the first time I heard him stammer, tearing the words out with a straining effort utterly unlike his usual easy self-mastery. "I have given her everything. All this is the beginning the rough foundations. You can't tell what will come of it. But I know. And one day she will see—she'll understand." He was staring past me into his vision. "When I have made these wretched countries strong and united neither she nor anyone will question what I have done. I shall be justified."

"It may be," I said heavily, "that Lisbeth asks other things of you."

Was it imagination, or did the shadow of some invisible cloud pass over him so that for an instant he was almost haggard looking?

"What else can she ask? Oh, I know, I know—wealth, power! These things don't matter to her—perhaps they're nothing. But what they stand for—a man's sweat and weariness, the strength of his body, the courage of his mind they matter; they must matter. I cannot give her more."

We had come to a point where the path ran back into the road, and he drew rein and gazed fixedly out over the gulf of rock and forest towards Fuego. I knew now what he saw—a new empire rising out of this chaos, the work of his hands, carried on his shoulders. And he would bring it to her, demanding, "Was that well done? Is this enough?" I watched him, fascinated. He was no fanatic; he was cool, calculating, farseeing. I could not think of him as failing. In some strange way, too, he was a part of this riven, tormented world; and yet again he seemed above all else tragically alone. He dropped his ice-blue eyes to my face.

"Well?"

But now I could see my road, bitter but inevitable.

"There's only one thing that matters—how to spare her. You said that when her child is born you would tell her the truth yourself. Do you promise that?"

"Yes," he returned with violence.

"When will that be?"

"In three months' time. She will go up to Chevaga."

"Very well, I'll wait. She must think what she likes. But when she is told, either by you or whoever must, and has to judge, she must have someone whom she can trust to turn to."

He threw back his head and laughed.

"Are you the man? Do you think she trusts you now?"

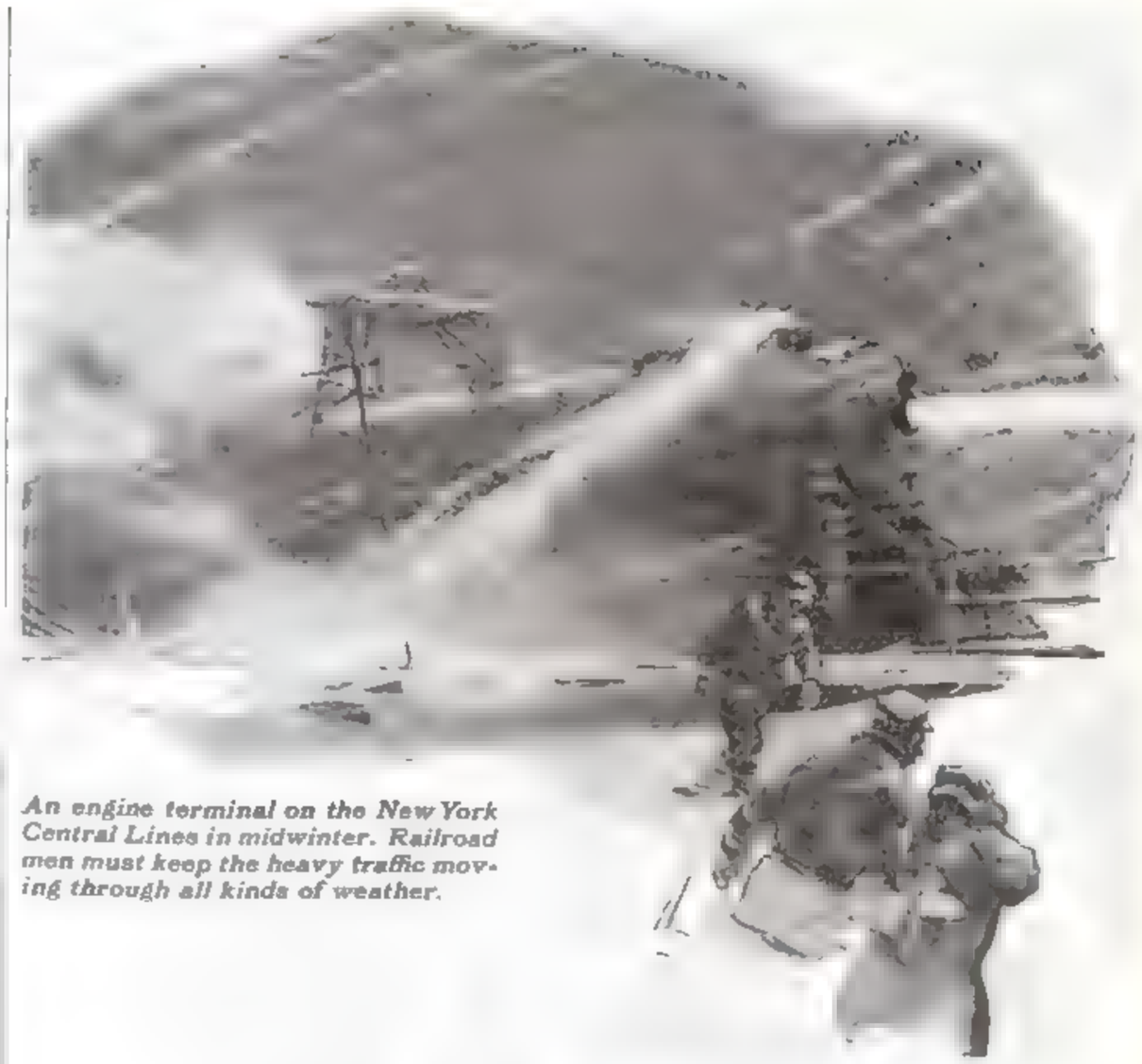
I repeated stubbornly, "She can trust me."

After a moment he nodded.

"Yes, it's the best way." But for the first time he looked at me as he must have done at men whom he meant to kill, with hard, remorseless eyes. "I know how to run away when it suits me, Fitzroy. But I know also when to stand and fight. You and I have always been up against each other."

He turned his horse and rode on, and I followed, grown sick at heart because he had at last recognized me as an enemy.

(TO BE CONTINUED)



An engine terminal on the New York Central Lines in midwinter. Railroad men must keep the heavy traffic moving through all kinds of weather.

Achievement

THE American railroads in 1923 hauled the largest tonnage in their history—and with an efficiency of operation never before paralleled. To this achievement the New York Central Lines contributed a notable measure of public service.

The very heavy program of rehabilitation inaugurated by the New York Central Lines immediately following the termination of Federal control—involving the expenditure of many millions of dollars for new equipment and larger facilities—placed this railroad system in a position to meet the growing traffic demands of the great territory it serves.

While car loadings throughout the country for the first eleven months of 1923 showed an increase of 27% over 1921, and 16.5% over 1922, the New York Central Lines gained 44.3% over 1921, and 19% over 1922.

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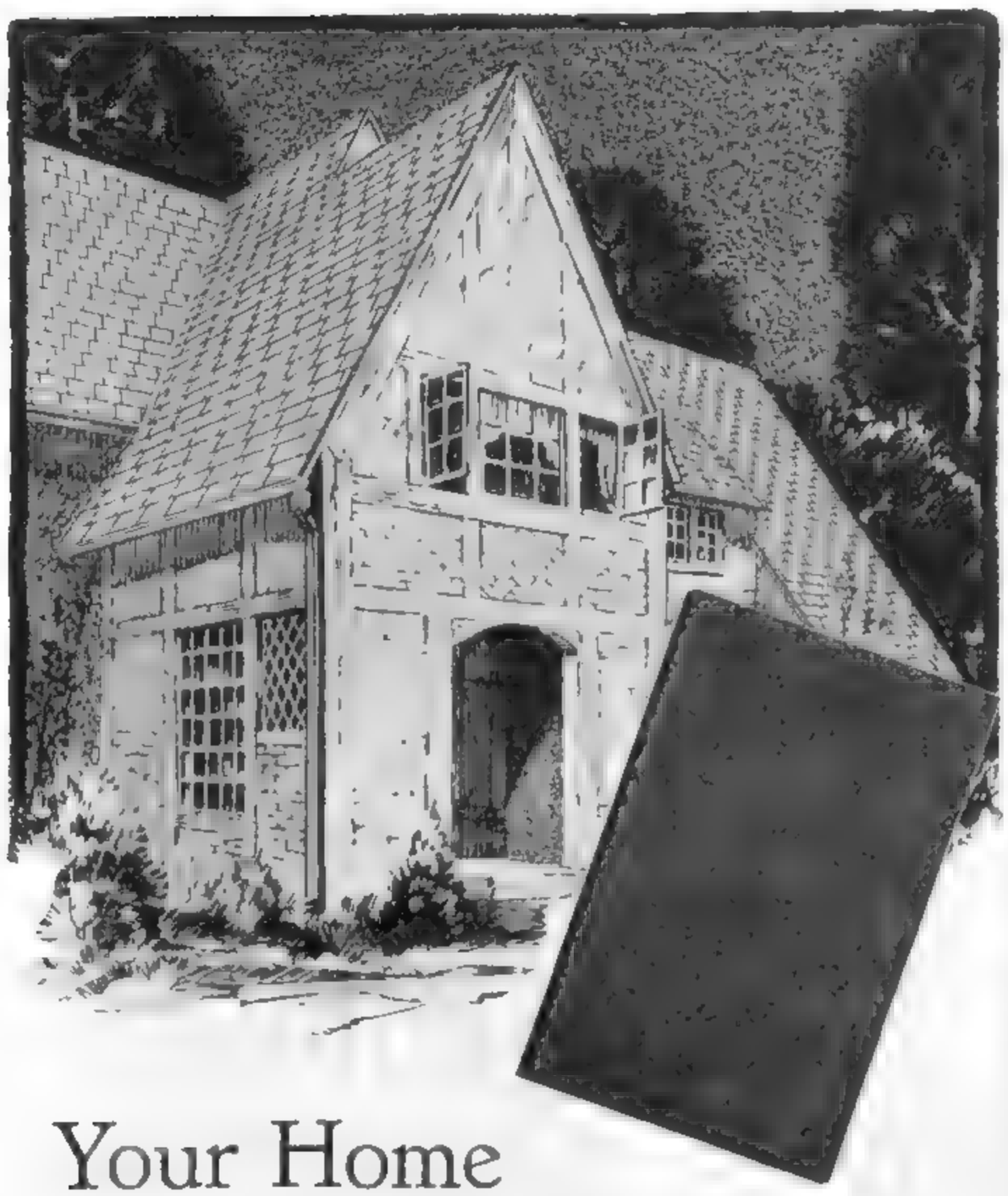

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Carey ASFALTSLATE SHINGLES

THE SHINGLE THAT *NEVER* CURLS

CIRCUMSTANCE

(Continued from Page 7)

dressing for meals. Yelverton sat next to a member who was attired with verisimilitude as a coal heaver; there were fellow members togged out as house painters, chauffeurs, pickpockets, preliminary fighters, pensioners, and commonplace men-about-town. Yelverton's breakfast consisted of a dab of oatmeal, milk in a toy cup, two rolls with butter separate, and a cup of ready-made coffee. When he had partaken of all these he rolled himself a cigarette and went to opening his mail. This was the inclosure:

Dear Sir: Will you be good enough to call here at your first convenience in reference to your interest in the estate of Franklin Keese, late of this city, deceased, and your uncle? Our Mr. Goldman is executor of the will by its terms, and you are the sole beneficiary. We would thank you for an early opportunity to consult with you. This firm was for many years the attorney for Mr. Keese, and we trust we may be permitted to serve you in the same capacity. Very truly yours ——

All his blood shifted in Yelverton; he experienced a warm and tingling feeling. He put the letter down on the wide arm of his chair, picked up a fragment of roll, and very carefully chased some grains of oatmeal about the small dish. He ate the piece of roll with a deliberation to delight that school of thought that ascribes all human ills to imperfect mastication. He chewed that bit of roll for three full minutes, and looked the while with a fixed glare at the hustling counterman, then his jaw stopped on dead center, and he snapped about and glared at the letter as though he thought it might seize a chance to scuttle off. But no, there was the letter, quiescent. There was his name—Edwin K. Yelverton. There as though printed in red ink stood out the words "sole beneficiary." He became very pale, trembling; he picked up the letter and read it all over again.

The hour was half past eight. He went to the club telephone, put in his nickel and called a number on the upper West Side. "Mr. Dakin, please. . . . Mr. Dakin, this is Yelverton. Mr. Dakin, I've just been left about half a million dollars, and I'd like to run downtown and see about it. . . . Excuse me? I say I've just been left about half a million dollars, and I'd like to run downtown and see about it! . . . No, sir; not at all. I'm standing here at pay station. Would it be all right if I took an hour off, sir? Excuse me? Did you say 'Sleep it off,' sir? . . . I say, would it be all right if I

He listened, rattled the receiver, called "Hello, hello!" and hung up. "I guess he means it would be all right," he muttered. "You never can tell what Dakin means from what he says."

He hurried out to the Elevated, caught a Ninth Avenue express, and forced his way aboard. He stood bolt upright in the press, wedged into place like a prisoner tied to the stake, while the long train roared southward with its packed tins of office workers. He was pushed off the car at every stop, but persisted in getting on again, until he got to Rector Street, and then he let the outflowing tide of passengers push him all the way down to the street and quite a step toward Broadway; the rest of the trip he made under his own power, arriving at 120 Broadway at nine o'clock.

When he had so arrived, and when the next thing to do was to step aboard an elevator and walk thereafter and jauntily into the law offices of Grayson & Pinkney, he was so taken by doubt that he could not do this next and necessary thing. He was quite sure now that there was no such firm as Grayson & Pinkney; it was an unconvincing name. It was perfectly absurd to credit that his uncle had left him his money. Poppycock! Somebody was seeking to make him ridiculous. He had better return to Harlem, apologize to Mr. Dakin for his exhibition of simplicity, and then write a letter to this supposed firm of lawyers. Well, since he was here he might as well look about a bit; perhaps -ha, ha!—he might see the name of the law firm on an office door.

He walked by the information desk, studiously averted his eyes from the register, and went to sauntering.

He sauntered for the better part of two hours, climbing stairs, walking down endlessly ramifying passages, consulting firm names on countless doors. Yelverton was a man of sterling common sense in ordinary affairs, but this was not an ordinary affair, and it found him unequipped. Number 120 Broadway has about five thousand rooms; its floor space is equal in acreage to a respectable and rock-ribbed New England farm; its peaceful tenantry are numerous enough to send two Republican senators to Washington from any one of three Southern States.

"I tell you what it is, mister," said the private policeman who had been walking unobtrusively behind Yelverton for the last half hour. "If you're going to peddle—peddle! Or just what are you up to?"

"The office of Grayson & Pinkney," said Yelverton.

"Grayson & Pinkney," said the policeman, who knew a thousand or so of the tenants. "Room 2511. Take the local back to the main hall and catch an express. On the twenty-fifth floor. . . . Not at all, sir. I was a stranger in New York once myself."

Yelverton whizzed aloft to the wanted office.

"Pleased to meet you, Mr. Yelverton," said a prematurely wise man who sat behind a mahogany desk. Mr. Goldman was hardly more than thirty, but he had the hard finish and commanding eyes of a man of fifty; this bald-headed youth with the appraising black eyes was juggling his share of a large law business, giving this matter a push and that matter a throw and the other a twist, and keeping them all moving to the satisfaction of the clients. There was neither Grayson nor Pinkney left in the firm of Grayson & Pinkney; the partners were Mr. Goldman, Mr. Goldblatt and Mr. Rosenbaum. If they knew less law than Grayson and Pinkney had known, they knew much more about business, and they gave, on the whole, quite as good an article for the money. It is not for nothing that the ancient and learned profession of advocacy is spoken of in New York ever increasingly as the law business. "Here's a copy of your uncle's will."

Yelverton read the will. Shorn of its preamble, its attestation, and so on, it consisted of one brief paragraph, and that paragraph devised and bequeathed to Edwin Keese Yelverton the entire estate, real and personal, of which Franklin Keese had died possessed.

"Is it—good?" he breathed.

"I'll give you ninety cents on the dollar for it," said Goldman. "If I can't make that will stand up I wouldn't charge you a dime. Do you want us to offer it for probate? Sign that retainer. Leave that original here; we'll need it. What's your telephone? Miss Marx, outside, will give you a copy of the will. Well, Mr. Yelverton" - rising briskly and shaking hands—"I congratulate you! . . . What's that? . . . Yes, about half a million. You'll hear from us soon. . . . What's that? . . . Transfer tax comes out, of course. . . . Our fee? We-e-ell, Mr. Yelverton, don't let's talk about that now. You know our reputation. Good day, Mr. Yelverton; good day."

Yelverton lingered. "Could I draw a hundred dollars right now?" he asked challengingly.

Goldman spoke into his desk telephone. "Cashier, please. Goldman. Let Mr. Yelverton have a hundred dollars and charge it to his account. . . . Will a hundred be enough, Mr. Yelverton? . . . A hundred dollars, Mr. Pinkus."

When Yelverton received that hundred dollars, when he carried it unscathed from the office, when he walked down into the Subway and started back for Harlem and withdrew his clutched hundred for a last confirmatory glance, he began to believe in his good fortune. Conviction rushed upon him. He looked at a fat woman across the aisle from him and laughed in her face. She reddened and grimaced at him and glanced threateningly at the guard; Yelverton laughed chummily at the guard. He expanded physically so that he disarranged the newspaper of the gentleman next him; he chuckled and nodded at this man. He smiled all around him, noticing the people, trying to catch their eyes; they became properly frozen-faced in rebuke.

"Do you know what happened to me just now?" he said to the disarranged gentleman.

"No, and I don't care," said the passenger testily. "I know what is going to happen to you if you don't stop crowding."

(Continued on Page 137)

"Daddy's Here!"

Little hands and chubby faces pressed against the window pane . . . A welcome step upon the walk or on the stairs . . . The rush of little feet . . . A door flung open . . . And then the welcome shout—"Daddy's Here!" . . . "Daddy's Here!" To-night and to-morrow night, and for many, many nights, if Fate be kind, that simple little phrase that means so much will greet you as you reach your home. . . . "Daddy's Here!" What a world of love and affection and dependence *is summed up in those two short words!*

ÆTNA-IZE

"DADDY'S HERE!" To-night, as you go home in the twilight of a winter's day and this welcome greets you at the door, sit down in some quiet corner and think a little while about the future not in fear and trembling, but with the same calm confidence that you plan the coming day.

Have you enough life insurance? Suppose something should happen to-morrow that would take you suddenly from your family? . . . . . Would there be enough money left to enable them to live happily through the long years in the same comfort that they are living now? Or would they be forced to go to work or be dependent on relatives for even the bare necessities of life?

The greatest protection that you could possibly give your wife and children is the protection that comes through a life insurance policy with the Ætna Life Insurance Company. We say the greatest protection because the Ætna Life Insurance Company and affiliated companies are the strongest multiple-line insurance organization in the world.

There is hardly any form of insurance that Ætna does not issue. To be fully Ætna-ized is to forestall financial disaster in every form — to know that, come what may, your future and the future of those dependent on you are absolutely safe.

See the Ætna representative in your community. He is equipped by training and experience to provide full protection for your life — your property — and your business. You will find him a good man to know and a real friend. He certainly does know insurance.

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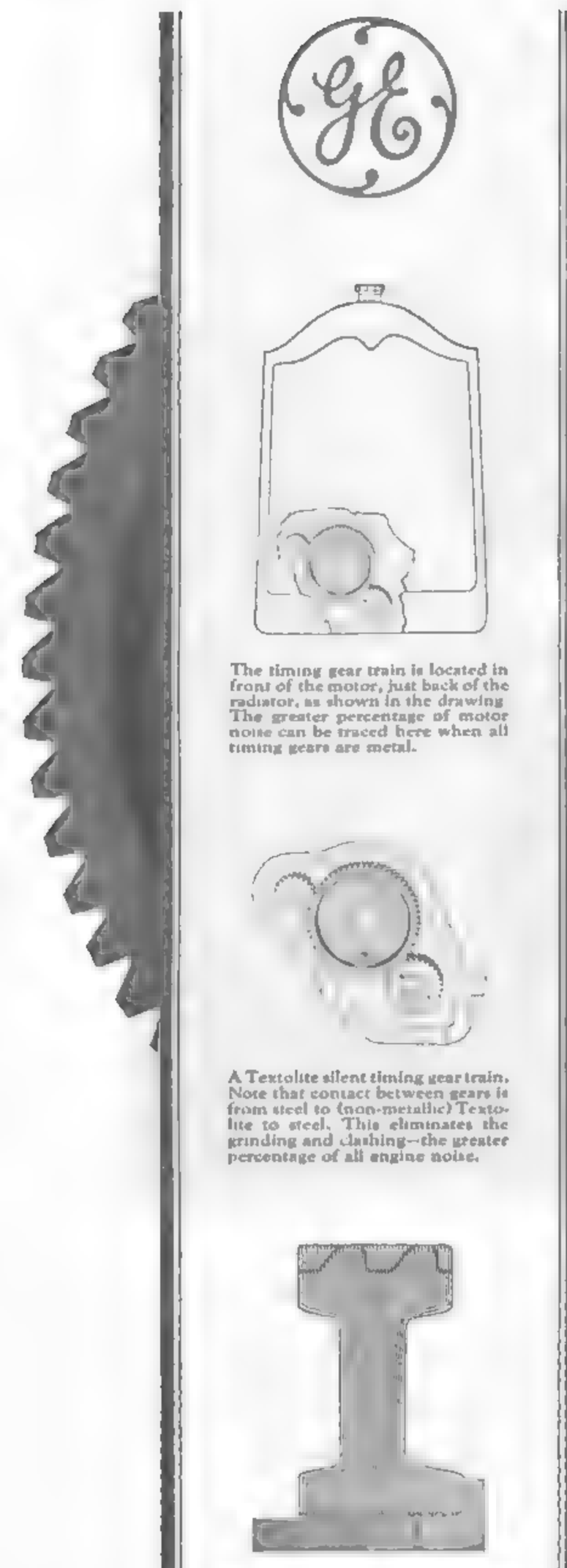
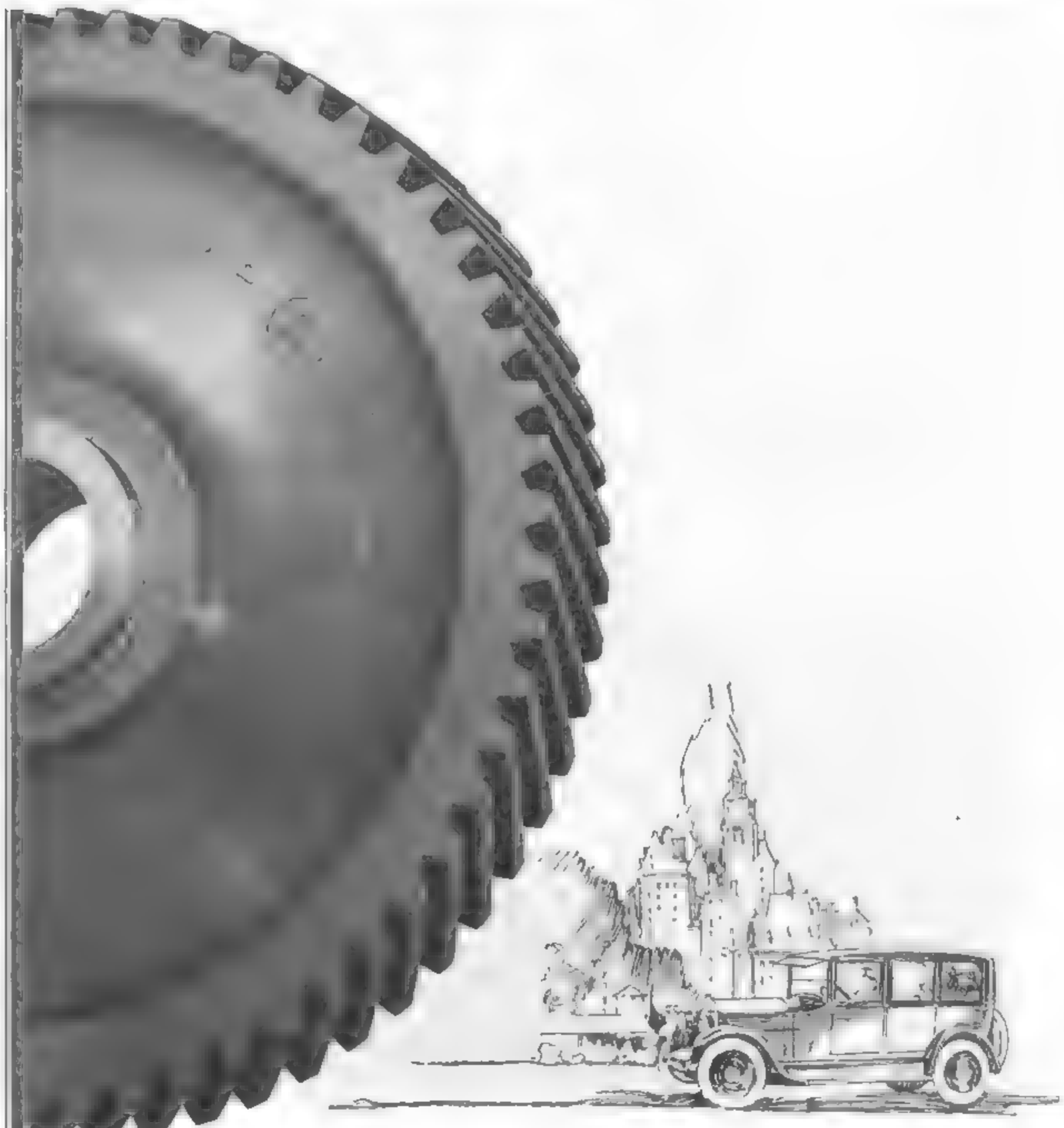


The timing gear train is located in front of the motor, just back of the radiator, as shown in the drawing The greater percentage of motor noise can be traced here when all timing gears are metal.

A Textolite silent timing gear train. Note that contact between gears is from steel to (non-metallic) Textolite to steel. This eliminates the grinding and clashing—the greater percentage of all engine noise.

Cross section of a Textolite camshaft gear showing exclusive construction. The flexible-web, composed of fabric layers impregnated with a chemical gum—pressed hydraulically into shape and cured—is not mutilated and weakened by machining. The comparatively thin web of a Textolite gear allows flexibility of rim and quick recovery from shocks and takes up the lash and whip—the destructive vibration of the motor. Laboratory and road tests show that Textolite gears actually double the life of your engine.



Permit Us to Show You the Way to Longer Engine Life

REGARDLESS of the make of your car—you should know why the largest producers of high grade motor cars in 1923 have equipped their new models with Textolite silent timing gears—because you can bring your car or truck up-to-date in this regard at a very small cost.

In the first place, the flexible-web of the Textolite gear absorbs the crankshaft whip which causes the destructive vibration in the engine.

Then the non-metallic construction of the Textolite gear eliminates the metal to metal clashing in the timing gear train. This permanently silences the greater percentage of all engine noise.

You can enjoy these qualities in your car—we have shown the way. Do not delay having a Textolite silent timing gear installed in your car or truck as each mile you run without it accumulates motor noise and hastens depreciation. The increased trade-in value of your car will alone more than pay for the cost of a Textolite installation. Ask your service man today.

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TEXTOLITE SILENT TIMING GEARS

A GENERAL ELECTRIC PRODUCT

(Continued from Page 134)

Rebuffs mattered not at all to Yelverton. He was inoculated with contentment, perfectly convinced that all was right with the world. And it was such a colorful, fascinating, inexhaustibly curious and interesting world! He had never really been open-eyed. He had thought once that New York was one vast, deafening, dreadful machine shop -a shop populated by dingy and driven workers, where a fellow had to keep his eye skinned or he would be scalped by some unsleeping machine. A miserable machine shop—a city where Fanny Purcell was?

He ran up the steps to One Hundred and Twenty-fifth Street, and started across town to Miss Purcell's home; he had paused and fidgeted on the corner, but could not wait for the surface car. He jumped into the vestibule and pressed the button of the Purcells' bell. Fanny looked out from the window above, saw a delivery wagon in the street, and released the catch of the door below. Yelverton hurried through the hall and sprang up the stairs; the door to the Purcell flat was ajar, he entered hastily to bring his Fanny word of his incredible luck.

"Put it in the kitchen!" she called from the living room. He raced down the hall toward the adored speaker.

"Fanny!" he cried, bursting with good tidings. "This morning "

"Edwin!" she shrieked, snatching at the folds of her shabbiest wrapper.

Her hair had been pulled back tightly so that she could rub something good into the thin places over her temples; her switch lay on the couch; her face was greased with cold cream until her nose shone ruddily and her eyes diminished to the point of unsightliness. And she wore no—that is to say, she was taking her ease, and she'd taken off her—well, the idea is that she did look quite rounded in that wrapper. Quite so.

"This morning, Fanny ——"

"Go away, Edwin!"

"Fanny," he said pleadingly. He was puzzled. "Fanny," he said, taking another step forward, "I came to ask you something very important. Will you marry me?"

"Yes. Oh, for heaven's sake, yes—but go away!"

He could not go away like that. It is not done. When a man has asked a lady for her hand, and has been accepted, the thing to do is to take advantage of her pliant mood somehow, to shake hands with her at least. Edwin approached, undaunted. She squealed, wrapped her flowing draperies about her, and ran for the bedroom.

"Fanny!" he said grievedly, putting his foot against the door. "What in the world is the matter today, dear? You do love me a little, dear, don't you?"

"Oh, I do," she said, sobbing and laughing. "But—a person might be very hungry, and still—she wouldn't like to be—hit with a full dinner pail, would she? Oh, please go away! But come back very soon again, Edwin; yes?"

He went away, not knowing why he was sent. He went downstairs, calling back that he would wait in the hall below.

Mr. Murdock was also leaving his lady's apartment, and apparently also under feminine duress. He had a wide, low, morose-eyed dog in leash; over his arm was a knitted blanket of pink wool with a green rosette on it, a dog's comforter.

"I'll take this mutt down to the dock," he was saying hoarsely, "and I'll give him a hist in the tail that will land him out in the middle of the North River! . . . What's that? . . . Will I? Well, I won't! Say, who do you think ——" But here he stopped; he pulled the door shut hastily and held the knob. He saw Yelverton coming down the stairs; he let the knob go and the door remained shut. "Hello," he said. He was a large and elderly man, with red-veined cheeks and drooping black mustache.

"Hello, Mr. Murdock!" called Yelverton jovially. He had seen Mr. Murdock a number of times in the hall. "How's every little thing with you today? How's Mrs. Murdock? Say, that's a fine dog you have there! What breed is he? By the way, Mr. Murdock, I'm going to get married. Yes; Miss Purcell, your neighbor on the floor above. Ha, ha. Yes; oh, yes!"

"What's that you say?"

"I said I'm going to get married!"

Mr. Murdock tiptoed away from the door and from a possible eavesdropper, and motioned Yelverton to approach. He put his arm over Yelverton's shoulder, and spoke more low.

"What's that you said? Did you say—married?"

"Married; yes, yes!" chuckled Yelverton.

Mr. Murdock glanced fearfully at the stairs. "Can she hear us?"

"Why, no."

Mr. Murdock tiptoed farther toward the street door. "Young fellow," he whispered, "it's lucky I met you. Providence, if you ask me. I'm a married man myself. You want a word of advice? Well, you see that door? Open it. You see that street? You lam down that street for your life. For your life! Go to Chicago, and write her a letter Have you got your fare? Here, gosh blame it, you look like a good fellow, and I won't see you done wrong. Here's ——" His voice fell despondently. "You're too late. Too late. Here, she's after you."

"Oh, Edwin!" called Miss Purcell, beaming rosily over the banisters. "You could wait in the living room now!"

"I'll be right up, Fanny! Well, Mr. Murdock, glad to see you."

"Same to you, young fellow," said Mr. Murdock, shaking hands heartily. "So you're going to get married? Well, well! Everybody knows his own business best. Good luck! Good day, Miss Purcell."

"What a lovely doggy you have there, Mr. Murdock!"

"You mean Boofums," said Mr. Murdock, looking down at the somnolent dog. "We call him Boofums, Miss Purcell. Yes, this is a very rare dog. Fine dog. . . . Oh, yes. Thanks. I'm taking Boofums out for a nice walk now. Yes, I'm going to take him for a nice walk down around the pound. Yes. I'll gamble the eyes of those dog snatchers down there will bug out when they see a dog like that. It will be good as a treat to them."

"Put on his license, Harold, dear," said a muffled voice. Miss Purcell glanced at the closed door of the Murdocks' apartment whence the voice had issued.

"Well, look at that!" said Mr. Murdock with contrition in his voice. "If I wasn't talking about taking our Boofums for a walk around the pound, and he hasn't got his license on! What could I have been thinking of?" He took a brass tag from his pocket and snapped it on the beast's silver-studded collar.

IV

THE Riverside Bank is on Broadway in the lower hundreds. It is a business bank, and is a well-found and ably managed institution; most of the tradesmen of that neighborhood keep their accounts there. It has extensive affiliations with the building industry. The president, Mr. Jesse B. Reymerdt, is a former builder; he understands the financing of New York buildings and can O. K. the notes of contractors and material men and owners on the strength of two-minute conversations. He is the sole fiscal officer of the bank. Builders have to meet pay rolls and payments; they must get their money on the nail, and cannot afford to come back next Wednesday and hear the verdict of a board of directors; nevertheless Mr. Reymerdt is responsible to a board. The Riverside does a large and profitable business, taking in the petty cash of the neighborhood at 2 per cent and lending it out in large sums at 6.

"A very handsome inheritance, Mr. Yelverton," said Mr. Reymerdt, nodding his white head and scrutinizing Yelverton with his very sharp but not unkindly brown eyes. "I trust that you will not leave us, now that your ship has come in. You have had an account with us for a long time, I believe?"

"A small account," said Yelverton. "I wish to consult you about investments, Mr. Reymerdt. The bulk of the estate is now in long-term bonds, and I am thinking of reinvesting."

"Yes?"

"I am in the real-estate business, and I want to put this money where I can work with it. I am thinking of putting it into real estate."

"Yes?"

"I understand you're in touch with real-estate affairs, Mr. Reymerdt. Don't you think New York real estate is in for a boom?"

Mr. Reymerdt drew a long face and passed his wrinkled hand over his smooth chin and smiled humorously, but made no more explicit answer.

"I think it is," said Yelverton confidently. "In fact, it's booming a bit now, and lots of people think it's only a flash, but I don't. For the last six months we

"A shoe must *fit well* to be good-looking"

ANY shoe dealer will tell you that the better a shoe fits the better it looks and the longer it will keep its shape. Glove-Grip Shoes hold their shape and wear longer because *they are made to fit the foot.* It is true economy to buy Glove-Grip Shoes.

Glove-Grip Shoes are a happy combination of beauty and comfort. Fashioned snugly about the instep, they bring out the exquisite natural lines of the foot and produce a restful feeling of comfort about the arch. Lacing a Glove-Grip Shoe lifts up the arch instead of pressing it down.

And Glove-Grip Shoes have style! They are smart looking and modeled in the latest fashion. Most styles are priced $9 to $12. The Trim-Arch oxford illustrated below is one of the many attractive models. Other styles for both men and women. If you do not know the name of your nearest Arnold dealer, write to us for it. We will also send you a booklet of shoe styles for both men and women.

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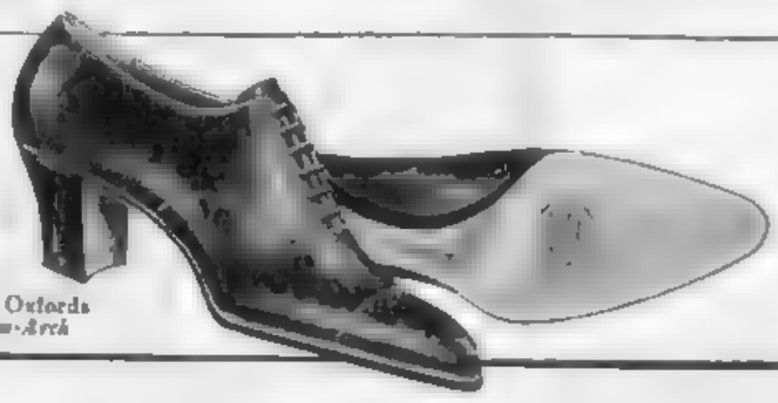
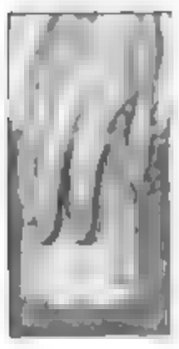


Woman's Oxfords
The Trim-Arch

The things that can not be done over

BURIAL equipment for the remains of a loved one is selected only once. There is only one opportunity to secure the absolute and permanent protection that the heart longs to provide.



Lower an inverted glass into water. The water cannot enter the glass, because the air within keeps out the water. The hood of the Clark Grave Vault acts the same as the inverted glass.

The use of the Clark Grave Vault eliminates all worry as to whether the remains are safe from all destructive elements underground.

This vault is the application of an immutable law of Nature. It will keep out all moisture. It can not fail. It does not compromise.

Each Clark Grave Vault—made of Keystone Copper Steel and proved perfect by tests—is accompanied by a written guaranty for fifty years.

Leading funeral directors supply it because they recognize its superiority.

Less than Clark complete protection is no protection at all!

THE CLARK GRAVE VAULT CO.
Columbus, Ohio

haven't been able to find flats enough for the demand. Here we are now—a little more than a year since the Armistice—and the builders haven't really taken hold again yet. I'm walking around the West Side every day, and I see it. There's been practically no residential construction for the past three years, and even now the builders are waiting for prices to come down. Are they coming down?"

"I was building here in New York after the Civil War," said Mr. Reymerdt slowly. "That's the last time we had a situation like this, and I can tell you what happened then. Prices didn't come down right away; they went up. I saw bricklayers going to work in silk hats, and going over to Third Avenue for a roast duck and a bottle of champagne for lunch. I saw that, Mr. Yelverton. The crash came in '73, and then you could hire a bricklayer to work all day for a ham sandwich and a bottle of beer. The slump in prices was terrific, Mr. Yelverton. I do not care to prophesy, but I rather think prices will not come down immediately.

"If we get back to the roast duck and silk hats they'll come down, and they'll come down running, and they may go below prewar prices. But conditions are not the same, and I do not care to prophesy."

"But look at how costs are going up!"

"Costs do not determine prices, Mr. Yelverton. A man sells his goods for what he can get, no matter what they cost him."

"Then you wouldn't advise me to invest in real estate?"

"I wouldn't say just that."

"My idea," said Yelverton, perceiving the difference between a banker and a promoter, "is to put my money into apartment houses. That's one line of business that I understand—the management of apartment houses." Mr. Reymerdt nodded approvingly, assenting, Yelverton gathered, to the abstract proposition that a man should put his money into a business that he understood. "From the statements and offers that come into the office, I see that I can buy about three hundred or three hundred and fifty thousand dollars' worth of gross rents with four hundred thousand cash. That's about what the estate will net me."

"Subject to the mortgages, of course."

"Yes. Here, for instance, is the statement of an apartment house with twenty thousand per year gross rent. It has a mortgage on it for one hundred and forty thousand dollars, and I can buy it for twenty thousand cash over the mortgage—a sale price of one hundred and sixty thousand. With four hundred thousand in cash I can pick up about twenty such houses. Managing them myself, I save about twelve thousand per year on agents' fees. When the property is my own I'll naturally watch expenses very sharply, and I should save another five or six thousand. A number of houses like that would take up all my time, and I'd be making seventeen or eighteen thousand per year, if the houses didn't pay a dollar above the ordinary expenses. That's what I mean by working with my money. And I think from my own observation that values and rents are going up!"

Mr. Reymerdt murmured inarticulately. "How long have you been in the real-estate business, Mr. Yelverton?"

"About ten years."

"Then you must know what is the normal condition of New York residential property. You know that middle-class apartment houses here—by and large—returned little or no profit for many years before the war. That apartment house you speak of must have cost close to twenty thousand dollars to operate in the days when it was customary to give three months' free rent in each year, when tenants moved out in June because they could find plenty of flats in October, when apartments were redecorated for every new tenant. And so forth! Rents and prices show an upward tendency now, but you must remember that the business of producing houses differs radically from the business of supplying the public with any other necessity; the houses that are being produced for next year's demand will not be consumed next year. They will stand for fifty years. When things are booming and people demand more space, the builders rush to supply it; when things slacken and people draw themselves in, the boom-time houses are still there, standing vacant and driving rents down, probably below costs and expenses."

"Then you would advise me not to buy these apartment houses?" said Yelverton perplexedly.

"I don't say just exactly that, Mr. Yelverton. You propose to continue your account with us?"

"I do."

"If you buy these houses," said the banker, thinking aloud with candor, "it will mean that you will deposit the rents here, if we make ourselves agreeable. You will deposit several hundred thousand dollars per year here. That is very nice business, and we shall welcome it. On the other hand, I do not like to see you face the chance of a catastrophe. In principle, your idea is sound; I think you can save the benefits of it and avoid most of the risk."

"How so?"

"Lease these houses! We have one depositor here who has leased from the owners one hundred and twenty-three apartment houses, with a gross rent of two million dollars per year. He was a house painter, making five dollars per day, when he leased his first house five years ago. That man could sell his leases today for a million dollars, within an hour; and he hasn't got a blessed dollar of his own invested. See if you can't get your houses on long-term leases, with a privilege to purchase. Don't quibble over the proposed purchase price; if the boom gets under way it will sweep prices far beyond what an owner would have the courage to ask today. Leave the bulk of your money where it is, as an anchor to leeward, and be content to take the seventeen or eighteen thousand dollars per year you contemplate saving on management. If prices and rents go up, you buy and make a great deal of money; if they crash, you lose very little."

"That can be done," said Yelverton thoughtfully.

"Certainly. Most owners of real estate are not real-estate experts. Their information is always stale. They are offered a tremendous price for a house when the neighborhood is booming; they are not ready to sell. When that boom is a dead cock in the pit they walk into a real-estate office and say blandly that they are ready to sell now."

"Don't I know it?" grumbled Yelverton, shrugging his shoulders. "I worked for a while as a broker."

"I should not suggest this course to you, Mr. Yelverton," said the banker, "if you were a poor man and unable to make good if the houses go bad on you. I quoted the example of the house painter to show you the possibilities, and not by way of approving his course *in toto*. There are shoestring operators in New York who are leasing houses right and left in expectation of a boom, and who are utterly unable to make good on their leases if rents fall. They propose to hand the houses back to the owners and stand from under. That is dishonest business. But a man is thoroughly entitled to back his judgment when he is prepared to pay the piper. I advise you to go about the matter in this way because rents must fall considerably below the ordinary cost of operating houses before you begin to lose money; you will have saved the customary agents' fees of 3 per cent of the gross; you can buy your coal by the barge; you can hire one superintendent for adjoining houses, and cross-connect boilers; you can hire repair men and decorators by the year. If rents fall below your margin you will take your losses until the readjustment."

"I think I shall go about it in your way. To tie up three hundred thousand dollars in rents I'll need about twenty-five thousand dollars, I imagine."

"About that. A month's rent on each house as security."

Yelverton frowned. "The lawyers say I won't be able to touch the estate's money for two or three months. I wish I could go ahead with the thing right away. Now is the time."

"We'll take care of you, Mr. Yelverton. Look around for your houses, and we'll let you have the money as you need it. We'll let you have twenty-five or thirty thousand on three months' notes."

"That will be excellent!" said Yelverton gratefully.

He left the bank. Mr. Reymerdt pulled his long nose gently and approvingly; it was a frail old nose, but an unsurpassed nose for business; it had secured for the bank what was prospectively a very large account. The money was to be loaned without collateral; but the Riverside Bank lent constantly without collateral. He called his attorneys, told them to get in touch at once with Grayson & Pinkney, and advise him quickly as to the nature of the security offered by the will of Franklin Keese. (Continued on Page 141)

Stacomb

Makes the Hair Stay Combed

For unruly hair—now use STACOMB.

Comb your hair just as you want it with STACOMB, and it stays. Remove the annoyance of loose, untidy strands and insure a neat, attractive hairdress that lasts all day.

Spread but a little on the finger tips when you comb your hair in the morning, but rub that little well into the hair. Then comb, and note the pleasant effect.

No need now, men, to sacrifice a neat personal appearance even though your hair is short and wiry, dry and brittle or soft and fluffy. STACOMB controls all kinds of unruly hair

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Luster is lost when the hair is shampooed or washed because the natural oils of the scalp are washed out. STACOMB restores this luster and leaves the hair soft and pliable so that it is as easy to comb as before. No trouble, then, to keep it in place. Enjoy a more frequent shampoo, men—for the unpleasant after-effects need no longer be tolerated.

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A man's product, yet women prefer it to brilliantines and bandolines because it's more pleasant to use.

An aid to bobbed hair, especially the popular "Egyptian" style. Supplies the necessary gloss and keeps the hair close to the head as the fashion dictates.

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STACOMB is for sale at all drug counters. In tubes (35c) or jars (75c). Men will find the tube a handy convenience for traveling. Demand STACOMB—the original—has never been equaled. In black, yellow and gold packages.

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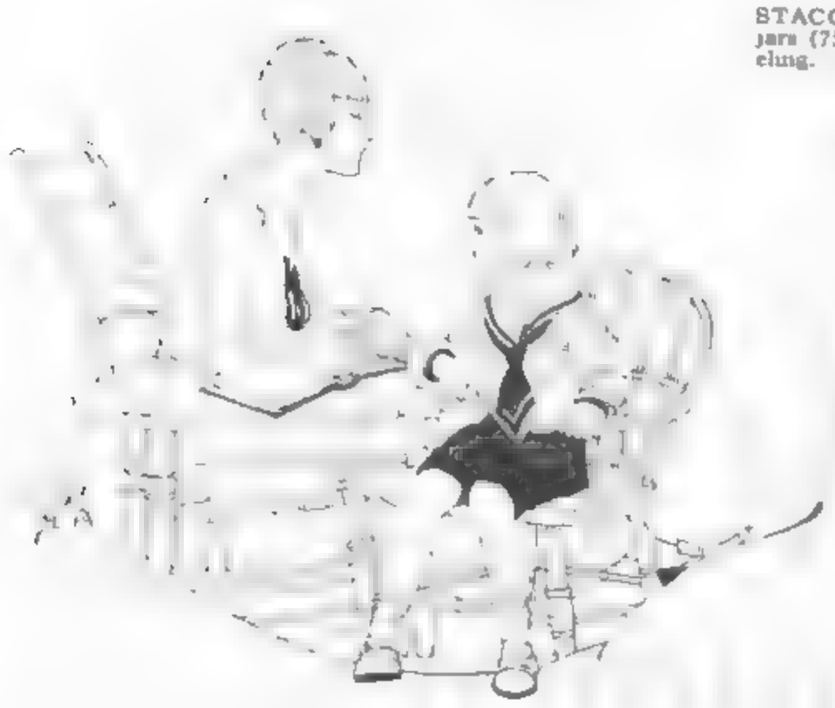

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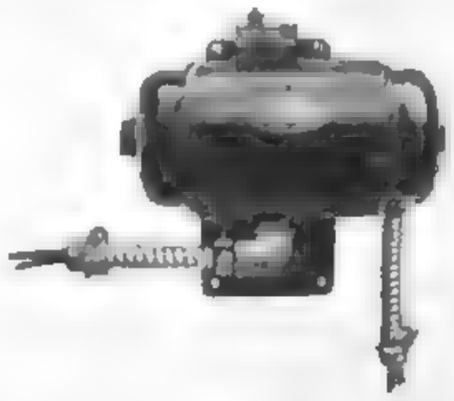
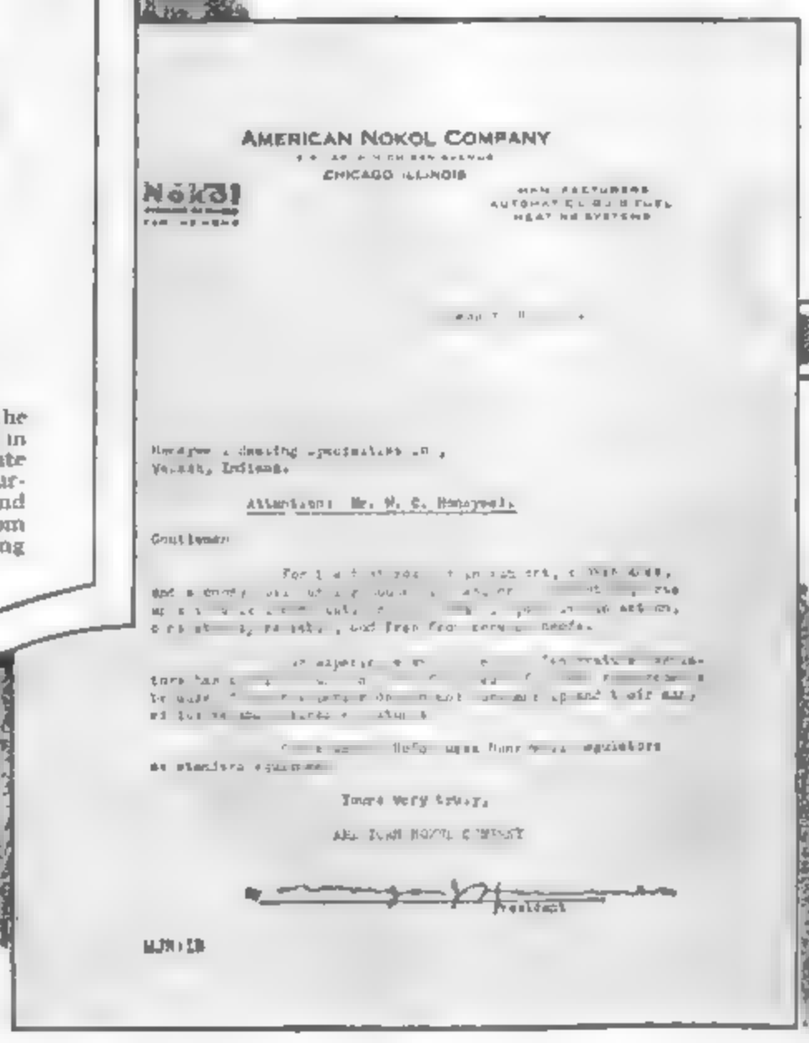


By application of an original principle, the new type Honeywell motor switch, used in conjunction with the thermostat to operate valves and circuits, with alternating current, eliminates contacts, coils, relays and transformers. Simplicity and freedom from service requirements are its outstanding characteristics.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CHICAGO ILLINOIS

Nokol

Attention: Mr. M. C. Honeywell

Gentlemen:

Yours very truly,

Honeywell Regulators Play Vital Part in Household Fuel Problem

The hearty recommendation of Honeywell Regulators by Nokol indicates the superiority of these devices where oil is burned in the domestic heating plant.

By adopting oil burning equipment with its greater convenience, cleanliness and economy, householders in ever increasing numbers are solving a vexatious fuel problem.

With any type of heating plant Honeywell Regulators demonstrate the manifold advantages of automatically controlled heat with equal satisfaction and success whether the fuel be oil, gas or coal.

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The most significant evidence of Honeywell's contribution to the perfecting of oil burning heating plants is the adoption of Honeywell regulators as standard equipment by 22 manufacturers of oil burners.

Honeywell regulators for the automatic control of heat are available for every manufacturer in the oil burning field.

The service of the Honeywell Engineering Department is at their disposal for any special problems that may arise.

The Honeywell Heating Specialties Company, Wabash, Ind.

HONEYWELL
Temperature Regulators

(Continued from Page 138)

Yelverton went around to the office of Mr. Dakin on Amsterdam Avenue. He had not communicated with his employer in five days.

"Good morning, Mr. Dakin," he said.

"Why, good morning, Yelverton. Good morning!" said Dakin with mock courtesy. "It's awfully thoughtful of you to call on us indeed. What can we do for you this morning?" He was in prime humor. He was going to fire Yelverton, very hard.

"I want you to do something for me, Mr. Dakin," said Yelverton. "You know those twin apartment houses up on the Heights—the Northesk and the Southesk? They rent for fifty thousand per year, and they've been offered on net lease. I'd like to get a five years' lease of those houses, with a privilege to purchase."

"Why not?" said Dakin strainedly. He had heard nothing of Yelverton's inheritance, except the original telephone talk, and he had supposed that to be a piece of Yelverton's impudence. "By all means!"

"I am glad that you advise it," said Yelverton. "I think myself that they are very good and promising, but you know better than I. Please negotiate at once for the lease; I shall expect half of the commission, but the deal will still net you something over a thousand dollars."

"It is very kind of you, Yelverton," said Dakin.

He warmed to a dull glow at the idea that Yelverton should expect to run such a cheap and obvious bluff. The glow showed only in his eyes. He would play this fellow, reserving the explosion until Yelverton asked him for a recommendation. A deep and devious rascal was this Yelverton; he should find that Dakin was deeper.

"Oh, not at all, Mr. Dakin," said Yelverton, brightening with pleasure. "We always got along together very nicely, and I'm glad to give you the business. I know you never meant the things you said to me; they were just your way. I could go after these houses myself, but I believe it is better to use a broker. I'll stay on here for a few days if you like, while you're running around."

"That is to say, you'll sit here and take my place while I run my head off around the city," said Dakin. "This is awfully kind of you, Yelverton! So you're going to take over the Northesk and Southesk? Why don't you take a couple more? You can get the Valenciennes and the Valparaiso on net lease for a mere trifle of five thousand dollars."

"You'd advise me to take them?" asked Yelverton thoughtfully.

"Oh, yes!"

"Very well. Go ahead and negotiate for those two also."

"I tell you what, Yelverton," exclaimed Dakin, determined to make this big talker take water, "you ought to take at least a dozen of these houses! You can take a dozen as easily as one. Don't be a piker, Yelverton."

"I will take many more than a dozen," said Yelverton; "but not right away. I will have to spend some time looking around until I am suited. We haven't got to rush this thing, Mr. Dakin. You get busy, and I will stay here in the office for a month or so."

"And meanwhile you will be looking around for something that suits you?" said Dakin.

"Yes, I'll be looking up another office. It would hardly be convenient for me to stay here, and probably you wouldn't want me. I understand that I'd be entirely welcome, and all that sort of thing, but no doubt you'll need the space. Now there's just one thing more. Let me have a letter of recommendation ——"

"Let you have—what?" asked Dakin, putting his head on one side.

"A letter to the Hopper people, that big real-estate office that has charge of the Northesk and Southesk. I'd like access to their records, to see what the houses have been doing. A letter of introduction and recommendation, Mr. Dakin. Make it as strong as you can, saying that I've been with you for a number of years, and that I'm thoroughly reliable and responsible, and you can vouch for me, and anything they care to intrust me with ——"

Yelverton was never quite clear as to what happened next. His memories were confused. He had been engaged, as he apprehended, in a sober and mutually agreeable business conference, and Mr. Dakin had displayed boldness and vision and rather unusual courtesy, when suddenly this same Dakin leaped to his feet with flaming face and shouted. Dakin had then run from behind his desk, and had caught Yelverton by the elbow, and had urged him toward the door. Dakin had opened the door, after three vain snatches at the knob, had urged Yelverton through the doorway, and had slammed the door against his back. He had shouted and gesticulated as Yelverton had gone up the steps.

"What in thunder's the matter with you?" muttered Yelverton, standing on the sidewalk and looking down at his glassed-in employer. "You must be mad! What in the world did I say to him to make him fly at me like that? I'll have to come back and straighten this out when he cools off. He was always a bit queer in his manner, but I never knew him to act like this before."

He shrugged his shoulders mystifiedly, and went off to the Hopper office. He was closeted with Mr. Hopper for two hours, going over the statements of apartment houses that might be had under net leases.

V

YELVERTON sat in the back parlor of the brownstone front on West Ninety-fourth Street that had been the private residence of Franklin Keese—late of the County of New York, deceased. He sat before a combination desk and bookcase of black walnut. Below was the roll-top desk; above was the glass-doored bookcase. Both—or it—had stood undisturbed since Franklin Keese had definitely withdrawn from business and from literature. Yelverton had been excavating in this black-walnut combination. While busying himself dutifully about this task he was impressed with that, on the whole, pleasurable feeling of self-esteem and of guilt which is experienced by licensed robbers of ancient tombs, and by salaried reformers, and by investigating committees who know that their withers are not going to be inadvertently wrung—by all such men as pry from high motives into other men's affairs.

Being concerned more with the enduring fabric of Franklin Keese's business affairs than with the color and texture of a mind that was gone, he had passed cursorily over the books behind their green curtains of sleazy silk. His sentiment for his crotchety uncle was a gratitude and a kindliness, and not an inconsolable yearning. He did not reach up for the eleven black volumes of Reports on Indian Affairs, and turn their stiff pages lovingly, so that the ghost of Franklin Keese might come sensibly nearer; he did not take down any of the tall and handsome yearbooks of the Department of Street Openings; he did not seek sweet and mournful assuagement in the Life of Horace Greeley, or in Our Police Protectors, or from the fourteen odd volumes of the World's Great Literature, or from Medicology for Man and Beast, Dickens' Works Complete in Three Volumes, or Stratagems Against Life Insurance Companies. If, as is to be agreed, a man's choice of books displays him, Franklin Keese had been a man of embracing mentality, and a careful reading of these books must have bodied him forth again—with all his eccentricities, his likings and prejudices, his loneliness so aggravated by suspiciousness, his impulsiveness so chained to shrewdness, his flaring rages and his sullen and mute remorses. But Yelverton had been unable to feel kindly and grateful toward his living uncle; out of no mean spirit, even out of a certain grim respect, he was content now to let him stay put. He stuck to the desk and its documents and filed papers.

At this moment when we are privileged to eavesdrop on him, he had been interrupted in the act of opening a document which he had taken from a pigeonhole. He had been interrupted by a fat and slickly dressed young man named Zweig. Zweig had evidently gotten nothing for his pains; discouragement had touched the dimpled corners of his thick lips and was pressing on his puffy eyelids.

"Look at here, Mr. Yelverton," said Zweig desperately, "I'll give you a thousand dollars cash money for the lease of the Valenciennes! That's an offer. What do you say? Give me a chance to make a dollar, will you? A thousand dollars profit is nice money, Mr. Yelverton. Say yes. Don't be a hog. You ain't money-mad, are you? You got seventeen other houses under lease. A thousand dollars! Now you got my last cent."

"I don't want to sell," said Yelverton wearily. "I took over these leases with the idea of buying the houses if they prove

Don't blame the boiler
Blame the air valve

THERE are mighty few steam heated houses without at least one balky radiator.

Some radiators stubbornly remain cold with a roaring fire in the boiler. Others bang and hammer or constantly hiss and spurt steam and water.

Radiators are capable of many fiendish things. And these annoyances cost money in wasted fuel.

Nine times out of ten the sinner is that little valve at the end of the radiator, put there to let out air so that steam can take its place.

If this valve doesn't operate properly there is constant trouble.

You can easily tame the balkiest radiator that ever made a nightmare of winter. Just change the old valve to a Hoffman No. 1, "The Watchman of the Coal Pile."

Hoffman Valves operate quietly and automatically. They are made to do just one job and to do it better than any other valve in the world—to keep the radiator hot from one end to the other.

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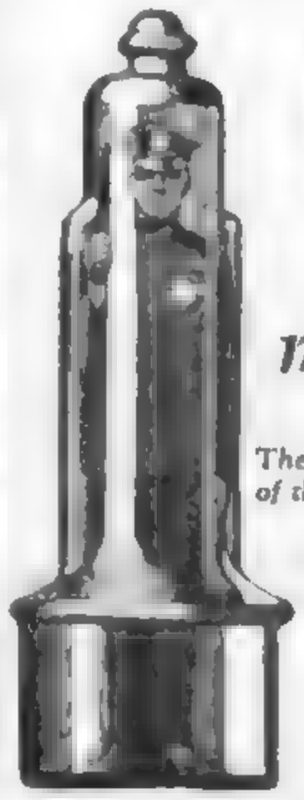

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Enclosed is $2.15, for one No. 1 Hoffman Valve to try on my balkiest radiator. If not satisfied I can return the valve and receive my money back.
Please send me the booklet "More Heat from Less Coal."
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"Ditto Paid for Itself in Two Days,"—

reports the Underwriters' Statistical Bureau of New York. Exceptional? Not at all. Thousands of other progressive concerns save in the same way by eliminating rewriting with Ditto.

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profitable. I can handle the eighteen of them."

"Oh, come off," said Zweig with a comradely smile. "You got a hold of these houses to jack up the rents and pass them. Don't talk to me as if I was a child, Yelverton. I suppose you're not going to boost the rents, eh?"

"I haven't planned to do so."

"You're one fine dumb-bell if you don't," said Zweig, abandoning hope of securing the coveted lease. "I guess you never owned an apartment house. If you did you'd know something. You'd stop talking as if you were running for office. You'd milk these houses for the last dollar, and let the tenants squeal. I know! They're beginning to weep now over the high rents, and gas about profiteering. What about the times before the war, when the tenants were profiteering on the landlords, and bargaining them down, and renting for less than the expenses? The landlord did the weeping then, and he got a fat lot of sympathy. Nobody heard nothing about fair rents in them days. Say, if it wasn't for the war the banks and mortgagees would own all the apartment houses in New York City. I'm telling you! Now it's the tenants' turn to take a beating, and they start to squeal. Before the war the banks were just nursing the landlords along, trying to keep from taking the houses; now it's the tenants' turn to be crucified; and believe me, they're going to get it!"

"Did you own many houses before the war, Mr. Zweig?" asked Yelverton sympathetically. The man was obviously sincere in his vindictiveness.

"Well, no," said Zweig more calmly. "In fact, I didn't own any houses before the war. But I know how things were."

"I can't get your viewpoint, Mr. Zweig," said Yelverton. "Maybe there were tenants before the war who drove very hard bargains, and maybe—as you said before—they are the same people who are making most of the noise now; but I'm not going to take my methods from that sort. If houseroom gets very scarce I'll expect some increase in rent, but I'm not going to forget that I'll need the tenants' good will when the slump comes. They're going to remember that I treated them right."

"You're elected," jeered Zweig, taking his hat. "You'll get your picture in the paper as a model landlord, and after the boom, when your tenants have dumped you, they'll print your name—among the bankruptcies. Not me! I'm going to get mine while the getting's good. They can call me a profiteer and a gouger until they're blue in the face, and I'll just put my thumb to my nose, and I'll say, 'Holler your head off! I got your money!' Good day, Mr. Yelverton."

Yelverton saw him out. He did not like Mr. Zweig, but he was encouraged by Zweig's testimony that Yelverton had employed wisely the month he had spent in accumulating the leases of the eighteen apartment houses. He returned to the desk and opened the document he had taken from the pigeonhole, and went to reading:

In the name of God, Amen ——

"There's a Mr. Dakin wants to see you," said the housekeeper from the doorway.

"Send him in," said Yelverton.

Dakin entered the back parlor.

"Not feeling sore at me, are you, Yelverton?"

"Why, not at all. I did wonder a bit ——"

"You see, Yelverton," said Dakin, sitting down and tilting his head aside and throwing out a hand palm up, "I didn't know you really had all this money. I wouldn't treat you like that if I knew you'd inherited a fortune. Not at all, my dear fellow! I thought you were trying to run a cheap bluff. Honestly, I did. And now I thought the fair thing to do was to come around and meet you man to man and tell you that I was wrong. I was wrong, Yelverton, and I don't mind acknowledging it."

"No hard feelings," said Yelverton, accepting the tendered hand.

"Say, Yelverton, who's going to run those houses for you? How about giving my office a chance? You know us."

"I'm going to run them myself."

"How about giving me a chance to help you, on a salary?" said Dakin, blurting the thing out.

"You mean that you want to work for me?"

Dakin flushed and his eyes brightened, but he went through with it. "Business hasn't been so very good, Yelverton. I ought to be getting my share, now that things are on the boom, but somehow I don't. I don't say there's a conspiracy against me, but it looks darned like it. I knew these big operators when they didn't have a dime, and I knew the big brokers when they were running their shoes off to earn coffee money, and I certainly ought to be in right. I know the real-estate business! But I'm not in right; I'm in wrong, and I can't understand it. I've always done my best, and been fair with everybody, but I find that when people get up in the world they forget you. They take some little excuse to quarrel you might have given them once upon a time. I'm not making living expenses over there on Amsterdam Avenue, Yelverton."

He spoke in a low voice, with his eyes on the carpet. There was nothing of arrogance in his narrow and handsome face; there was pain in it, puzzlement. Yelverton was embarrassed.

"I'd certainly be glad to have you, Mr. Dakin," he said, looking away. "I'll need a good man, and if you can afford to take fifty or so per week ——"

"I won't forget this, Yelverton," said Dakin fervently. He arose, and clasped hands again. "And will you take the lease of the office off my hands too? It's cheap enough. . . . Thanks. And I'll start when you're ready. And thanks again."

Yelverton was again alone with his document. He resumed reading it:

In the name of God, Amen: I, Franklin Keese, of the City, County and State of New York, being of sound and disposing mind and memory, but mindful of the uncertainty of this life, do make, publish and declare this for my Last Will and Testament, hereby canceling and revoking all wills whatsoever heretofore by me made.

Yelverton frowned, and stirred in his chair. He snapped the creases of the document flat, and turned it toward the light. He read on:

I direct that all my just debts and funeral expenses be paid as soon after my decease as may be. All the rest, residue and remainder of my property, of whatsoever nature and wheresoever situated, I give, devise and bequeath to my adopted son, Peter Keese, except that my executors hereinafter named shall pay to my nephew, Edwin Keese Yelverton, who is the son of my deceased sister, Gertrude, the sum of One Dollar.

Yelverton's eyes dropped like a stone, dropped to the date of this calamitous document. It was dated October 10, 1919. It was witnessed and verified on that day. His uncle had been stricken on October thirteenth, and had died on the fifteenth of the same month. The will under which Yelverton had taken was made in the preceding July. He sprang up and went to the head of the stairs in the hall, and shouted for the housekeeper.

"Did I hear you say, Katie, that the furnace man's name was Keegan?"

"Yes, sir. Keegan."

"Do you know where he is?"

"In the cellar, sir. He just came in."

"Send him up here right away!"

The heavy and gingerly tread of the man who tended the furnace was heard on the stairs.

"Is your name James Keegan?" snapped Yelverton.

"It is that, sir."

"Did you sign this paper?"

The furnace man took a look. "I did that, sir."

"Do you know what this paper is?"

"I do that, sir. It's the will of the old gentleman. Old Mr. Keese, God ha' mercy on him."

"Then why in thunder didn't you say something about it?" cried Yelverton fiercely.

"Say something about it, is it, sir?" said Keegan, staring stupidly. "Sure, and ain't it the will? And ain't it yourself, sir, that knows best about it? You that's the heir of everything."

"All right," mumbled Yelverton. "Just a minute! Who is this Sam Watsky? His name is here as a witness, with yours."

"It's the paper man, sir."

"The man who delivers the newspaper?"

"Yes, sir. He do keep around the corner on Columbus Avenue."

Yelverton had left the house before James Keegan arrived again at the slice bar in the cellar. He hurried down the street, and around the corner to Watsky's cigar and stationery establishment. He had to stand around for three mortal minutes while two little girls spent a penny for candy. When the penny had been spent for

(Continued on Page 145)

"With bath, please"

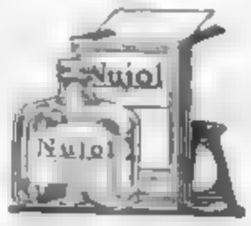
CLEANLINESS! Whether at home or away, almost our chief requirement is the bathtub. In the hotel it is always "with bath, please." And our homes are often built *around* the bathroom. With all this *external* cleanliness—do we at the same time give sufficient attention to that far more important habit, *internal* cleanliness?

What does internal cleanliness mean? It means freedom from clogged intestines—regular and thorough elimination of food waste. Poisons breed in clogged intestines and soon cause such ailments as headaches, bilious attacks and insomnia—each of which takes toll of your health and vitality. As these poisons continue to flood the system, your power of resistance is lowered, and the body becomes prey to serious diseases. In this clogging, say intestinal specialists, lies the primary cause of more than three-quarters of all illness, including the gravest diseases of life.

Thousands of healthy men and women have learned to prevent illness by maintaining internal cleanliness through the regular use of Nujol. Nujol is not a medicine. Nujol prevents intestinal clogging by *lubrication*, the method now employed by medical authorities throughout the world. Nujol lubricates the food waste and thus hastens its passage through the intestine.

Laxatives and cathartics do not overcome intestinal clogging, says a noted authority, but by their continued use tend only to aggravate the condition and often lead to permanent injury. Nujol is not a laxative and cannot cause distress. Like pure water it is harmless. Nujol is prescribed by physicians and is used in leading hospitals.

Get rid of intestinal clogging. Avoid disease by adopting the habit of internal cleanliness. Take Nujol as regularly as you brush your teeth or wash your face. For sale by all druggists.



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For Internal Cleanliness

Faulty Elimination

Everywhere physicians are sounding urgent warnings of the growing menace of faulty elimination. The Health Commissioner of one of our leading cities recently declared that not only serious bodily diseases but many nervous and mental ills are founded on clogged intestines. Too many people are miserable, headaches due to this condition. They are too tired to begin the day, nervous, gloomy and apprehensive. In fact, the continual absorption of poisons from sluggish intestines may cause the breakdown of the entire system and the early waning of youth.

Why Physicians Favor Lubrication

Medical science through knowledge of the intestinal tract gained by X-ray observation has found in *lubrication* a means of overcoming faulty elimination. The gentle lubricant Nujol softens the hard food waste. Thus it enables nature to secure regular, thorough elimination.

Complexion Troubles: Science now knows that poisons from intestinal sluggishness are the chief cause of personal unattractiveness. Carried by the blood they reach every body cell, the millions of cells that compose the skin, the roots of the hair and the eyes. No wonder that through faulty elimination the skin becomes sallow, muddy, roughened, blotched or disfigured with pimples or other blemishes. It is not strange that the hair loses its sheen and the eyes become dull.

Nujol keeps the body free from poisons which are the principal cause of complexion troubles. Nujol is thus the most effective aid to a clear, healthy, lovely skin.

Elderly People: In youth and perfect health the intestine supplies a natural lubricating liquid in sufficient quantity to soften the food waste and hasten its movement. In advanced years this natural lubricant decreases in quantity. Hence the need for something to give assistance. The action of Nujol so closely resembles that of nature's lubricant that it is especially beneficial to those in advanced years.

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Have you ever examined the wheels of your car or the other fellow's? It is time to realize that there is as much difference in wheels as in cars. Here's the way to tell. Look at the spare rim. If the lugs are attached to the rim it is a Hayes Attached-Lug-Rim. It marks a motorist who has all there is to have in wheels.

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Factories: Jackson, Albion, Flint, St. Johns, Michigan; Anderson, Ind., and Nashville, Tenn
Canadian Plant: Hayes Wheel Company Ltd., of Canada; Factories at Chatham and Merritton, Ontario

HAYES WHEELS

WITH ATTACHED LUG RIMS ~ STANDARDIZED IN WOOD, WIRE AND DISC

(Continued from Page 142)

the third and last time, and was beyond the power of the children to recall and spend differently. Yelverton seized on the short and amiable Watsky.

"Did you sign that?" he demanded, laying the paper on the glass candy case and knocking it with the back of his hand.

"Why not?" asked Watsky, shrugging his shoulders

"You did, then, didn't you?"

"Why not?" wailed Watsky, daunted but protesting his innocence. "He asked me I should, gentleman. On the telephone he called me, and he said I should bring it to him a blank for five cents. And he asked me I should sign it."

"Do you know what it is?"

"Do I know what it is? You should ask me such a question yet. I sold it to him, gentleman. It is a will."

"Do you know what's in this will?"

"Say, gentleman, I mind my own business, ain't it? I heard since yet that a fellow called Yulverton gets it all the money, but that ain't my business. I don't ask any man his business. He says, 'This is my will. Sign it, Watsky!' And I signed it. Why not?"

Yelverton caught up the document and left the store. He boarded an express in the Subway, and started downtown for the office of Grayson & Pinkney. He was immobile in his seat in the Subway, and his face was expressionless; he was as calm as despair.

VI

"BE HARD-BOILED!" hissed Mr. Murdock, giving Yelverton a heartening punch in the back. "Don't stand for any calling names or hair-pulling, young fellow. I'll be standing outside, and when I hear you running I will hold open the door." And with that Yelverton ascended to the apartment of Miss Fanny Purcell.

He was grateful for Mr. Murdock's sympathy, though he did not think that the proffered assistance was going to fit in. Murdock had found him dallying in the hall, summoning courage, marshaling phrases. Yelverton's spirits were so low that he had told Mr. Murdock what ailed him; he knew that it was wrong to do so, wrong tactically and morally.

He had to tell Fanny that it was all off. He couldn't marry her now; it would be insane. He would explain his changed circumstances to her in a calm and logical way; she was an eminently sensible girl. He would be strong; he would be inexorable; he would tell her that they must forget. Happy days were in store for her yet. She would choose among her slews of other admirers some noble and handsome fellow who could take care of her. A day would come when they would both look back with thankfulness to the strength and inexorableness which Yelverton was showing.

Fanny opened the door; she had come running down the interior hall.

"Edwin!" she said, kissing him fervently.

He had never seen her so beautiful. Fanny, indeed, had never been so beautiful. She was happy in the present, and blissfully contented with the future. There are matter-of-fact men who assemble innocent girls for beauty contests and weigh them and measure them and snapshot them and choose one of them and say, "Behold her! This is the most beautiful girl in America. To recompense her she shall be painted in oils, and shall have her picture on every jar of Dingbat's Complexion Mud, and shall write a glowing testimonial!" But this is all wrong. A girl's beauty is a spiritual thing, and it cannot be weighed or measured like ectoplasm, and it can be snapshot only inadequately. To see a girl's beauty one must look into her eyes; it is back there somewhere. Anatomists or stonecutters may get a delicious thrill out of measuring noses and counting toes, but lovers—and what is love but perception of beauty?—gaze into each other's eyes. In Fanny's eyes was sunshine; Yelverton looked, and saw how beautiful she was; but he hardened his heart. He was to be strong, inexorable, dispassionate, convincing.

"Fanny," he said, when they were sitting in the living room, and when her eyes had already darkened with doubt, "we have made a terrible mistake. We cannot get married, Fanny."

"E-Edwin," she said.

"I have no money, Fanny. That's where I made the first mistake. Yesterday a new will was found, a later will. It gives me nothing. It takes everything away. The entire estate goes to Peter Keese. The will is quite correct in form, and the lawyers tell me there is no use to contest it. I haven't a dollar—and worse—I am head over heels in debt. I owe the Riverside Bank twenty-five thousand dollars that I borrowed on the strength of inheriting my uncle's estate; I can't make this money good. I didn't intend to cheat them, and I'll turn over to them everything I got, and it leaves me without a dollar to bless myself with. I haven't even got a job; I don't know where ——"

"Edwin!" she cried, clasping his arm. "What do we care about the money? We can work together, and "

"No, Fanny," he said with cold wisdom. "That sort of thing would never do. We are not children, Fanny, and we must not close our eyes to the facts of life. No man is entitled to marry who cannot support a wife. I do not ask you to wait, Fanny."

"You mean this, Edwin?" she said, drawing back from him. "You don't want to marry me, Edwin?"

"Not under the circumstances, Fanny," he said with quivering but inexorable lips. "It would be prime foolishness. Can't you see?"

She opened her mouth and drew a single sigh. She sat looking fixedly at the radiator, quite calm and composed. A single tear slipped over her lower lid and ran down her cheek. She did not heed it; he disregarded it resolutely.

"Very well, Edwin, dear," she said slowly

"Can't you see, Fanny, that I am thinking for us both?" he said urgently, taking her limp hand pleadingly. "I'm a man, Fanny, and I know the world."

"I see," she said, moving her head slowly. "I see, Edwin. All right, dear. We won't be married"

Her gaze did not shift from the radiator; her face stayed as still as though she were daydreaming, but the tears were flowing steadily now. She let them go; perhaps she did not know they were flowing. She did not seek to wink them away.

"Some day, perhaps, Fanny," he bargained, and was angry at himself for saying it. He was holding her hand with one hand and patting her shoulder with the other. "I'll build up again, Fanny. There's nothing to cry about. Don't cry, Fanny."

"No, Edwin," she said, moving her head. "It's all over, Edwin. We will never be married." And the unheeded tears ran on.

"Nonsense!" he said strongly, almost inexorably. And his arm went around her waist of its own motion. "We will be married, Fanny; some day, that is. What does the money amount to? I'll work, Fanny; I'll work till I drop. I'll work day and night, Fanny; and very soon—very, very soon ——"

"No," she said. "No."

"Please, Fanny," he begged, drawing her dark head down on his shoulder and kissing the tears away—"please don't let this make any difference between us. Please say that you won't leave me, Fanny. When we get married everything will turn out fine. I'm sure of that; I feel it; trust me, Fanny, just this once. Let us get married, and everything else will take care of itself. Don't you love me any more, Fanny? Not the least little bit? Just because I lost my miserable money, are you going to ——"

"Edwin!" she cried, sobbing now; and she turned her face, and they kissed on the lips.

Mr. Murdock waited faithfully by the street door, waited for Yelverton to come a-running; he was a good fellow, and he wouldn't dump a pal. After a while he decided to go upstairs and scout around; something might have happened to the young fellow. He tiptoed upstairs and listened; he heard the murmur of voices behind the door, voices suppressing boisterous gladness. Then he heard a sound that should have been unmistakable, a sound that is heard nightly at ten thousand apartment-house doors in the city of New York, a sound that is familiar to every hardened flat dweller; and he said, "Sounds like a cow pulling her foot out of the mud!" But he must have known it wasn't that. He tiptoed down again and entered his apartment. His deal with Yelverton was off. Mrs. Murdock popped out of the kitchen; he kissed her abstractedly, and thought to go his way.

"At this time of day!" she said suspectfully. "Where did you get it? You come back here this minute, Harold Murdock!"

Yelverton came downstairs and headed for the Riverside Bank. He was trembling

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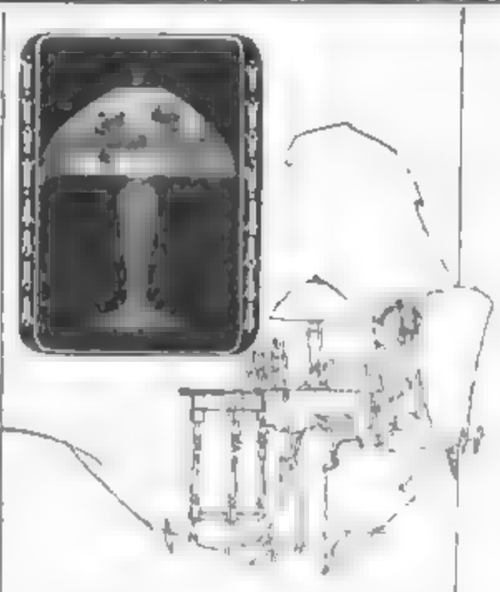

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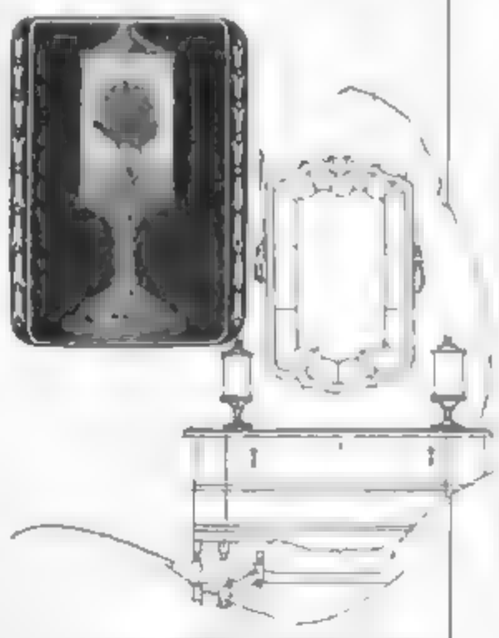

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slightly, worried but smiling. His thoughts were not consecutive or logical, and he could not make them so. He was going downtown that afternoon with Fanny to get the license, and that was a reprehensible thing to do. Very well, let it be so; he was glad of it. He would marry Fanny in the teeth of all the landlords and butchers and bakers and clothiers in New York. If difficulties rose up in mountains, he would move them.

"Mr. Reymerdt," he said hardily, "a new will has been discovered whereby I am disinherited. I'm sorry for both of us, but I don't get Franklin Keese's money. I'm here to do what I can to square myself. Here are the eighteen leases of the apartment houses; let me have a pen and I'll assign them over to the bank. I want you to give me time to make up any loss the bank incurs. What name shall I write in here, Mr. Reymerdt?"

"Just a moment, Mr. Yelverton," said the banker, fluttering his hands placatingly. "Please don't do a thing like this to me, Mr. Yelverton. Have some consideration, will you?" It was not a warm day, but Mr. Reymerdt passed a hand over his ivory forehead as though sweat was starting there.

"How shall I do it?" asked Yelverton.

"I've been calling you all over, to get you in here," said Mr. Reymerdt.

"I know it, sir, and I know just what you want, and what you're entitled to. I guessed that you had heard of the new will, so I brought the leases along. What name, Mr. Reymerdt?"

Mr. Reymerdt drew the leases toward him. "What do you suppose the bank wants with these things, Mr. Yelverton?" he said almost pleadingly. "Are we to go into the business of managing eighteen apartment houses? Do you expect me to go before my board of directors next Wednesday and tell them that I've taken over the management of eighteen apartment houses? Do you know what they'd tell me? Is this institution a bank or a real-estate agency? I beg of you, Mr. Yelverton, to do nothing hasty. We are not pressing you for our money, are we?"

"What do you want me to do?" said Yelverton.

"Proceed as you were going! I should not have lent you the money if I did not think it was a good business venture apart from the security. Pay us off as fast as you can. We won't protest your notes when due, so long as you can pay us something on account. We must work this thing out together, for the best interests of us both. Why, heavens above, man ——"

Mr. Reymerdt threw the leases on his desk, struck them away from him with the side of his hand, turned and frowned at Yelverton reprovingly.

"You—you want things to go on as planned—just as if I had Franklin Keese's fortune behind me? But I can't make good on these leases if the rents fall, Mr. Reymerdt. You remember you said ——"

"We'll cross that bridge when we come to it," said Mr. Reymerdt. "You entered into these contracts in good faith, did you not? And besides, perhaps ——" He was running down one of the instruments. "What's your lawyers' name again?"

"Grayson & Pinkney."

"They know their business. Listen to this clause, referring to the deposit of security in the event that you break your contract: 'And said sum so deposited shall be retained by the lessor as liquidated damages.' There it is. Liquidated damages! The lessor has agreed that his damage in the event of a breach shall be the amount of the deposit. You are morally entitled to let him have it and to walk away."

"I shall certainly be very glad to continue with the houses," said Yelverton, incredulous of his good fortune.

"We shall have a collateral instrument prepared," said the banker, "and it shall provide that you must deposit the rents here as you collect them. Our notes shall be a first lien upon those rents; you'll take in as rent about twenty-five thousand dollars per month. We will not foreclose our lien so long as you observe good business practice and so long as we are convinced that our money is safe. You may check against the deposited rents to pay your bills and to pay the sums due monthly to your lessors. If you wish to draw money for personal expenses we shall ask you to limit the amount rigidly until we are taken care of; I should suggest that you do not draw over a hundred per week. In a word, you may proceed as you originally contemplated, except that you must permit us to supervise."

"I do not know how to thank you for this, Mr. Reymerdt," said Yelverton shakily. "You don't know what it means to me, Mr. Reymerdt."

"Yes, I do, too," said the banker, smiling. "It means that you'll be a wealthy man if the boom keeps up. I'm glad of it, my boy. You'll be a more valuable client for the bank. We wouldn't last long in this business if we tried to strip a client when we caught him short. Our business is banking. No, that isn't the door. Pull yourself together a bit or the people outside will think I've called your notes, and that will be bad for your credit. Good luck!"

Yelverton left the president's office and passed from the Riverside Bank. A man who stood beside the entrance bowed to him courteously; Yelverton stopped and shook hands and asked how the man found business and how everything was, not noticing that the man was the doorman, although he wore a suit of Continental blue and buttons that glittered. Yelverton went over to Amsterdam Avenue and to the office that had been Dakin's; he was to meet Fanny in an hour, and he could not waste that hour. Dakin was in the office, ransacking his desk.

"Hello, Mr. Dakin!" cried Yelverton gladly. "How's every little thing? We're getting under way here, what? Say, Mr. Dakin, we are going to jump right in here and ——"

"Who's going to jump right in, Yelverton?"

"I mean that we want to take hold of those houses and pep them up. I've gotten away from things in the last couple of days, but now ——"

"Say, Yelverton," cut in Dakin, "do you think I don't know you've lost your money? In fact, you never had any. Don't think you can pull the wool over my eyes. You may be deep, but I'm deeper."

"But really—you see, it's this way. I haven't got any money, but ——"

"Oh, yes, yes; yes," chuckled Dakin, rolling in his chair. "Tell me all about it, won't you? Give me another ghost story. Yelverton, I've got something to say to you, and I don't give a darn whether you like it or not. When I have anything to say I say it! I say it right out, and don't go around plotting and planning to put jobs up on people. Wait, wait! You took a very mean advantage of me, Yelverton, and got a hold of me when I was in a little difficulty, and bamboozled me into agreeing to go to work for you. You told me a pack of lies; don't try to deny it! You wanted to get me and put me on a starvation salary, and grind me down, and pay me out for some utterly baseless spite you have against me. Say, Yelverton, I can read you like a book. Let me tell you that you can't get me for any fifty dollars per week, and never could. I was just amusing myself with you, Yelverton, playing with you. It will be a cold day when I take any fifty per week off a man like you. I have money enough of my own, and what I haven't got I can get from Mrs. Dakin—Mrs. Comiskey that was. Say, Yelverton, if I hadn't just been married today and wasn't starting on my honeymoon —— Say, Yelverton, I'd put my hands on you. Not a word! I know what you're thinking about; I can see right into your head. You're sore because I've told you the truth, and you'd like to kick me right out that door!"

"You're dead right!" said Yelverton, opening and closing his hands. "And I'm going to do it, too, if you're here in just one minute by that clock!"

Dakin walked out within the minute. He wasn't cowed; he gave Yelverton look for look until the last. He was a just man who was being put upon, wronged, tricked.

"And the funniest part of it, Fanny," said Yelverton as they left the marriage-license bureau, "is that I could have done all this any time. I was convinced right along that there was a fortune to be made in leasing apartment houses just now, and I could have started in and built the thing up. I could have raised enough to make a start. But somehow or other I was afraid of my life to make a start. I could think about it and see it all as plain as day, but I didn't have the nerve. And I certainly could have married you any time, and ——"

"Excuse me, Edwin!" said Fanny politely but not at all cordially.

"Well, of course, what I mean by that, Fanny—you understand ——"

"Oh, yes, of course, Edwin, when you put it that way," she said, caressing his hand and looking up at him.

A Tooth Paste that Helps the *Natural* Cleaning Processes of the Mouth

Temporary cleaning cannot keep back decay unless the mouth glands are protecting the teeth

Even though you brush your teeth thoroughly several times a day, you cannot keep back the chief cause of decay—the mouth acids.

These acids are forming all of the time. Unless they are neutralized they slowly eat into the enamel.

The alkaline fluids from the mouth glands should flow so freely that they would neutralize the acids as fast as they form. This would give your teeth constant, sure protection.

But the mouth glands have become so weak they no longer send forth enough fluids to neutralize the acids, because our present diet does not exercise the glands the way tough foods did.

As a consequence, instead of being washed all day by the alkaline fluids of the mouth—our teeth are today immersed in an acid bath.

In addition to cleansing the teeth thoroughly

You can gently stimulate the glands to return to their natural protective work by using Pebeco. In addition to cleaning the teeth thoroughly, Pebeco has an invigorating effect on these very processes that have slowed down.

As soon as Pebeco enters the mouth, the fluids from the salivary glands begin to flow more freely.

These alkaline fluids pour through the mouth in between the teeth where the toothbrush cannot reach.

They wash away small particles and, what is more important, they neutralize the acids as fast as they form.

Pebeco leaves your whole mouth in a healthy, tingling condition—your gums, your palate—the entire oral cavity. Some physicians say its tonic effect extends even to the tonsils.

Pebeco is manufactured only by Lehn & Fink, Inc. 50c at all druggists.

Photographs by Alexander A. Brown

Nothing is more attractive — nothing is more indicative of good breeding—nothing is more vital to your health—than sound, shining teeth. Pebeco cleans your teeth thoroughly. It leaves your mouth in an invigorated, revitalized condition. It keeps the entire mouth cavity healthy and self-protecting and with proper dental attention — will preserve your teeth — strong, white and beautiful.

Free Offer

Send coupon today for free sample tube

LEHN & FINK, Inc.,
Dept. E-2 635 Greenwich Street, New York, N. Y

Send me free your new large sized sample tube of Pebeco and your booklet which explains the importance of the mouth glands in keeping the mouth healthy and the teeth white and strong

Name

Address

Why the Remington Cash Register is so Welcome to the Merchants of America

IT'S the exceptional merchant who is not hearing a good bit about the Remington Cash Register these days.

In all cash register history, there is no success that equals the quick and eager acceptance of the Remington Cash Register.

There are many reasons for this.

Remington has developed the cash register idea to meet the needs of storekeeping as it is done *today*.

Remington has the confidence of the merchants of this country.

For 108 years Remington products have been before the American merchant and his customers. For 108 years Remington has demonstrated its standards in fine mechanism, and its ability to put these standards to practical work.

Remington's financial resources are known to be more than adequate for all the operations of designing, producing, marketing and servicing a cash register business.

It is known, too, that Remington has never yet embarked on an enterprise without the intention and ability to carry it *all the way through*.

* * *

Remington Cash Registers are supplied with 65 different keyboards, and in sizes to suit every individual store requirement.

At your service are 80 Remington Cash Register Offices—*see the list at the right*.

Call on the nearest Office for a demonstration of the Remington Cash Register that fits the selling operations of your store *today*.

REMINGTON CASH REGISTER CO., Inc.
Factory and General Sales Office, Ilion, N. Y.
Subsidiary of REMINGTON ARMS COMPANY, Inc.
25 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

Remington Cash Register Offices throughout the United States

Akron, Ohio
Albany, N. Y.
Atlanta, Ga.
Baltimore, Md.
Binghamton, N. Y.
Birmingham, Ala.
Boston, Mass.
Bridgeport, Conn.
Brooklyn, N. Y.
Buffalo, N. Y.
Charlotte, N. C.
Chicago, Ill.
Cincinnati, Ohio
Cleveland, Ohio
Columbus, Ohio
Dallas, Tex.
Davenport, Ia.
Denver, Colo.
Des Moines, Ia.
Detroit, Mich.
E. St. Louis, Ill.
Fargo, N. D.
Fort Worth, Tex.
Fresno, Calif.
Grand Rapids, Mich.
Harrisburg, Pa.
Hartford, Conn.
Houston, Tex.
Indianapolis, Ind.
Jacksonville, Fla.
Jersey City, N. J.
Kansas City, Mo.
Lansing, Mich.
Little Rock, Ark.
Los Angeles, Calif.
Louisville, Ky.
Madison, Wis.
Memphis, Tenn.
Miami, Fla.
Milwaukee, Wis.
Minneapolis, Minn.
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Pittsburgh, Pa.
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Portland, Ore.
Providence, R. I.
Reading, Pa.
Rochester, N. Y.
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San Antonio, Tex.
San Diego, Calif.
San Francisco, Calif.
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Sioux City, Ia.
Spokane, Wash.
Springfield, Mass.
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St. Louis, Mo.
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Tacoma, Wash.
Tampa, Fla.
Toledo, Ohio
Trenton, N. J.
Utica, N. Y.
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Wichita, Kan.
Wilkes-Barre, Pa.
Wilmington, Del.
Yonkers, N. Y.
Youngstown, Ohio

Remington Cash Register

The New and Better Cash Register

--made by the makers of the celebrated

Remington Arms, Ammunition and Pocket Cutlery

THE SELF-SUPPORTING STUDENT

(Continued from Page 15)

by selling things to each other. Clothing, tailoring and laundry service, stationery, fountain pens, typewriters, books, newspapers and periodicals, pipes, athletic supplies, jewelry, college and fraternity emblems, radio and phonograph records—these are the commonest of campus demands that the agent supplies. There is a legend that a student once made $200 on Easter sales of flowers.

A fellow in Hiram College in Ohio found that his best bet was the agency for a loose-leaf notebook, though he confessed to a thriving side line in rubber trousers belts. A lad in Parsons College in Iowa became an agent for an accident insurance company and began his career logically with the members of the football team.

But the student capacity to buy is, after all, limited; so the agent breaks out of the classic ivy-covered walls and ravages the countryside, soliciting for insurance, bonds and subscriptions. He sells tickets, maps, hair tonics, war photographs, cooking utensils, coffee, sheet music and coal. Anyone living in the environs of a university does so at his own risk. A Pennsylvania student once made as high as forty dollars a week soliciting trade for correspondence schools. A colored student in Morgan College annihilated his board bill for years by the sale of Bibles.

There is lots of chicken feed to be garnered by those having the gift of salesmanship, and the thing has, for the student, the advantage of elastic hours. Cooperation frequently solves the time problem in enterprises of magnitude. The Students Tea Company at Harvard, for example, had five or six members who divided the work of soliciting orders and delivering the makings of Boston tea parties.

But there are literally thousands of students who, instead of working for somebody else, conduct businesses of their own. Unlike the proletarian waiter or the middleman book agent, they are small capitalists, little corporals of industry. Their enterprises are of infinite variety, sometimes quite profitable and sometimes entirely disastrous. Food stands and routes play a heavy rôle, and the gathering and sale of farm produce and wood is important in those colleges which are located in rural districts.

Composite Motor Cars

Buying furniture from seniors and reselling it to the fall crop of green freshmen is, of course, a venerable institution. Secondhand clothing also comes in strong and sometimes there is a brisk business in renting dress suits. Running a truck or taxi is not uncommon, and many fellows have gone to college with little capital but an antique flivver. As a pleasant reminder of old times, a Texas fellow was recently earning his way by the sale of milk from his own two cows, which he kept in a pasture near the campus. This is an idea which cannot be recommended for the prospective student at Columbia, Pennsylvania or Chicago. Another Texas student made seventy-five cents an hour in his own furniture shop, while in Idaho a boy occupied his spare time in repairing fishing tackle and making trout flies.

Two men in Syracuse University, not satisfied with a commonplace laundry agency, went a step farther. They rented a basement, hired two colored women and ran a laundry of their own for student trade.

Making composite automobiles is a pleasant substitute for tea parties at Stevens Institute of Technology. In a typical instance a homemade bench, with forge, anvil and tools all complete, was fitted up at a cost of about $100. Salvaged motors were bought for $100 and upward. Other parts were found in junk shops or bought new, chassis frames were made, bodies built or bought secondhand. Altogether it was found possible to make a profit of $300 on a car and it was said that a fair workman could make three or four cars a year.

Getting up programs and directories is a frequent source of revenue, and running an information bureau on boarding and rooming places sometimes works. An industry that has attained great importance is that of hiring a field and renting parking space for games. Among other enterprises that have come to the writer's attention are such varied ones as running a moving-picture theater, mending shoes, sharpening razor blades, doctoring sick fountain pens, hunting and selling game, running a literary bureau for the sale of student writings to periodicals, dealing in stamp collections, having a secondhand bookstore and being a broker.

A University of Missouri senior took the advertising-blotter route to affluence—large desk blotters given away to students, with paid advertisements printed upon them. In less than two weeks he cleaned up $300, whereupon this incipient capitalist proceeded through friends to extend the plan to other colleges. That fellow is the raw material of which business men are made.

Five Amherst students formed a partnership and ran a dance every Saturday night in a rented hall, clearing sometimes twenty dollars apiece in a single evening. That Princeton fellow who conceived the idea of the orange buttons with the word "Beat Yale" made a big clean-up. So did the Yale fellow who had cigarettes made with the victorious score of the game printed on them when the Tiger team failed to carry out the above injunction.

Two Massachusetts men took advantage of a government auction sale, made a bid for 250 raincoats, sold them to retailers and profiteered to the extent of $250 on their combined capital of nothing whatever.

Good From Evil

Once a student made fifty dollars a week by raising guinea pigs and other animals used for experimental purposes. He must have liked his job, for he is now president of a large animal supply house. A husky Allegheny College man earned his board and tuition and $1000 a year besides by catching earthworms for fishermen and reptiles for laboratories. His most lucrative contribution to science was a low form of Pennsylvania life known as the hellbender, which creature he extracted from river mud in large quantities and sold to institutions for $7.50 a dozen. One can easily credit the claim that he had a complete monopoly of the hellbender trade. He was, you might say, the Hellbender King.

Positions that are within the gift of the college authorities or of student organizations constitute a large and important class. The university store needs help, so does the library. There are textbook agencies to hand out, office filing work, Y. M. C. A., religious and social service work, extension courses. At Yale, in a typical year, twenty-three students earned $645 each in four months at odd jobs of clerical work for the university offices. The business boards of publications provide an honest livelihood; there is work in the gymnasiums, in hospitals and in laboratories, in the management of the glee club, in campus policing, in ushering at college functions. There are scholarships and prize contests in large and increasing numbers. A great many students find lucrative work as secretaries to members of the faculties. In some places the management of shoe-shine and pressing shops is a privilege within the gift of the institution.

An Amherst student earned about $100 a year as monitor, his chief function being to keep tabs on student attendance at church and chapel and to mark down delinquents.

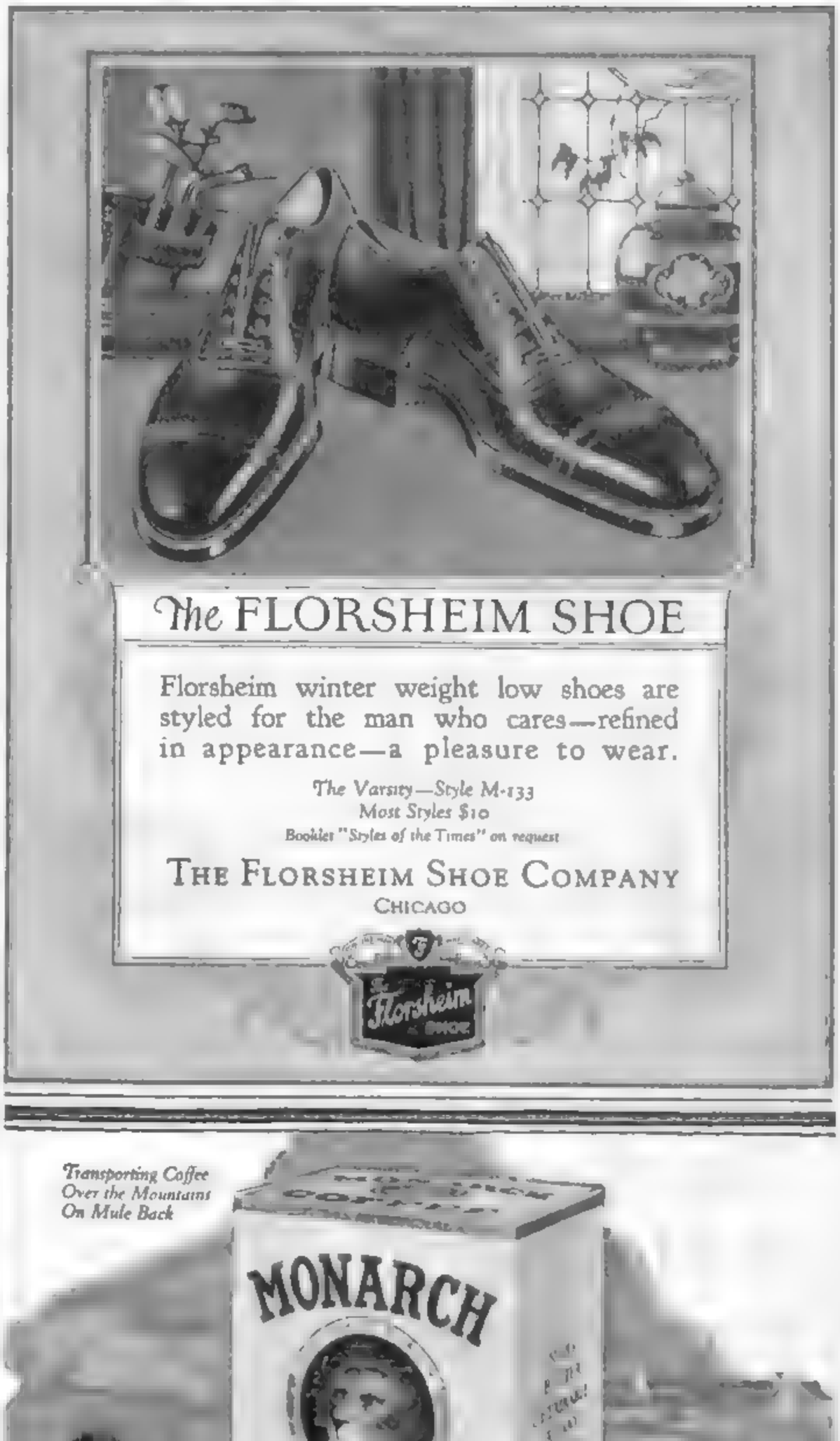
"Thus," he said, "I derived good from evil."

Princeton upper classmen prize highly the privilege of publishing the undergraduate directory, an enterprise which may bring $100 to each participant without undue expenditure of time.

The right to sell food, cigarettes and felt seats at games is a valuable concession. In Princeton a student sometimes makes as much as $100 on the day of the Harvard or Yale game, when the old grads come back with their pockets full of resources. Once two fellows with the cushion concession hired thirty-five high-school boys on commission and cleared $300 on the day's work.

It was another Princeton man who got the privilege of handling the telegraphic returns from the Yale Bowl. An admission fee of thirty-five cents was charged to his hall, the telegrams were read off play by play, and a blackboard chart showed the progress of the ball. The four hours' job brought a net profit of $117.

Such college privileges are awarded for some special consideration of merit to worthy and industrious students. Organizations are apt to be especially considerate


The FLORSHEIM SHOE

Florsheim winter weight low shoes are styled for the man who cares—refined in appearance—a pleasure to wear.

The Varsity—Style M-133
Most Styles $10
Booklet "Styles of the Times" on request

THE FLORSHEIM SHOE COMPANY
CHICAGO

COFFEE
TEA
COCOA
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SALAD
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FRUITS
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VEGETABLES

MONARCH
America's Favorite
QUALITY

Our Monarch Coffee comes to you in sanitary 1 and 3 pound containers under 4 seals. *It is never sold in bulk.* To be sure of getting genuine Monarch Coffee, always look for the Monarch Trademark and the name, Reid, Murdoch & Co., on every package.

REID, MURDOCH & CO.
Established 1853
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SALESMEN WANTED For Atlantic Coast States. Men with retail grocery experience apply at once to Reid, Murdoch & Co., 882 Third Ave. (Bush Terminal) Brooklyn, N. Y.

"THE ROLL OF HONOR"

U. S. Rolls are popularly priced.
Hear latest "hits" at your dealer's.

UNITED STATES MUSIC COMPANY
2934-38 W. Lake St., Chicago 122 Fifth Ave., New York

U S THE BEST PLAYER MUSIC ROLLS

Buy a Player – Enjoy the Latest Music!

This Business of Making Extra Money

To most of us it's a big problem, isn't it—this business of making more money than comes in the regular pay envelope? Of the various plans which present themselves, most of them seem to fit "the other fellow." Years ago, however, we developed a cash plan which has paid hundreds of thousands of dollars to ambitious men and women all over the country. Briefly, here it is:

Where You Come In

Millions of people read regularly *The Saturday Evening Post, The Ladies' Home Journal* and *The Country Gentleman*. Just for forwarding the renewal subscriptions of those readers who buy by subscription, and new orders as well, literally hundreds of our local workers are making, in their spare time—

$5.00 to $25.00 a Week

And bear in mind that we offer *extra* money; money earned by plans which in no way conflict with other regular sources of income; money which, in a majority of cases, is earned without previous experience. Is there any reason why *you* shouldn't pocket the extra dollars that are waiting, no doubt within a short walk of your home? If there *isn't* any reason, tell us—tell us if there *is* (we may yet be able to help you)—but tell us *now*.

After more than forty years' experience in a railroad office, Mr. Fred W. Hutchinson of Pennsylvania has retired but not to a life of leisure. Rather is he spending much of his spare time representing our publications. Only recently we paid him $14.50 extra within three days.

This Coupon Will Bring the Money-Making Facts

The Curtis Publishing Company
674 Independence Square, Philadelphia Pennsylvania

Gentlemen: Please tell me, though I assume no obligation in asking, about your extra-money offer.

Name _____
Street _____
City _____ State _____

of the needs of good athletes—perhaps excessively so. The temptation to vote a good job to a worthy halfback, or an earnest young pitcher who has little money but who has a fine break on his fast one, is not easily resisted. This raises the question of professionalism and the counterquestion, "Should a fellow be barred from athletics because he is poor?" From this complicated problem we back gracefully away and fall into the large field of the exploitation of personal talents, of artistic and intellectual skill.

This is perhaps the most interesting class of all. The activities are the most varied, the most educative, the most likely to lead to a permanent career.

The humble typewriter is the source of at least partial livelihood for thousands of American students. There is great demand from both students and faculty for copying, and preference is always given to undergraduates.

A member of the A. E. F., after settling his little affair with the Kaiser, entered Pennsylvania with sixty dollars, which was promptly removed from his person for tuition and sundries. He then borrowed ten dollars to pay an installment on a typewriter. He made four dollars the first week, six dollars the second, and by the end of the month he was hiring a slave to help him take care of the business. A University of Missouri fellow paid his entire way through college with stenography and typewriting. A Johns Hopkins student found it profitable to own a mimeograph and sell copies of notes, lectures and treatises.

The man who is especially good at photography can also win a happy home for himself in the halls of learning. He can make snapshots of everything in sight for the sale of pictures and post cards and he can also take in developing and printing for his fellow camera fiends. In Kenyon College in Ohio there was a tall, lanky fellow, locally known as Foty, who made all his tuition and much of his board and keep by taking pictures of near-by beauty spots and by doing expert photographic work for the science departments of the college.

Then there is tutoring, a most fruitful source of bread and butter. There are always slow-moving vehicles on the road to knowledge who will pay to catch up with the parade, and the teacher, at least, benefits by the performance. Along about examination time this becomes a most important trade. The tutor then becomes a knowledge filling station—sometimes, it must be admitted, a first aid to the indolent. Cases have been known in which, by gathering the backward peoples into little bunches and soaking them in information, the tutor has made as much as thirty dollars an hour in the height of the cramming season.

Money in Vanity Cases

Two men in a New England college, which shall here be nameless, worked out an ingenious variation of the tutoring idea. One partner, now safely graduated, describes the disgraceful affair as follows:

"Happily, when my funds became low I fell in with a fellow who had the *savoir-faire* and likewise the *bel-esprit*. He could draw the long bow with the most poignant precision. We linked ideas and sought a market. In collaboration we worked out a set of standard essays on a variety of unpopular topics and retailed them hither and yon to brethren of the classroom possessed of both scholastic indolence and financial solvency—young gentlemen who readily admitted that they could think, but just couldn't put it on paper. By deft variation of the standard thesis we were prepared to turn out any sort of essay or paper on short notice, and the business produced a highly gratifying revenue."

This muckraker makes other damaging disclosures.

"There's a sort of Wall Street," he says, "through every cloistered quadrangle. I recall with guileless admiration the immaculate *modus operandi* of two upper classmen magnates who, under the very shadow of the chapel tower, sold hatfuls of chances on everything from fraternity jewelry—vanity cases for mother always went like hot cakes—to railroad transportation to varsity games. The proceeds of the raffle always exceeded the outlay on subject matter by about 50 per cent. The game was always good because it appealed to the venturesome element so richly veined in adventurous youth."

He also mentions collateral loans to the needy, pending the arrival of the allowance, at "gentlemanly interest of 10 per cent to 100 per cent, depending upon what the traffic would bear."

The tutor, like the agent, also goes outside the college walls for nourishment. Instances come to mind of students teaching music, boxing, swimming, bicycle riding, horseback riding and dancing. Indeed, instruction in dancing furnishes a classic example of earning one's way through college and then some. A student in Georgia Tech uncovered such a capacity for this art that by his sophomore year his dancing classes were bringing him an income of $15,000 a year. The talent which he utilized to pay his way through college is now quite handsomely paying his way through life.

Teaching English to foreigners is a favorite method in the colleges of New York City, where the raw material for that industry is so plentiful. A Birmingham-Southern undergraduate ran a little private night school with an enrollment of three Greeks. These Greeks bore gifts to the amount of fifteen dollars each a week.

The good musician can always strike currency. Playing for dances and theaters is probably the surest way to get the muse on the pay roll. Students report earnings of twenty dollars a week and upward from this source. When the saxophone first burst upon an already troubled world, good players were scarce and commercially valuable.

College Journalism

A Princeton man got seventy-five dollars a year for singing in the chapel choir. Encouraged by his musical success, he organized a barnstorming jazz orchestra to play in the neighboring towns. After a busy month or so he found himself with a net profit of one dollar, so he quit being an impresario and took back his old job as a waiter.

Students for the ministry get opportunities to fill pulpits in the neighborhood of the college. These men often earn their entire expenses in this way, and many of them support families besides.

A Wesleyan man made three or four dollars an hour handling correspondence for business firms in French, Spanish and Portuguese. An advertisement in the Sunday papers also brought him pleasant and easy work as escort for lonely ladies to theaters, dances and concerts.

Drawing and painting sometimes coax an elusive dollar from its hiding place, but hand lettering advertising cards is a much more important source of solvency. A place like Harvard which has a setting of historical interest provides work for guides to show visitors about and make illuminating speeches.

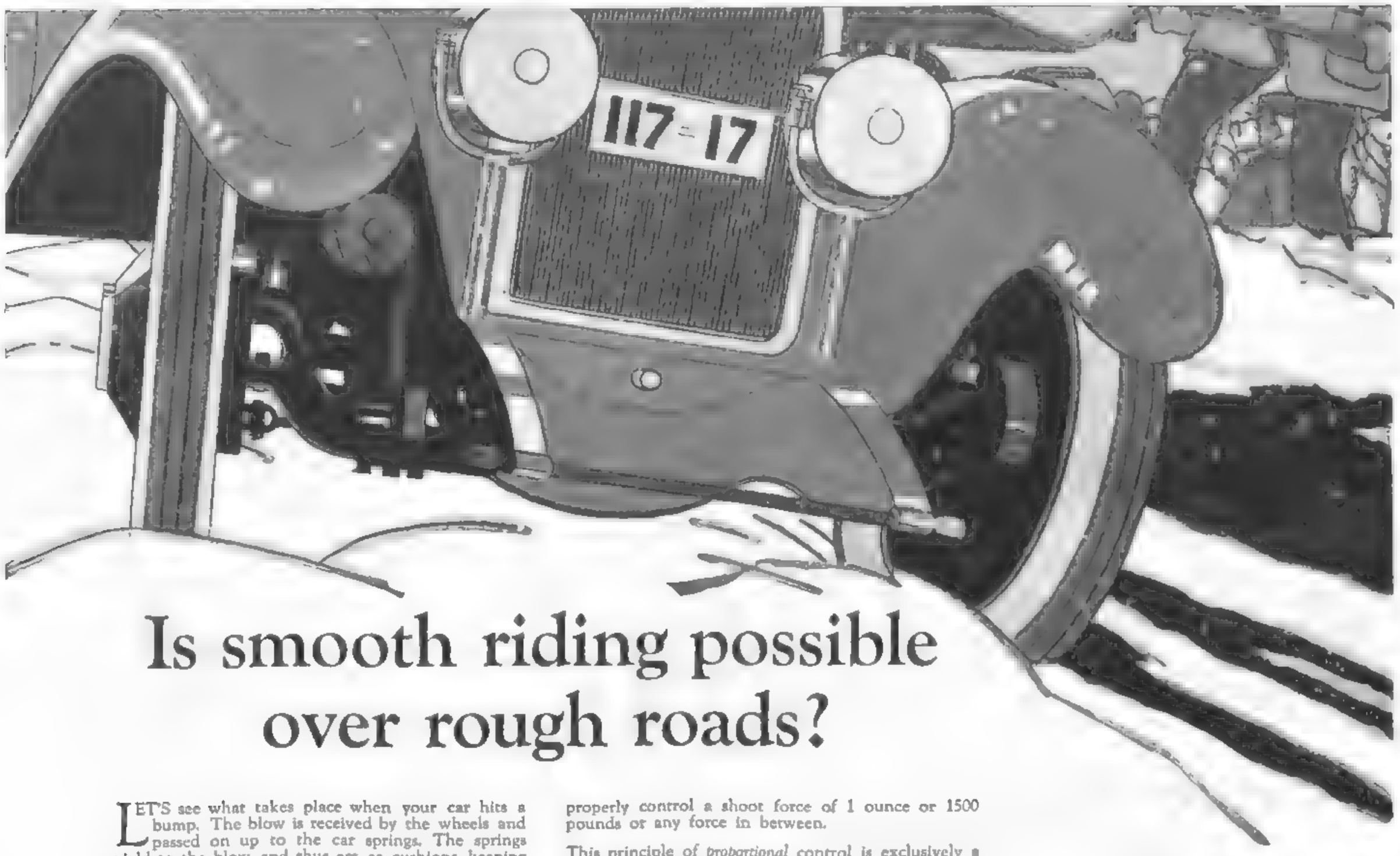
Students who have a capacity for entertaining their fellow man are drawing down good money. A New York University boy was a member of the chorus of a musical comedy, a Wisconsin student did well with an exhibition of sleight of hand and ventriloquism, a New York City College boy delivered a humorous lecture—at least he called it humorous—and another man made a business of organizing pageants. Sometimes a college play is of wide enough interest to leave home and trade its amateur purity for some barbarian cash.

A student who is good at writing can capitalize handsomely. College journalism too often rewards its votaries with only honor and gratitude, but crude city newspapers pay real money to their correspondents. One Missouri man sold quips to humorous magazines; a student in the University of Toronto got on Easy Street by writing short stories. A Bucknell fellow wrote poetry that was actually salable, though admittedly not so remunerative as the suit-pressing business which he carried on simultaneously.

Two men studying journalism in Indianapolis published a little paper for free distribution in a certain section of the city. They got credit from a friendly printer, rounded up a lot of advertising and printed a meal ticket that was good for the rest of their course.

A rising young journalist in Wisconsin saw the news value in the agricultural bulletins issued by the university. He earned his board and keep by selling his popularized versions to many newspapers. He also made a specialty of getting newspaper clients in other cities for stories in which they would be especially interested. For example, when a high-school basket-ball tournament was held in Madison he supplied duplicate accounts of the games to

(Continued on Page 153)



Is smooth riding possible over rough roads?

LET'S see what takes place when your car hits a bump. The blow is received by the wheels and passed on up to the car springs. The springs yield to the blow and thus act as cushions keeping the blow from the car proper and from you.

Then why do we object to bumps?

It's simply this—the compressed springs do not stay compressed, but immediately turn and shoot at us (recoil) just like a compressed (bent) bow recoils and shoots an arrow. Right there you find the hurt—the hurt is in the recoil—and it is the recoil therefore which we must get after and *control* if we want any improvement in our riding. And the extent of improvement will depend precisely upon how correctly we *apply* the control.

Does a car spring always recoil with the same force? Does a bow always recoil with the same force? No. The farther you bend it out of its normal shape (compress it) the more violently will it recoil and shoot. A small bump will compress a car spring only a fraction of an inch, and thus slightly compressed the recoil force will be as little as 1 *ounce*. A big bump will fully compress a car spring and the recoil force will then be as great as 1500 *pounds*. And in between these two extremes the recoil force will vary according to each different extent to which the spring has been compressed.

Some job, you say, to *properly* control each and every one of these thousands of different forces. Yes, it has been a job, but the job is now done and the devices which do it, STABILATORS, are at your service and anxious to help you.

STABILATORS automatically and instantly and unfailingly measure out just the proper resistance to properly control a shoot force of 1 ounce or 1500 pounds or any force in between.

This principle of *proportional* control is exclusively a STABILATOR principle and should not be confused with the snubbing principle employed in other devices which is quite and entirely different. The achievement of this proportional control is the very essence of STABILATORS' tremendous success.

And STABILATION is a tremendous success. In two short years a most impressive number of America's finer cars have adopted STABILATORS as a standard factory feature and some sixty thousand owners have already invested upwards of four million dollars for STABILATED motoring.

The owner of a STABILATED car is conscious of STABILATION every minute he drives. But the worse the roads the greater is his enthusiasm over the high degree of riding comfort and safety that only STABILATOR proportional control can give.

That is why there is no greater STABILATOR season than Winter. In Winter even the best roads are bad much of the time. Whether the roads are piled high with snow or just a mass of frozen icy ruts, Winter driving is unusually uncomfortable and most of the time actually dangerous.

But you can now enjoy, with STABILATORS, security, comfort and delightful immunity from bad driving conditions forever. For your local STABILATOR Distributor or Dealer will STABILATE your car in a few hours. And STABILATORS stay put.

Write today for literature showing just how STABILATORS automatically measure out this proportional and hence correct control for each variation in recoil force.

JOHN WARREN WATSON COMPANY • *Twenty-fourth and Locust Streets* • PHILADELPHIA

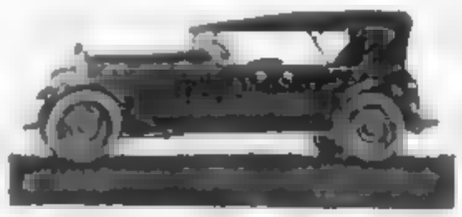
Is STABILATION the great thing people say it is?

ORIGINALLY only a discerning few, who really investigated STABILATORS could be sure what a remarkable thing STABILATION could do to a car, for STABILATORS had not then proved themselves in actual service.

Today, though, it is different. The individual car owner neither has to investigate STABILATION or take it on faith. He has the decisions of the greatest automobile organizations to guide him.

There is probably no higher automobile engineering authority than such an organization as the Packard Motor Car Company.

Would such a great organization place STABILATORS as a standard factory feature on every Packard Single Eight, the automobile that represents the latest and greatest of their many great achievements, if they had not completely convinced themselves that STABILATORS were the most worthy devices to go hand in hand with the other superb features of this master car?



The PACKARD *Straight Eight*

The Packard Straight Eight is one of nine of America's finer makes of cars already giving STABILATION as a standard factory feature.

WATSON STABILATORS

CHANGE THE WHOLE NATURE OF YOUR CAR

So much depends upon the File!

With Files, the *usefulness* of shears, knives, hatchets, saws, skates, garden tools --- practically every device or implement that requires an edge --- may be prolonged or restored.

With Files, metallic surfaces may be smoothed before soldering. Ignition connections quickly adjusted. Door catches "lined up." Stove linings fitted. Hundreds of things that enter our daily lives and benefit our surroundings, made, shaped or repaired.

In World Industry, the File is a vital necessity, lightening more varied tasks, fulfilling more functions than any other single tool.

Useful in a Hundred Practical Ways

So much depends upon the File: *Select those you use with care.* For fast, accurate cutting, maximum endurance and minimum effort, use NICHOLSON Files, the product of men who know files and filing --- first choice among master craftsmen everywhere.

Depend on your dealer for the NICHOLSON Files you need.

NICHOLSON FILE CO.
Providence, R. I., U. S. A.

NICHOLSON FILES
~a File for Every Purpose

(Continued from Page 150)

papers in the towns involved and thus made $300 in two week-ends. At commencement time he supplied out-of-town papers with pictures and biographical material about those towns' graduates, capitalizing their local pride.

Colleges in large cities give their students a wide opportunity for making money. These are not rah-rah jobs; they are just positions which do not require full-time work. Thus students are reporters, press-room helpers, clerks in stores, garage assistants, night clerks in hotels, lamplighters, ushers in theaters, hat checkers, elevator boys, readers of gas meters. A great many students get work as postal clerks, earning sixty cents an hour and upward.

A New York University man was at last accounts holding five jobs at once. He paid for his room with furnace tending, getting advertisements for the college paper covered his tuition, insurance soliciting brought pocket money, working as a haberdashery salesman on Saturdays kept him clothed, and he earned his board as an actor.

"I became a slave," he said, "with a coat of brown on me each evening for two hours."

Another N. Y. U. fellow had six small stores for which he did bookkeeping at odd times to a total of eighteen dollars a week.

Two students at Pennsylvania worked in the pressroom of a Philadelphia morning paper. Their hours were from eight P.M. to two A.M. and they got thirty-five dollars a week each. A Columbia man organized an odd-jobs team of ten men and they mopped up an enormous quantity of work for housewives in the Morningside Heights region and came near earning their entire expenses. Another Columbia student got five dollars a day for clerking in a shoe store on Saturday. Still another, a student of marine engineering, found appropriate employment on the night crew of a municipal ferryboat.

A Boston University law student reported that he and many others found paying work helping out in the telegraph offices during the holiday jam. An Indianapolis boy handled rentals for the real-estate department of a bank.

One man was a chauffeur for a Philadelphia woman physician who gave her nights to attending to maternity cases. He did all his studying, he reported, "while waiting for my employer to emerge from excited households with the joyous news as to whether the new arrival was a boy or a girl."

There is also the coöperative type of college in industrial communities which make especial provision for wage earners. In the University of Akron, for instance, many students work in the tire factories on part-time schedules.

Energetic Girl Students

Thus far we seem to have been talking only about men. What about the girls? Can they make money in college too?

They can and do, in large and increasing numbers, though the proportions are never so great. A coeducational institution frequently reports self-supporting students as 50 per cent of the men and 10 per cent of the women. Many of the opportunities already discussed are open to girls as well as men. Take the record given, subtract some of the hardest forms of physical toil and add some strictly feminine accomplishments, and you will have the story.

Sewing, mending, fancy work, laundering, shoe shining, beauty parloring, making cakes and confectionery—all these are common sources of revenue; working in stores and private homes scarcely less so. People who are invited out to dinner will gladly pay a college girl to come in and spend the evening with the children. Well-regulated children will sleep soundly and let the young lady study. Teaching children, giving talks before women's clubs, making jingles and drawings for place cards, and every conceivable kind of clerical work are among the activities reported by girls. One young woman earned a modest stipend by a singular display of fortitude. She voted herself the task of getting up early on cold winter mornings and closing all the windows for her clients. Another student made a specialty of crepe-paper costumes for parties.

A student in the Mississippi State College for Women owned an electric cooker which she rented to her hungry sisters for fifteen cents an hour. Feeding the inner girl is a profitable employment almost everywhere. A Maine student reported a brisk local trade in candy, ice-cream cones, sandwiches, hot dogs, shrimp wiggle, turnovers and coffee. Two young women in Stanford supported themselves in the style to which they were accustomed by a candy-manufacturing business, while up the coast at the State College of Washington two other girls were running a public hemstitching machine.

A University of Washington coed ran a class in æsthetic dancing for children, ending with an exhibition at which the public paid real money to see her graduates perform.

A Radcliffe freshman, with scarcely a jingle left in her purse, wandered into a restaurant and before she wandered out again she had a job as relief cashier, sitting in a little cage from four to seven each evening with good pay plus supper. Another girl in the same college ran a little store in the dormitory basement, where she dealt expansively in hairpins, hair nets, chocolate, crackers and such feminine necessities to a profit of about fifteen dollars a week.

The Old Reliables

A young woman in Dalhousie University, in Halifax, got fifteen dollars a month for delivering mail to the students' rooms. A Pitt girl with talented fingers made sketches for all the advertising copy of a Pittsburgh department store. An Oklahoma College student so perfected herself in library work that before she was through school she was getting $900 a year as assistant. In the University of California it is common practice for the young women to take jobs as dentists' nurses on part time, making from forty to sixty dollars a month watching other people suffer.

Two Wellesley girls started a washery in a dormitory and built up a high-class trade in laundry work. It was in Wellesley also that eight students took over a small dormitory on a coöperative basis, did all the maids' work and earned $150 apiece during the school term.

How shall we appraise all this devoted and laborious effort for an education? Is the game worth the candle—if the candle has to be burned at both ends?

In the opinion of those concerned it is. Not too much outside work, of course, or studies and health will suffer.

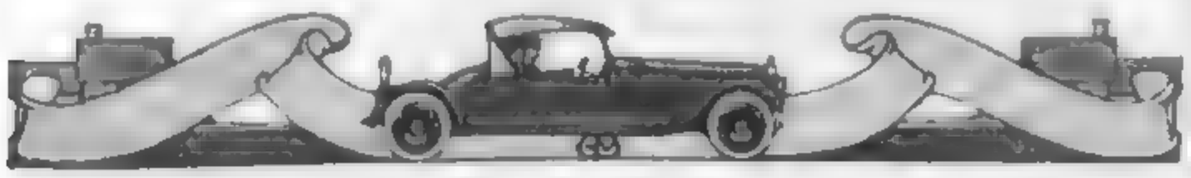
"The man who overworks," says one professor, "cheats himself out of the very things which he supposedly entered college to obtain."

Self-supporting students are more earnest than those who run by dad power, but if they have to devote too much of their time to noncultural pursuits they might as well not be in college at all. A Toronto student solved his own problem by letting remunerative work take the place of athletics on his time schedule, and let it go at that. As a matter of fact, despite numerous exceptions, comparatively few pay all their expenses, though vacation work adds considerably to the number who are completely self-sustaining.

Vacation activities are of such infinite variety that an outline of them would fill a volume of the United States Census Report. The old reliables are canvassing for all kinds of goods and following such seasonal trades as farming and working in summer hotels. Anyone who has motored in the New England culture belt and summer playground has seen the busy collegian collecting revenue all over the landscape.

Is it better to earn as you go, or to borrow and pay back in years of greater earning power? Hundreds are doing the latter successfully, but a debt of a couple of thousand dollars is not the best of all possible ways to start a life career. A combination of borrowing and earning is perhaps best for the impecunious student.

But he must start with something of a nest egg. That boy we read about the other day who bummed his way up from Oklahoma and arrived at New Haven with twenty-one cents will no doubt get along



Try these FREE

Slick salesmanship has had no place in my business. I simply make the best cigars I know how, put a box in a customer's hands, tell him to try them. If he likes them, he pays for them. If he doesn't care for them, he returns the remainder of the box at my expense. The trial costs him nothing.

I lose money on the first box

I don't make a penny on the first box of cigars I sell to a new customer. Suppose you and 399 other men order a box of cigars from this advertisement. Dividing 400 into $1,750.00 (the cost of this advertisement) gives $4.37. It costs me $4.37 to sell you a $1 98 box of cigars. You see, I *must* offer an extraordinary cigar, it *must* be better than you expect; the flavor, aroma, cool, even-burning qualities *must* delight you. Otherwise you would not order again.

How you save money

I sell cigars by the box, direct and fresh, at a price that represents only one cost of handling and one profit. I sell them at less than 6c each. Friends tell us the cigar is equal to any 15c smoke.

The El Nelsor, the cigar illustrated, is a 4½-inch cigar. The long Havana filler gives richness and full flavor. The genuine Sumatra leaf wrapper assures even burning and long white ash. Hand-made by skilled adults in clean surroundings.

A new introductory offer

This is the first offer in The Saturday Evening Post of my Introductory Box of 25 cigars for only $1 98. If you'll sign and mail the coupon now, I'll see that you get a box of 25 freshly-made, full flavored El Nelsors, size and shape as in the illustration, postage prepaid.

In ordering please use your business letterhead for the coupon, filling in the line marked "Reference." Or, if you don't wish to bother giving a reference, just drop me a postcard and you can pay the postman $1 98 when the cigars are delivered.

NELSON B. SHIVERS, Pres.

Herbert D. Shivers, Inc.
25 Bank Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

Please send me a box of 25 El Nelsor cigars. If after smoking 5 I decide the box is worth $1 98 I agree to send you that amount. If I decide it isn't worth that amount I agree to return the 20 unsmoked cigars within five days with no obligation.

( ) Mild ( ) Medium ( ) Strong

Name

Address

Reference

Address

Can You, Too, Use $50.00 a Month Extra?

HAVEN'T you often wished for a pleasant, dignified spare-time way of earning $5.00—$10.00—even $50.00 a month extra? Mr. John E. Griffiths of Pennsylvania is employed all day, every working day, yet we have paid him more than $80.00 extra in a single month. All *you*, too, really need to profit is a willingness to suggest to people that they give *you* their renewals or new subscriptions for *The Saturday Evening Post*, *The Ladies' Home Journal* and *The Country Gentleman*.

In Your Spare Time

We will pay you generously for results whether you sell us only an occasional hour or eight hours a day. Profits begin at once. We'll furnish everything *cost-free*, even including a most helpful course in salesmanship. Surely you have at least an occasional hour which you would like to turn into real money?

Then Send This Coupon Today

The Curtis Publishing Company
710 Independence Square, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

Gentlemen: Indeed I can use more money. Please tell me, but without obligation, all about your plan.

Name

Street

City State

Every idle stream or waterfall that is put to work, and furnishes light and power to homes and factories many miles away, means a saving in coal and, what is more important, a saving in human energies.

How far can a waterfall fall?

In 1891 General Electric Company equipped an electric plant at Pomona, California, for transmitting electric power 28 miles—a record.

Today electric power from a waterfall is carried ten times as far.

Some day remote farm homes will have electricity and streams that now yield nothing will be yielding power and light.

Improvements in electrical development do not "happen." They come from the tireless research of trained scientists. The General Electric Company invests in the work of its Research Laboratories more than a million dollars a year.

GENERAL ELECTRIC

all right, but that isn't the best way. It takes time to get the lie of the land, and besides, the best-paying jobs are not usually open to freshmen. A boy in Pennsylvania State College, to take a concrete instance, was half-supporting in his first year, but by the time he became a senior somewhat more remunerative work had made him entirely independent.

Here is another case where the first year is the hardest.

An official in Western Reserve University estimates that the entering student should have money enough to pay half his tuition and book costs for the year, and living expenses for eight weeks. Perhaps $175 would do the trick. A farmer boy came to college there with $100, with another hundred to come from home later. But he earned $400 that year and had a little left out of his $600.

Some students find it best to alternate a year of work with a year of school; others take five years for the four-year course, because of the time spent in earning a living. There are all sorts of combinations of this idea possible.

There are a few institutions, especially in the technical field, which do not encourage any activities that take time from study; but the overwhelming majority welcome the self-supporting student. Any college will, upon inquiry, gladly tell the prospective student of the chances for making money. Many have regular employment agencies; commonly such matters are in the hands of the Y. M. C. A. and Y. W. C. A.

The acquired habit of work is good, the lack of snobbishness about hard-handed jobs is excellent. Business men, recognizing this fact, often give preference in hiring college men to those who have worked their way through. College as an experimental station also has its points. Many a fellow has found his life work in a college job and many another has found that what he saw as his life work was an optical illusion. A man once entered Columbia as a student of journalism, became attached to a New York newspaper and finally became its dramatic critic. Now he is the manager and part owner of two Broadway theaters. A Yale boy got a job at fifteen dollars a week playing the violin nightly in a movie theater. Before long he was making an intensive study of films and audiences and preparing himself for the profession of scenario writing.

Jobs that are cultural in their nature are naturally of double value. Winning scholarships is probably the best of all, and sometimes the competition is not so keen as one might suppose. In a small college one student earned $400 in small scholarships during his four years. A college which is richly endowed with scholarships—Princeton, to cite only one example—furnishes an excellent chance to the good student to earn by learning.

Self-supporting students stoutly maintain that there is no loss of social standing involved in working for a living. Perhaps it would be more accurate to say that one does not sacrifice anything worth having, for snob rule has not entirely disappeared from our colleges. Neither are the working students pinning any hero medals upon their own manly chests. If this isn't the easiest thing in the world to do, it is by no means the most difficult. It seems to lie about halfway between a hardship and a picnic.

We can be sure of one thing—the hard-won currency of 200,000 earnest students is not spent in riotous living. It is not the student-earned dollar but the daddy dollar that is burned to make a collegiate holiday.

The next time we read of a students' road-house orgy and get our souls all clogged up with pessimism about the rising generation, let us summon up the picture of a University of Georgia boy delivering milk at half-past four, driving a decrepit horse down a muddy road in the cold wet darkness of a winter morning. Maybe that will help us get our perspective on straight.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

(More Than Two Million and a Quarter Weekly)

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A REQUEST FOR CHANGE OF ADDRESS must reach us at least thirty days before the date of issue with which it is to take effect. Duplicate copies cannot be sent to replace those undelivered through failure to send such advance notice. With your new address be sure also to send us the old one, inclosing if possible your address label from a recent copy.

$2.00 an Evening Extra

Most of us like to go to a movie now and then, or otherwise enjoy an evening. But there are lots of times when we could spend the same time *profitably*—if we knew how. Here's how: Arrange with us to renew the subscriptions of our present readers and send us new orders from your locality for our three big National publications. You'll find it easy, pleasant, *profitable*. Others make up to $2.00 an evening extra, or more.

"I've made over $2.00 an evening. I have no other spare time."

W. W. TAYLOR
Texas

Clip the Coupon
FREE
Supplies

The Curtis Publishing Company
708 Independence Square,
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

Gentlemen: I'd like to try your plan some evening. Please tell me, but without obligation, all about your offer.

NAME

STREET

CITY STATE

BIG BUSINESS OPPORTUNITY

SALESMEN WANTED

SALESMEN EARN BIG MONEY Selling "Indestructible Twill" Weatproof Suits. Retail $12.50. Something new $4 comm. No delivering. Clothing experience unnecessary. Price and quality sells them. Prompt deliveries. Permanent agents and district managers wanted. Weatproof Clothing Co., 458 No. Wells St. Chicago Ill.

BABY CHICKS Postpaid to you 100%, Live arrival

BOOTH FARMS, Box 531, Clinton, Mo.

Diver and motorist—
both depend on Schrader Valves

THROUGH one valve the diver receives the flow of fresh air into his helmet. He regulates another valve to release foul air. Unless these valves do their work properly, the diver will suffocate.

For nearly a century—long before there were automobiles or pneumatic tires—Schrader Valves in Schrader Diving Suits have been guarding the diver in his dangerous undersea work. Today, as then these valves are helping to find lost treasure, raise sunken ships, and reveal the mysteries of undersea life.

Coming of the tire valve

On land, Schrader Valves have been used for years to retain air in air beds, air pillows and cushions, and bicycle tires. When the automobile arrived with its pneumatic tires, the tire manufacturer naturally turned to Schrader for valves to hold air in his tires.

Schrader engineers adapted to the production of tire valves their many years' skill and experience in making many kinds of pneumatic valves. The result of their efforts was that Schrader Tire Valves were used on the first pneumatic automobile tires made in the United States.

Today Schrader Tire Valves are on practically all pneumatic tires in this country and Canada. They are traveling the highways of the world in the tires so skilfully made by the manufacturer from the best materials available. By retaining air in these tires, Schrader Tire Valves insure riding comfort for the car owner and help him get the maximum service out of his tires.

Car owners, however, should remember this fact about their Schrader Tire Valves—every complete Schrader Tire Valve has the parts shown and described on this page. Neglect to use any one part reduces the effectiveness of the valve. Only constant use of the complete Schrader Tire Valve insures its continued unfailing performance in retaining air and guarding the life of your tires.

Over 100,000 dealers sell these parts

The necessity for continually using all these essential tire valve parts to protect your tire valves and tires is recognized by motorists and automobile accessory dealers everywhere. Many thousand dealers scattered throughout this country, and also dealers in Canada, England, France and other parts of the world, carry Schrader Valve Parts.

Although you can easily get Schrader Valve Parts whenever you need them, it is always safer to have extras in your tool kit for emergencies. Own a Schrader Tire Pressure Gauge, too, to help you maintain the proper air pressure in your tires. Get these gauges and parts at motor accessory shops, garages, and hardware stores.

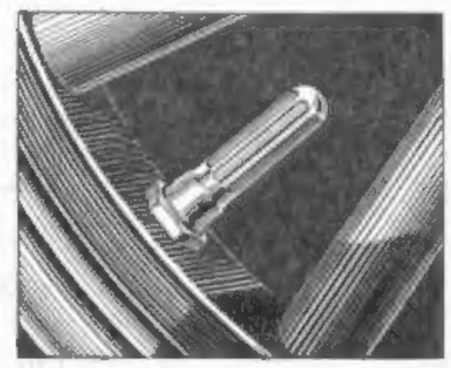
See the Schrader Exhibit at the Chicago Auto Show: Jan. 26-Feb. 2.

A. SCHRADER'S SON, INC., BROOKLYN, N. Y.
CHICAGO TORONTO LONDON

Schrader

Makers of Pneumatic Valves Since 1844

Tire Valves · Tire Gauges



Complete SCHRADER TIRE VALVE with Dust Cap as it appears on tires in actual service.

This is the SCHRADER DUST CAP that goes over the valve and protects it and the valve stem threads. Can be attached or detached with a few turns of the hand.

Under the Dust Cap and on top of the valve is—

Dust Cap

The SCHRADER VALVE CAP. Through this cap, when screwed on by hand, no dirt can enter the valve, and no air can escape from the tube.

Protected by the Valve Cap is—

Valve Cap

The SCHRADER VALVE INSIDE, which is placed in the mouth of the valve. It permits quick entrance of air, and also prevents escape of that air once it is in the tube.

The valve stem into which the Valve Inside goes is centered in the valve hole by—

Valve Inside

The SCHRADER RIM NUT BUSHING, which also holds on the Dust Cap. It is always tightened against the wheel by a small wrench.

Rim Nut Bushing

This is the SCHRADER TIRE VALVE with all its parts in place except the Dust Cap. You also see here the Hexagon Nut screwed against the Bridge Washer at the base of valve.

Add the Dust Cap and you have the complete Schrader Valve which should be on your tires.

Complete Schrader Valve

A Radio Statement to the Public

The Meaning of Coördinated Scientific Research

KEEPING its pledge to the public, the Radio Corporation of America has concentrated its vast research and engineering forces upon the solution of certain fundamental problems facing the art—problems which have become more apparent as broadcasting stations and radio receivers multiply.

The phenomenal expansion of the radio industry, and the universal and ever-increasing appeal of radio represent an outstanding development of the present century—for this industry has grown from infancy to maturity in a space of but two years.

• • •

Briefly stated, there is today a necessity for

—***A radio receiver providing super-selectivity*** —the ability to select the station you want—whether or not local stations operate. A selectivity which goes to the theoretical limits of the science.

—***Super-sensitiveness***—meaning volume from distant stations—along with selectivity.

—***Improved acoustics***—more faithful reproduction of broadcasted voice and music than has ever been possible before.

—***"Non-radiating" receivers***—a new development, a type of receiver which, no matter how handled, will not interfere with your neighbor's enjoyment.

—***More simplified operation***—a super-receiver requiring no technical skill, thus making the great fund of radio entertainment immediately available to all members of the family.

—***A receiver for the apartment house*** and populated districts, requiring neither aerial nor ground connection.

—***Another type of improved receiver for the suburban districts,*** equally as capable as that above, for use where the erection of an aerial presents no problem.

• • •

Painstaking search in quest of these ideals has led to new discoveries setting new standards of excellence and performance—discoveries which have established:

First—that improved acoustics are possible—a matter of scientific research and not of haphazard design—for truly melodious reception.

Second—that dry battery operated sets can be so designed, as to give both ***volume*** and distance.

Third—that the regenerative receiver is susceptible of marked improvement providing selectivity, sensitiveness and simplicity of operation hitherto deemed impossible of accomplishment.

Fourth—that the Super-Heterodyne—the hitherto complicated device requiring engineering skill to operate—could be vastly improved—improved in sensitiveness and selectivity—and simplified so that the very novice and the layman could enter new regions of entertainment and delight.

Watch For Further Announcements

Radio Corporation of America

Sales Offices:

233 Broadway, N. Y. C. 10 So. LaSalle St., Chicago, Ill. 433 California St., San Francisco, Cal.

Radiola

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

He Likes It

PET MILK and Orange Juice:—He turns gladly from his play to take it.

This combination drink, so rich in all the food elements that make for healthful growth and normal development, is at the same time such a delicious beverage that children as well as adults take it with pleasure.

FOR TWO GLASSES

3 tablespoons sugar — ⅓ cup orange juice
½ cup water — ½ cup Pet Milk

Mix sugar and orange juice; then beat in the diluted milk slowly. Add teaspoon lemon juice if desired. Cool with ice to suit taste, and shake.

The ingredients of the formula given may be varied in proportions to suit purpose and taste.

Pet Milk is fresh milk concentrated and sterilized.

Send for free Liquid Food Formulas

PET MILK CO., 836 Arcade Bldg., St. Louis, Mo.

"—then my Dentist smiled and said, 'Use Colgate's'

"AFTER Dr. Stephens had cleaned my teeth, he held the mirror for me to see how white and pretty they were. They looked so nice and clean.

"'My!', I exclaimed, 'I wish I could keep them that way.'

"Then my Dentist smiled and said, 'Use Colgate's'."

* * *

Colgate's Ribbon Dental Cream gives you the secret of clean, beautiful teeth. It "washes" and polishes your teeth, without scratching or scouring. It brings out and preserves all the natural beauty of your tooth enamel.

Colgate's is the safe, double-action dentifrice. (1) Its specially prepared non-gritty chalk loosens clinging particles; (2) its pure vegetable-oil soap gently washes them away. It is as important to wash food particles from your teeth as it is to wash your dishes and silver. So "wash" your teeth after every meal with Colgate's. It contains no grit.

*Use your dentifrice as a cleanser—not a "cure-all"**

—A Dentist, not a dentifrice, corrects and cures unhealthy mouth conditions. Colgate's cleans teeth thoroughly. No curative claims are made.

Colgate's is on sale everywhere. Large tube, 25c. Or, if you prefer a trial size, sign and mail the coupon below.

*A *Dentist recently wrote:* "*There are no 'cure-alls' in dentifrices. They are only cleansing agents performing the same function in the oral cavity that soap and water do for the hands. I heartily endorse Colgate's as one of the very best in the market.*" *(Name on request)*

COLGATE & CO.
Established 1806

COLGATE & CO.
Dept. P, 199 Fulton St.
New York City
Please send me, free, a trial size of Ribbon Dental Cream.

Name

Address

If Your Wisdom Teeth Could Talk, They'd Say, "Use Colgate's"

Truth in advertising implies honesty in manufacture